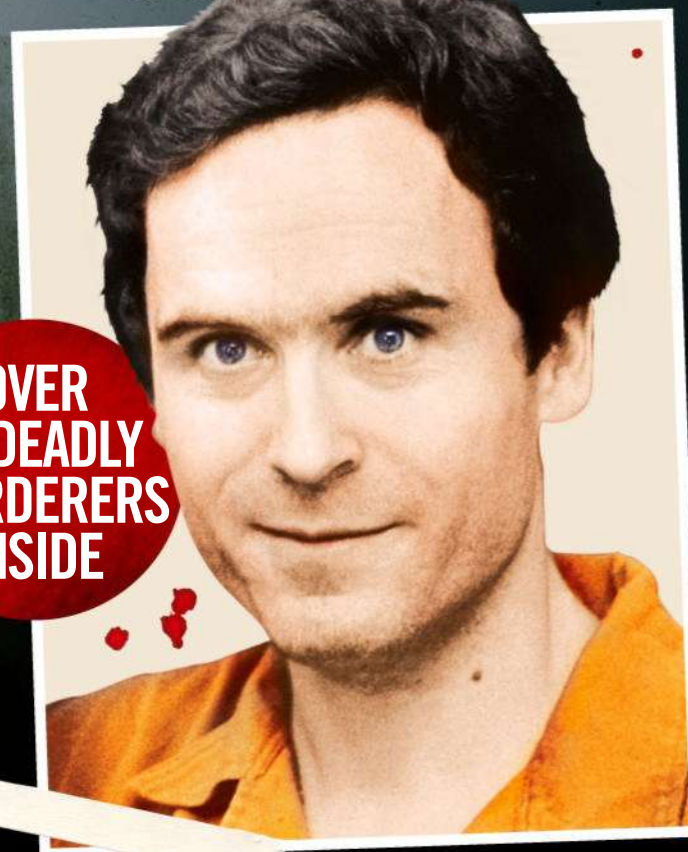


NEW

REAL
CRIME

SERIAL KILLERS

INSIDE THE MINDS OF HISTORY'S DEADLIEST
AND MOST DEPRAVED KILLERS



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EDITION

SERIAL KILLERS

As depraved as it is fascinating, the murky world of the serial killer has captivated us for centuries. Committing crimes of unspeakable horror, for the vast majority of us it's impossible to comprehend what would lead our fellow men and women to undertake such harrowing acts, often against total strangers and innocent victims. Part of what makes serial killers so compelling is trying to understand what leads people to carry out such terrible acts; is it nature or nurture? What must have happened in their lives to lead them to this point? Why do they do it? What satisfaction do they get? And just how do they evade capture for long enough to kill multiple victims, in some cases running into the hundreds? In this book you'll find answers to some of these questions, and discover the gruesome details of their most evil acts. Packed with interviews with the killers, crime scene photos, case histories, court testimonies and much more, the world's most notorious murderers are featured within these pages, from American psychos such as Ted Bundy, Edmund Kemper, Gary Ridgway and Dennis Rader to British butchers including Peter Sutcliffe, Fred West, and Kenneth Erskine. So if you're ready, let's take a look inside the minds of the world's deadliest serial killers...



「 FUTURE 」

SERIAL KILLERS

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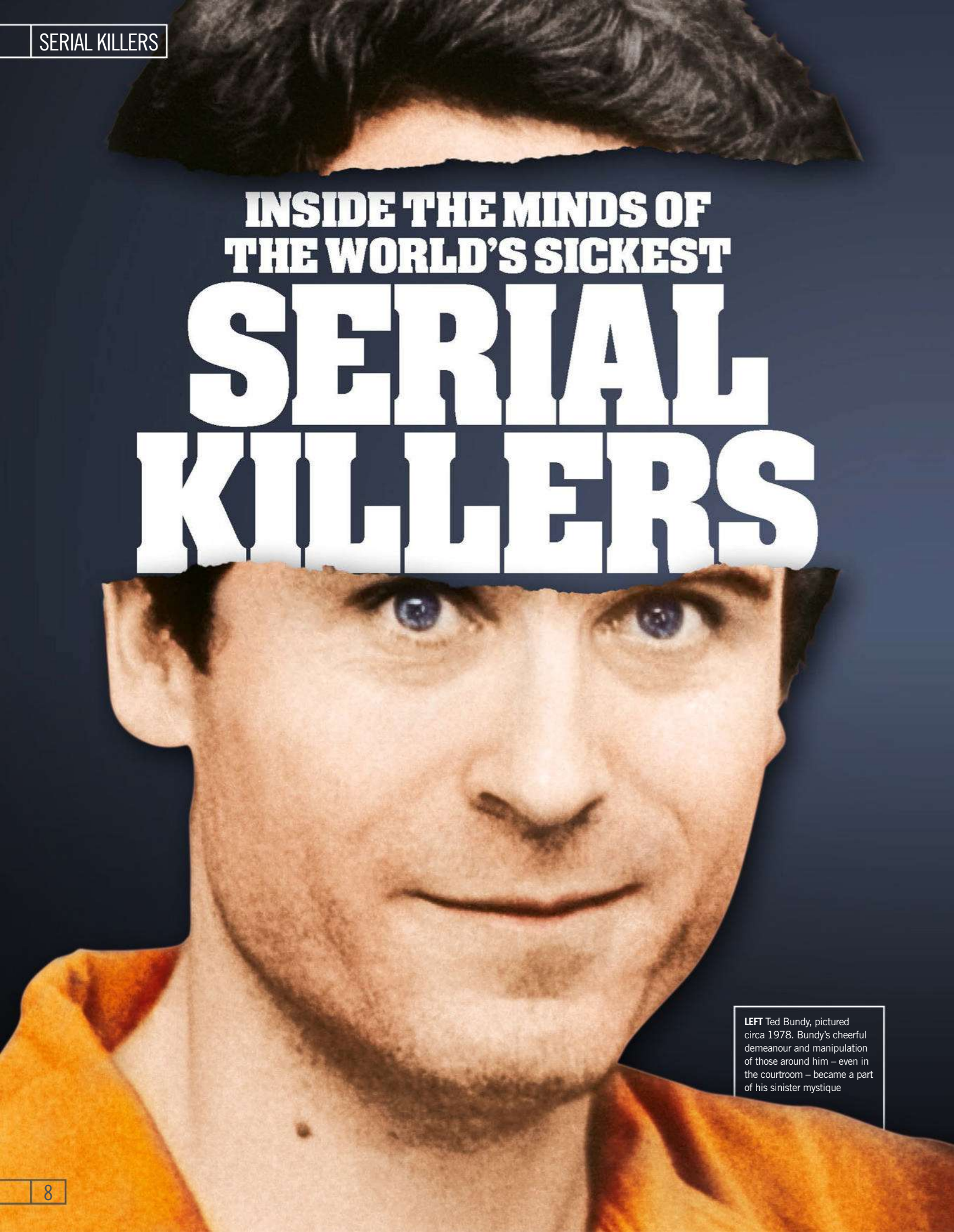
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The grisly murder of Grace Budd



The dreadful murder castle of the notorious HH Holmes





INSIDE THE MINDS OF THE WORLD'S SICKEST SERIAL KILLERS

LEFT Ted Bundy, pictured circa 1978. Bundy's cheerful demeanour and manipulation of those around him – even in the courtroom – became a part of his sinister mystique

TED BUNDY, JOHN WAYNE GACY, JEFFREY DAHMER, EDMUND KEMPER, PEDRO ALONSO LÓPEZ, AND FRED AND ROSE WEST HAVE GONE DOWN IN INFAMY. WE KNOW WHAT THESE MONSTERS DID, BUT WHAT WENT ON INSIDE THEIR HEADS?

TED BUNDY

DRIVEN TO KILL... BY PORNOGRAPHY

DISASSOCIATION AND MANIPULATION, HOW TED BUNDY BLAMED EVERYTHING BUT HIMSELF

BORN 24 NOVEMBER 1946 FIRST CRIME 4 JANUARY 1974 VICTIMS 26-35 FATE EXECUTED ON 24 JANUARY 1989

Ted Bundy wasn't short on offers for his final interview. After all, this was the man who had raped and murdered more than 36 women and escaped custody twice. His last spree, which began with a frantic attack on a sorority house and ended with the death of a 12-year-old girl, was the stuff that nightmares are made of.

On Death Row, he was an outspoken personality, continuously seeking headlines and a way out of the electric chair by offering to help police with open serial killer cases; even his own murders. As his execution date neared, he tried to stall for time by claiming to remember the locations of more victims. It didn't work, and Bundy was running out of time to tell his stories.

On the day before his execution, the convicted murderer and rapist sat down with evangelical Christian preacher Dr James Dobson. The topic of the conversation? How hardcore violent pornography shaped his fantasies and led to his monstrous behaviour. "The most damaging kind of pornography – and I'm talking from hard, real, personal experience – is that which involves violence and sexual violence," Bundy explained to the attentive Dobson. "The wedding of those two forces, as I know only too well, brings about behaviour that is too terrible to describe."

While Dobson pushed Bundy about the issue of responsibility and remorse, the killer struck a convincingly contrite figure. "I'm not blaming pornography. I'm not saying it caused me to go out and do certain things. I take full responsibility for all the things that I've

BIO TED BUNDY

Bundy's shocking crimes were spread across the United States, from Seattle to Florida. The charming psychology student may have committed his first murder as early as the late 1960s, but his first documented crime was an attack on UW student Karen Sparks. She survived, but scores of others would not be so lucky. Bundy was caught on 15 February 1978 and given three death penalties, finally being sent to the electric chair on 24 January 1989.

done. That's not the question here. The issue is how this kind of literature contributed and helped mould the kinds of violent behaviour." When Dobson asked about the desire within him, calling it a sexual frenzy, Bundy said: "That's one way to describe it. A compulsion, a building up of this destructive energy. Another fact I haven't mentioned is the use of alcohol. In conjunction with exposure to pornography, alcohol reduced my inhibitions and pornography eroded them further."

"That's an example of 'this isn't my fault, this is down to this stuff that society has put in front of me'," explains Dr Elizabeth Yardley, director of the Centre for Applied Criminology at Birmingham City University. "It's diverting attention away from themselves and their own process of choices, because violence of this magnitude is always a choice. What they're trying to do when they're saying 'it was the pornography' or 'it was this' or 'it was that', is trying to distract us away from them."

Dr Yardley tells us serial killers like Bundy will always be aware of ways they can pass the blame for their actions, using hot-button issues of the day or medical or psychological research. "They're very good at picking up on particular trends and fashions for types of thought in society," she explains. "So if there's a massive problematisation of pornography or there's

a drive against particular drugs or alcohol, they're very quick to pick up on that and say 'well, that's part of the reason why'."

Indeed, as the interview with Bundy progressed, he and Dobson covered a number of issues from alcohol to slasher movies ("what scares me, Dr Dobson, is when I see what's on cable TV, some of the movies... I mean, some of the violence in the movies that come into homes today, with stuff that they wouldn't show in X-rated adult theatres 30 years ago"). What is worth noting with the Bundy interview is that he understands Dobson has come with an anti-pornography agenda, which suits him very well, and he shapes his story accordingly.

"The big thing for serial killers is power, essentially, so when they get caught they know the game is up, but they still want to exert some kind of power and control over the people around them," Dr Yardley tells us. "So often they will hold back bits of information, or they'll trot out particular narratives, particular explanations at particular times, that will get them more attention or something they think might get them more favourable conditions in prison. So they're always using that kind of power play, and their understanding of other people's emotions as well. They know exactly what buttons to press."

Bundy went on: "There are lots of other kids playing in streets around this country today who are going to be dead tomorrow, and the next day, and the next day, and the next month, because other young people are reading the kinds of things and seeing the kinds of things that are available in the media today."

“WHEN SERIAL KILLERS GET CAUGHT, THEY STILL WANT TO EXERT SOME CONTROL OVER THE PEOPLE AROUND THEM”

FRED AND ROSE WEST

TILL INTERROGATION
DO US PART

HOW THE HUSBAND AND WIFE'S DEFENCES
CRUMBLED ALONGSIDE THEIR CAREFULLY
CONSTRUCTED NIGHTMARE WORLD

FRED WEST BORN 29 SEPTEMBER 1941	FIRST CRIME 1961
---	-------------------------

VICTIMS 26-35	FATE DIED ON 1 JANUARY 1995
----------------------	------------------------------------

ROSE WEST BORN 29 NOVEMBER 1953	FIRST CRIME 1961
--	-------------------------

VICTIMS 26-35	FATE INMATE AT HMP LOW NEWTON
----------------------	--------------------------------------

The true extent of Fred and Rosemary West's crimes wasn't immediately apparent. It was obvious to the officers investigating the rape and further abuse of the West children that something was deeply wrong at 25 Cromwell Street, but they didn't know the half of it until they began to look more closely into the disappearance of Heather, the Wests' daughter. A family joke had emerged from one of the children while they were in social care – if they misbehaved, they would end up under the patio like Heather. There was enough evidence to justify the search, but they soon realised that Fred and Rose's missing daughter wasn't the only girl down there. As Fred stood in the garden, insisting that Heather was his sole victim, DC Hazel Savage is reported to have reminded him that "Heather didn't have three legs." There was no talking his way out of this.

"In the beginning, it was just Fred that was kept in police custody. Rosemary was also arrested but she was released on bail," explains Dr Yardley. "So that set up quite an interesting dynamic, because these two, who'd been together for 20 years and established this incredibly dysfunctional set up – that dynamic had gone. They weren't physically within one another's presence, so all of the relationship that had come before changed as they both started to look out for themselves. He was quite quick to cough up and say 'Yes, I've done all of this stuff, it's all me, my wife doesn't know anything about it,' and she maintained her innocence. I think she still does to this day to be honest. That was the real break point."

Suddenly, Fred was confessing to everything, revealing that there were bodies buried in the basement, while Rosemary denied everything. The differences in their reactions to police questioning were quite shocking, given how long they operated together. "In many ways, he's not the sharpest knife in the drawer," says Dr Yardley. "He had an IQ of 84, so he was not particularly bright; there was an appropriate adult that had to sit in on

BIO FRED WEST

The story of Fred and Rosemary West is shocking, gruesome and frankly unbelievable. First arrested aged 13 for molestation, Fred was violent and sadistic even before he met Rose. Together, they went on to torture, rape and kill numerous women, including their own family members. West killed himself in his cell on 1 January 1995 before his trial could begin.



“ THEY CONSTRUCTED THIS DYSFUNCTIONAL REALITY THAT WAS NORMAL FOR THEM, BUT CLEARLY CRIMINAL, OFF THE SCALE FOR MAINSTREAM STANDARDS ”

the interviews he had with the police. So he didn't have that ability to really think through the long-term implications of what he was saying at any point. Those were very much knee-jerk reactions to the situations he found himself in.

“It was very much about self-preservation for both of them after they'd been arrested and charged. There's a concept called a 'folie à deux', which basically is a 'madness shared by two', so they've constructed this very dysfunctional, very odd reality that was normal for them, but was

clearly criminal and deviant, off the scale for mainstream standards, and they kind of set up their own values, their own norms. They had this existence that

was sort of okay for them, that was their

'normal' essentially. And because they lived in that value system that they created together for so long, it was quite easy to just accept it as normal. There's definitely the acknowledgement that the life they were living was an incredibly dysfunctional, incredibly deviant one, and they clearly constructed their own barriers to prevent the rest of the world seeing it.”

As the walls of their grotesque private world were torn down, Fred took responsibility for everything, telling the police that it was all his doing and that Rosemary had nothing to do with any of it. However, Dr Yardley doesn't think that there was any premeditation about continuing his relationship with Rose if and when it would all blow over. “I'm not sure he was thinking that far ahead to be honest,” Dr Yardley says. “I think there's a tendency to give Fred West a complexity that he didn't really have. He's basically looking out for himself in the moment, so 'what's going to work for me now, I'll do that now.' So there was no real long-term thinking on his part.”

As for Rosemary, she suddenly found herself standing trial alone when Fred killed himself in his prison cell. “I think it was quite helpful for her because it took away any further details he might disclose about her involvement,” Dr Yardley tells us. “So she was able to construct a narrative on her own without the worry of Fred coming out with stuff that would contradict it.” It was not a narrative that the courts found convincing.

Fred and Rose, pictured in the mid-1980s. The pair would become infamous in the decade to follow

BIO ROSE WEST

Abused by her father, Rosemary Letts found solace in the arms of Fred West – a man who would prove every bit as cruel. As the bodies came to light, Rose claimed she was a victim, but she was later arrested and charged. Rose was found guilty of ten counts of murder and sentenced to 25 years minimum, which was subsequently changed to a whole life sentence by Home Secretary Jack Straw.

LOVE WILL TEAR US APART

FOLLOWING THEIR ARREST, FRED AND ROSE'S STORIES BEGAN TO SPLINTER

24 FEBRUARY 1994

Police obtain a warrant to search the Wests' house and excavation begins. Rosemary claims that Heather ran away.

25 FEBRUARY

Fred West is arrested and bones are found in the garden. At the police station, Fred confesses to Heather's murder but stresses that Rosemary had nothing to do with it. Later, he confesses that there are also bodies in the cellar, following his conversations with his appropriate adult Janet Leach. Rosemary denies all knowledge.

26 FEBRUARY

Heather's body is found. Rosemary is released on bail a day later.

28 FEBRUARY

Fred is charged with Heather's murder, while two more bodies are found. Six more would be discovered between 5-7 March, while Rose's solicitor says she denies any involvement.

29 MARCH

Digging begins at Letterbox Field. Catherine West's body is found on 10 April.

13 APRIL

A search begins at Fingerpost Field, where Anne McFall's body and a foetus will be found on 7 June.

20 APRIL

Rosemary West is re-arrested. She makes her first court appearance on 25 April.

25 APRIL

25 Midland Road is searched. Charmaine West's body is found on 4 May.

5 MAY

Fred is accused of ten murders. Rosemary is charged with five joint murders a day later, and Heather's murder on 26 May.

30 JUNE

For the first time, the Wests appear in court together.

3 JULY

Fred is charged with Anne McFall's murder. He fires his lawyer and hires new counsel in August.

1 JANUARY 1995

Fred hangs himself in his cell in Winson Green prison.

22 NOVEMBER 1995

Rosemary West is given a life sentence as the jury disbelieves the taped interviews in which Fred takes full responsibility.

ED KEMPER

MIND GAMES AND MUTILATION

THE CO-ED BUTCHER MAINTAINED TOTAL CONTROL OF THE SITUATION, EVEN BEHIND BARS

BORN 18 DECEMBER 1948 | FIRST CRIME 27 AUGUST 1964 | VICTIMS 10 | FATE LIFE IMPRISONMENT

WITHOUT POSSIBILITY OF PAROLE, CALIFORNIA MEDICAL FACILITY, VACAVILLE, CALIFORNIA

BIO | ED KEMPER

Following an abusive childhood, Kemper killed his grandmother then his grandfather. After this, he was sent to a psychiatric institution, but on being evaluated as sane, he was released to live with his mother. He then murdered six female students, his mother and her neighbour before handing himself in. Known as The Co-Ed Butcher, he is alive and in custody at a medical facility in California, where he participates in interviews.

Similar to Jeffrey Dahmer in intellect, Kemper consciously dominates the conversation and once leveraged control over the female students, three family members and neighbour that he killed.

Known as 'Big Ed' for his hulking frame, Kemper used his extreme intelligence to keep himself in and out of

prison, and continues to get himself attention when he wants it. The HBO documentary *Murder: No Apparent Motive* saw Kemper interviewed about his history and crimes. In it we see a man whose mannerisms include a thoughtful finger on his cheek, a steady gaze, and a notably quick temper.



1 A contemptuous gaze: Ed talks the interviewer through murder

He does not suffer those he considers fools and interrupts the interviewer by adding his own academic precision to their comments. He corrects their suggestion that he evaded capture for his later murders because he "appeared as an ordinary person." Instead, he states that he "lived like an ordinary person."



2 Raised eyebrows: He corrects the interviewer's assumptions

His impatient response indicates that living aspects of a normal life prevented him from seeming unusual. As a result, he evaded suspicion. His interviews mix reflection on his crimes with descriptions of his methods. He seems to intend them as learning tools as much as a method of coming to terms with his own predicament.



3 Kemper illustrates his 'rages'

It is as though Kemper is instructing them to understand psychiatric theory in action through him. He is, after all, the man who, as described in *Ed Kemper: The Co-Ed Butcher*, convinced psychiatrists to release him from a murder sentence by mimicking the assessment criteria for sanity. Nonetheless, he isn't emotionless and his feelings bring his violence to the surface.



4 A cover up? Kemper gets ready to talk about his feelings during his final murder

In *Murder, No Apparent Motive*, Kemper discusses his mother's killing. Rather than enjoying the violence, however, this enormous 'monster' simultaneously raises his fist to the interviewer in a manner half way between a political point and a threat, and stifles sobs.



5 Emotional low points: Edmund's hands re-enact his final conversation with his mother

His voice breaks, he turns his head away and his hand covers his mouth in horror in between re-enacting his final conversation with his mother. He genuinely seems to wish it could have ended differently and discusses how, had it not happened, he would have loved a wife and children.



6 Sobs: The Co-Ed Butcher mourns his murders

Letting out the emotion – it was the serial killer's psychological recovery process. For one so adept at controlling his own behaviour, his apparent lack of insight about his bullying responses when interviewed in the psychiatrist's chair are astounding. Kemper still holds court in prison to this day.

PEDRO ALONSO LÓPEZ

STARING INTO THE EYES OF PURE EVIL

ONE OF THE FEW MEN TO MEET HIM DESCRIBED THE TERRIBLE PRESENCE OF THE MONSTER OF THE ANDES IN DETAIL

BORN 8 OCTOBER 1948 FIRST CRIME APPROX 1969 VICTIMS APPROX 300 FATE UNKNOWN

BIO

PEDRO ALONSO LÓPEZ

A Colombian, Pedro Alonso López is also known as 'The Monster of the Andes'. He said his victims numbered about 300, not including men he killed while in prison. When he was apprehended in 1980, he led police to 57 graves. He was released from prison early owing to good conduct in 1994, but recaptured for a previous crime. This time, he was declared insane, but in 1998 that assessment was reversed and he was released. His whereabouts are unknown.

The terror of true evil is that it doesn't have a recognisable face. It is nondescript; one of us. You won't necessarily know it when you meet it. One example is of a dark-haired, bearded man staring out from a black-and-white photograph taken by Ron Laytner. There is nothing obviously remarkable about the subject, save his slightly crooked nose and the squinting stare that reaches at the camera from behind the prison bars. The lighting is harsh on his cocked, cautious face and behind the small gap in the cell door he seems forgotten, insignificant. Pedro Alonso López, sadly, is anything but. After interviewing him Laytner stated that López is huge, with a crushing grip that could break a man's fingers, but on this photograph he appears average: neither handsome

“ LÓPEZ REFUSED TO CONTINUE THE INTERVIEW UNLESS ALLOWED TO TOUCH HER; HE SLITHERED HIS FINGERS ACROSS THE WOMAN'S ARM ”

nor unduly life-scathed nor saucer-eyed. He is as near to conventional ideas of evil as we are likely to understand.

López killed little girls. What's more, according to Laytner, he did it following the pattern set by his own abused childhood, stating: "I decided then to do the same to as many young girls as possible." Rather than simply bragging about his terrible deeds, he chose to inflict pain on innocents as a form of retaliation as well as, it is suggested,

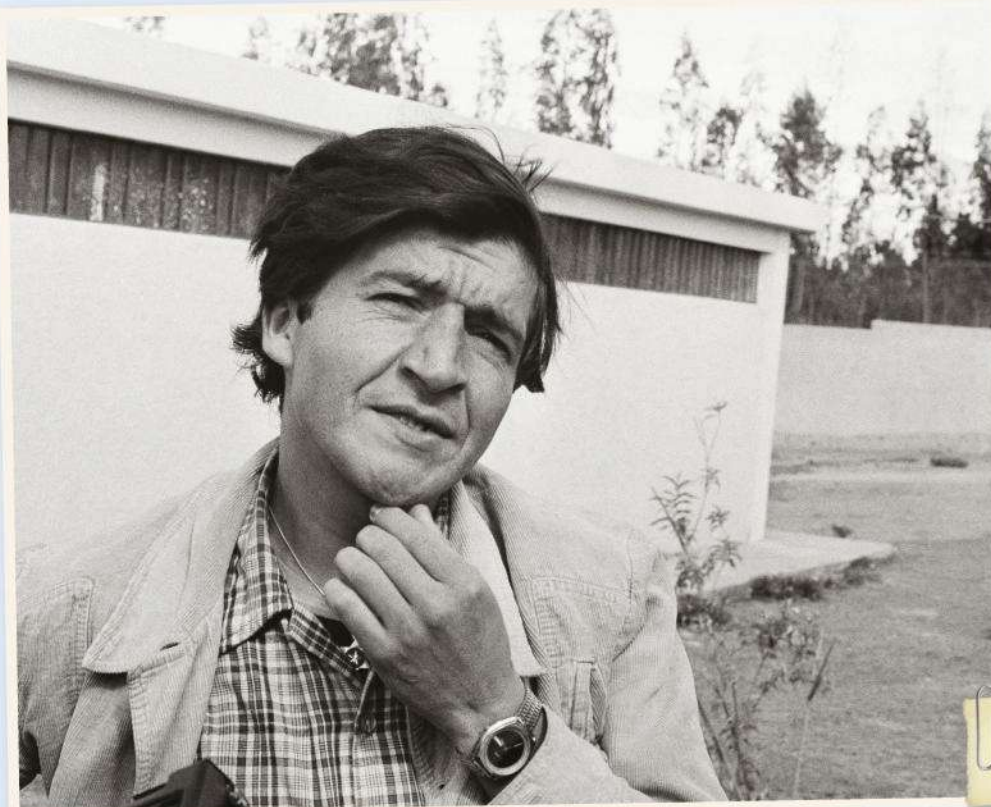
some form of horrific expertise. He said he hoped it would make him "[the] man of the century," that "no one will ever forget," and he chose as his targets impoverished children. López saw his murders as much as a social service as a sin that would make him famous.

Bragging is what egotistical serial killers are sometimes known for. Goodness knows there are enough filmed interviews to attest this. As Laytner saw, López put his plans into action. Their meeting was accompanied by the governor's daughter, whose job it was to translate. López refused to continue the interview unless allowed to touch her, and Laytner described how López slithered his fingers across the woman's arm.

Only afterwards did López casually admit that he was in no way attracted her. At 26 years of age, the governor's daughter was too old for him. López was just purposefully trying to upset the woman and breach the company's standards of decency as much as possible, just because he could. That no one present intervened to prevent the pervert from placing his fingers on her flesh speaks of the petrifying power of the presence of one so wicked that normal social rules can no longer apply.

Today, Jeffrey Dahmer is dead and Edmund Kemper is imprisoned, but no one knows where Pedro López is. He was released after serving his sentence and then vanished. He may have been murdered by families avenging their loved ones, or he may have allowed himself to be swallowed by a big city, taking his pickings from the unfortunates who drift into its teeth.

Ron Laytner's interview with López in 1980 brought the killer international notoriety. Despite his global infamy, López was released in 1998 and his whereabouts are unknown



JOHN WAYNE GACY

HIDDEN IN PLAIN SIGHT

HOW THE KILLER CLOWN CONVINCED CHICAGO HE WAS A STAND-UP CITIZEN

BORN 17 MARCH 1942 | FIRST CRIME 3 JANUARY 1972

VICTIMS 33-34 | FATE EXECUTED ON 10 MAY 1993

John Wayne Gacy had two faces. To the community at large, he was a pillar. He was politically active, he worked hard for the local community of his Chicago suburb, he employed a lot of people in construction, and he was a children's entertainer, performing at parties and events as Pogo the Clown. He even had his photograph taken with First Lady Rosalynn Carter in 1978. But in private, he was a man who raped and murdered teenage boys, burying their remains in the crawlspace of the house where he lived. The man christened the 'Killer Clown' became part of the American nightmare. But how does someone get away with taking more than 30 lives?



John Wayne Gacy and second wife, Carole Hoff, on their wedding day in 1972. The couple divorced in 1976

BIO

JOHN WAYNE GACY

John Wayne Gacy was a community leader who would appear as Pogo the Clown at children's parties. He was a family man who married twice and had several children. In 1978, the police tied the disappearance of 15-year-old Robert Priest to Gacy. Once arrested, he claimed that the murders had been committed by an alternate personality. He was found guilty of killing 33 people, and was subsequently given 12 death sentences and 21 life sentences.

PUBLIC FACE: THE AVERAGE JOE

NEIGHBOUR, HUSBAND, COMMUNITY LEADER



I think Gacy was able to craft this public persona that was socially acceptable, which was your regular guy," Dr Yardley tells us. "It's about the presentation of self to the outside world. So if you're

presenting yourself as just the average Joe, that enables you to get away with a lot of deviant stuff behind closed doors."

It was that reputation that enabled Gacy to tempt teens and temporary labourers to his house on the pretence of helping out with some work, or simply having a place to stay. It took a shocking amount of time for the authorities to connect the dots, while Gacy convinced them that the boys had left his house alive, when they were, in fact, buried in his crawlspace.

As Gacy's crimes escalated and became more daring, his targets remained the same.

The teenage boys that he convinced, coerced or forced into his home would not have understood the kind of person that they were dealing with.

"[Serial killers] have got this superficial charm. They've got a very good understanding of other people's emotions and they're very quick to pick up on any vulnerability or weakness," explains Dr Yardley.

"So while they're not particularly emotionally complex themselves, they're well aware of the emotional complexity of others, and how they can manipulate them and get them to do things that they wouldn't otherwise do. That superficial charm is a massive part of the big picture. It's that kind of utter belief in the story that they're spinning, and they're looking at the reaction they're getting from the person they are telling the story to. They're very on the ball in terms of other people's emotions and reactions, and they're incredibly scary."

"GACY CONVINCED THE POLICE THAT THE BOYS HAD LEFT HIS HOUSE ALIVE, WHEN THEY WERE, IN FACT, BURIED IN HIS CRAWLSPACE"

PRIVATE FACE: KILLER CLOWN

WHEN THE MASK OF SANITY SLIPPED, GACY'S TRUE NATURE WAS REVEALED



Once Gacy's victims arrived at his house, he would ply them with alcohol, or drugs, or both, before his gruesome work would begin. By the time they realised what was happening, it was too late. "It's basically

about access and opportunity, so by asking people along to do work on your house, you're giving yourself access to them," Dr Yardley explains. "At the same time you're creating opportunities to attack them, essentially. So he's an organised serial killer, to use the old organised/disorganised dichotomy. He was one of the more intelligent serial killers. He set up this system. The ones that are more organised will be forensically aware as well. They'll be doing things to cover their tracks, because serial killing is something that they enjoy doing, so they want to continue doing it for as long as possible."

What's almost as shocking as the number of Gacy's victims is the number of times that he was connected to their disappearances. The police came to his house, and he would say that they

had moved on. When he was attacked in his front yard by a youth he had raped, he explained it as an argument over his having to fire the boy. Gacy always had a reason for the police to look elsewhere, and it worked for him for six years.

"Something that we come across a lot in our work as criminologists is this concept of denial," says Dr Yardley. "So even when you're faced with a load of facts that point to a particular outcome or a particular thing, often people will interpret them in such a way as to justify not acting on it. Because to act on it and to acknowledge that it's actually happening is to upset the status quo. I think that's the same with all these historic sexual abuse claims that have been coming out in the past few years, it's easier not to acknowledge all this stuff goes on. Especially when the victims are further away from the concept of the ideal victim. So the person who is seen as completely deserving of the victim status is completely blameless. When you're dealing with people who are runaways and throwaways, as some people refer to them, their absence is less noticed. And that's why a lot of serial killers target people who have less of a value placed on them by society."

Gacy covers his face as he is led into the courtroom by a policeman on 22 December 1978

EXPERT BIO DR ELIZABETH YARDLEY



Dr Elizabeth Yardley is the director of the Centre for Applied Criminology at Birmingham City University and the author, with Professor David Wilson, of *Female Serial Killers In Social Context - Criminological Institutionalism And The Case Of Mary Ann Cotton*, published on 26 August by Policy Press.

JEFFREY DAHMER

THE CHARM OF THE CANNIBAL

THE MILWAUKEE MONSTER'S FINAL TELEVISED INTERVIEW WAS A MASTERCLASS IN EMOTIONAL MANIPULATION

BORN 21 MAY 1960 | FIRST CRIME 18 JUNE 1978 | VICTIMS 16+ | FATE MURDERED IN PRISON ON 28 NOVEMBER 1994

On Thursday 25 July 1991, a handsome, clean-cut young man with blonde hair, blue eyes, chiselled cheeks and a neat grey striped shirt walked into a court room in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, USA.

His name was Jeffrey Dahmer, and he was on trial for what would eventually at that time be 15 counts of murder of young men. The photograph taken of him that day would appear on the front cover of *People* magazine and become infamous for its image

of the killer's visual normality and calm demeanour. The crimes he was accused of were anything but.

During the media interest surrounding his conviction, Jeffrey's father, Lionel Dahmer, wrote a book as a way of understanding what had happened, including his own bitter divorce and Jeffrey's disturbing childhood. The book led to Jeffrey's first – and last – network television interview, *Confessions of a Serial Killer*, with reporter Stone Phillips. The young man seen in this interview is very different to the convict in the court room.

BIO JEFFREY DAHMER

Dahmer's childhood was marred by his parents' acrimonious divorce, his own morbid fixations and his early development of alcoholism. Known as the Milwaukee Monster, Dahmer would later find his victims in clubs, public houses and adult book stores. Dahmer was arrested in 1991 and initially found guilty of 15 counts of murder. He was later convicted of another and suspected of more. He was murdered in prison by a fellow inmate.

His fuller face hides behind large Aviator glasses and his hair has grown out, though it is still neat. His looks are less pointed, seeming more accepting than controlled.

The opening credits are nothing if not sensationalist, with snippets of Jeffrey describing how he "lost control" after the first murder and Phillips asking him about the sexual and cannibalistic aspects of his crimes. A title featuring the words 'necrophilia, dismemberment and cannibalism' then appears

amid a haze of greenish smoke. It's a red herring for the interview that follows with this quiet man.

As the camera follows Jeffrey entering the room to greet his father, it is evident how he got away with murder for so long. He moves forward to hug his father, his hands rigid on his back while his father pats him paternally in return. He then shakes Phillips' hand loosely, but before and after, each of his arms drop, gawkily, away from the sides of his body: this burly, six-foot-tall man looks for all the world like a lost and confused puppy.

This was part of his charm. According to officer Pat Kennedy in *The Jeffrey Dahmer Files*, Dahmer was seen as "a honey" on the Milwaukee scene in which he found his victims. Men in the bars he would frequent wanted, Kennedy said, to "take care of him." Indeed, after Jeffrey shakes Phillips' hand, he somewhat awkwardly attempts small talk about the weather to put everyone at ease. His victims would trust him because of this apparent vulnerability and need to please, but he was hiding a very different side to his personality.

Jeffrey could also use his charm to manipulate people by occasionally taking charge through compliments or common sense. In *The Jeffrey Dahmer Files*, Kennedy recalls that Jeff told him the case would make them famous. He flattered the detective's ego by suggesting that his interrogation skills would win him praise for his expertise. It's a mixture of logic and emotional stimulus that enabled him to develop a bond with the officer.

Jeffrey famously did a similar thing with his father. During the period of time that he was committing murders, a particular incident saw him place a head in a box that had belonged to his father. On finding the box, Lionel demanded its return, only for Jeffrey to argue that he had a right to privacy and should be allowed to remove

AWKWARD... BUT DEADLY

THE FASCINATING BODY LANGUAGE OF JEFFREY DAHMER

**HUGGING HIS FATHER**

Dahmer hugs his father. The shadow of Lionel Dahmer's hand indicates the movement of patting his son, while Jeffrey remains rigid.

**GREETING STONE PHILLIPS**

After shaking hands loosely with his interviewer, Stone Phillips, Dahmer's arms are held away from his body as he attempts small talk.

**BRACING HIMSELF**

Preparing for further questions, Dahmer stares at the floor, the strain showing at his temples. Gathering himself, he gulps and momentarily closes his eyes.

**MASK OF VULNERABILITY**

Awkward charmer, dutiful son: his body held away, Dahmer hugs his father and apologises for the trouble he's caused. The cannibal killer takes the moral high ground.

his contents from it first. This reasoning worked, and Jeffrey was able to avoid being caught. Recounting this in the Stone Phillips interview, we see a winning mix of emotion: Dahmer drops his head, his eyes downcast toward the floor. His lip trembles slightly and is bitten, while the camera, even with the old footage, appears to show what might be the beginnings of tears in his eyes. By discussing the case directly and then displaying emotion, he appears to look vulnerable, contrite and ashamed.

This matters because it enables him to leverage control in the interview, for while he answers Phillips' next request for more gruesome details of the times he was nearly caught, he later refuses a further prompt.

His response is calm and polite, but pointed. It even seems oddly appropriate. He has already illustrated the point and provided the exclusive that Phillips' interview (and his father's recovery-project book sales) rely on, but in a manner that

“ HE FLATTERED THE DETECTIVE’S EGO BY SUGGESTING THAT HIS INTERROGATION SKILLS WOULD WIN HIM PRAISE ”

almost seems to reflect public decency. To give further details of the crime would labour the point and potentially appear as gratuitous gore-mongering.

What's more, by being made by his father to discuss his own crimes in detail on network television in order to turn a profit, when he clearly finds the subject upsetting, somehow seems to earn him a right to silence after a point, as a result of its very emotion. Indeed, a famous key criticism of Jeffrey was the notable lack of emotion in his toneless apology to his victims' families in the court several years before.

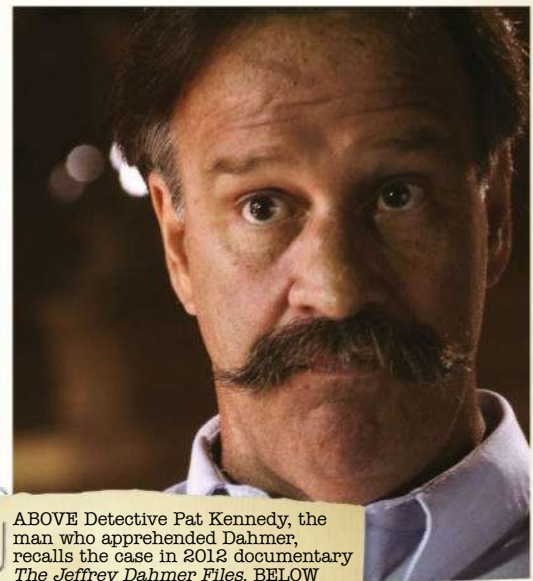
Many saw it as mere weasel words from a killer going through the motions. Here, with Phillips, his behaviour appears

bizarrely appropriate in comparison to the well-respected reporter, appearing, perhaps, as a killer who learned to care.

This is not to say that Jeffrey's behaviour was always a charade. After being convicted on all counts, Jeffrey returned to the Christianity of his youth and was baptised in prison. He was on work detail cleaning the prison when he was attacked by a fellow inmate, Christopher Scarver. Jeffrey didn't defend himself. He died on the way to hospital on 28 November 1994. This complicated man, both manipulative and vulnerable, was cremated and his ashes split between his still-warring parents; his reaction to his own imminent demise suggesting he was finally at peace.



Dahmer listens intently in court in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1991. A slight smile plays upon his lips



ABOVE Detective Pat Kennedy, the man who apprehended Dahmer, recalls the case in 2012 documentary *The Jeffrey Dahmer Files*. BELOW Dahmer's parents listen stoically as the trial unfolds





MAN HUNTER

THE RIGHTEOUS RAGE OF AILEEN WUORNOS

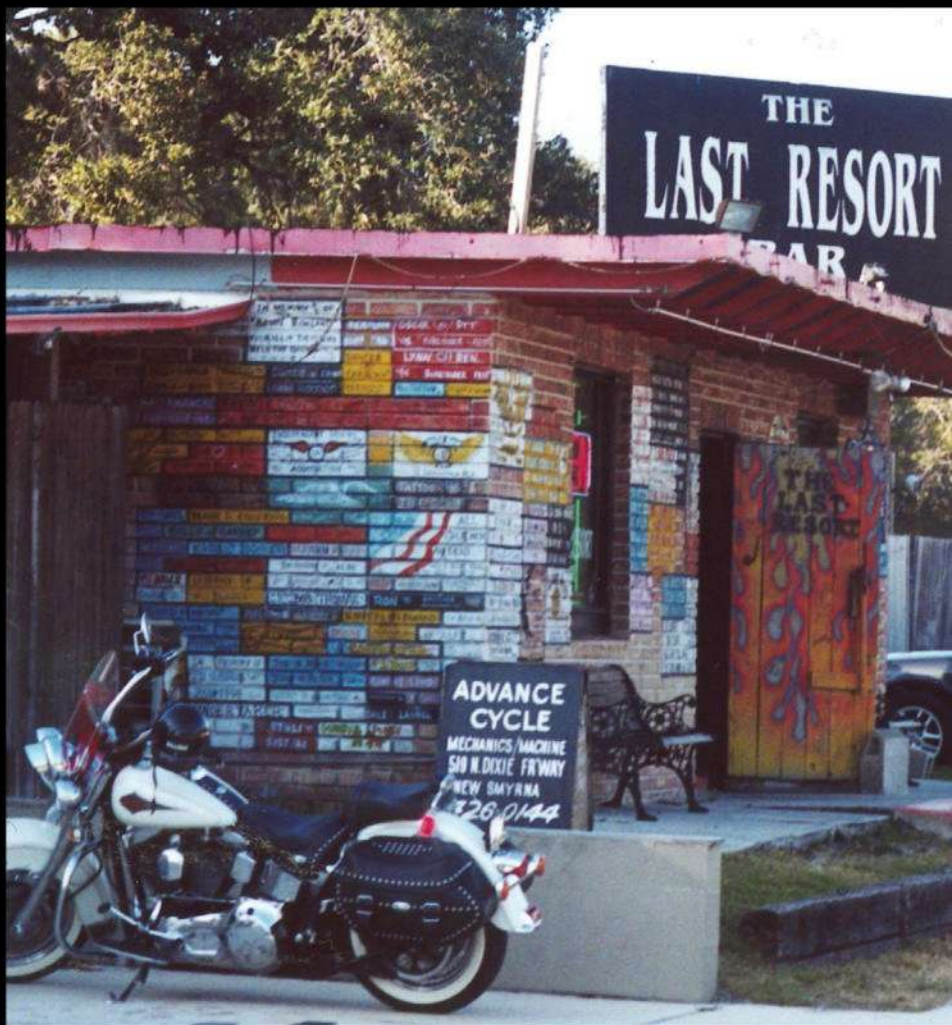
AFTER SIX CONVICTIONS OF KILLING INNOCENT MEN IN COLD BLOOD, DID THE USA'S MOST INFAMOUS FEMALE SERIAL KILLER REALLY DESERVE TO DIE?



ABOVE Wuornos was defiant from the moment she was captured to the day she was executed

CENTRE The Last Resort Bar, now a shrine for ghoulish pilgrims promising “ice cold beer and killer women,” was where Wuornos enjoyed her final drink

RIGHT Wuornos's emotions varied greatly, but she is often shown haggard and raving



How can a dreamer be dead at 14? You could ask Aileen Wuornos, although she actually died many years later. Aileen's life was effectively over when she was a smiling slip of a kid sucking on men's private parts for cigarettes in the woods near her home. The real question is what actually went on inside her head and why it led to her being sentenced to death for killing seven men that she picked up while working as a hooker.

Aileen dreamed a dream in which she saw her life through the movies, put up a front and played the roles she thought were expected of her. The roles her life cast her in were, sadly, extraordinary. The narratives included other characters too, such as one of her victim's widows, Shirley Humphreys, who said in a televised interview that she couldn't wait to see the bubbly blonde meet Old Sparky, as the electric chair was then known.

Aileen was born in 1956 in Michigan to Diane, a mother who dumped her six months after birthing her, and her father Leo was jailed for paedophilia. Aileen, her sister Laurie and her brother Keith were sent to live with her grandparents. Not that this initially bothered the bright little girl with the slightly wonky grin, though she was rumoured to actually be the biological daughter of her grandfather, who was rumoured to abuse both her and her mother. In *Aileen Wuornos: Life And Death Of A Serial Killer*, life-long friend Dawn Botkins also said that she had seen Aileen beaten badly by her guardian in full knowledge that the assault was being watched. By the age of 14, still really a baby herself, Aileen had given birth to a baby that had been taken from her

for adoption, and soon she was living in the woods having been kicked out of home. In subsequent interviews, Aileen's breezy tone belies the bitter winters she spent sleeping in a car in the snow while still a child. Her mother later claimed to documentary filmmaker Nick Broomfield that she had no knowledge of her daughter's plight, arguably showing the level to which she appears to have cared.

Her daughter became a pint-sized prostitute aged nine for what seems to have been for little more than a bit of company. The local kids thought she had no shame, and she suffered for it at the boys' braying mouths, with one Jerry Moss commenting at a trial that he would take her “gifts” while calling her a “bitch” and throwing rocks at her to make sure no one associated them together. Torn between the two personalities of an innocent dreamer and a derelict, Aileen was *Les Misérables*: a little girl lost. The ailing Aileen was turning blue, both through lack of love and barely any body heat owing to living outside at such a tender age. Realising she would have to save herself, she reached for the sunny smile of Florida.

COME ON, AILEEN

The good-time party girl followed that dream and rocked up on Daytona Beach in search of clear blue skies. First she married yacht club president Lewis Gratz Fell (getting divorced shortly after). Then she got on down to the local biker bar, The Last Resort, like there was no tomorrow. She became great mates with The Human Cannon Ball (though



“ QUIETER MOMENTS SUGGEST SHE HAD THE CAPACITY TO BE A RELATIVELY ‘NORMAL’ INDIVIDUAL WHO HAD SUFFERED THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY AND TERRIBLE OF CIRCUMSTANCES ”

none of the lads would touch a lesbian or ‘flap cracker’, as she was known). Eventually, she formed a relationship with Tyria Moore, a woman she met in a gay bar in the area. She professed love for this lady despite Tyria’s alleged demands for more robberies for more money to fund their pleasure-seeking lifestyle. Aileen was creating the illusion that her life was full of love, fun and friends. All the while she was still turning tricks, but as any decent magician knows, the greatest effects work by correctly assessing the risks. Aileen’s prop was a pistol, carried for ‘protection’, but this didn’t just pop a little flag out when she pulled the trigger, and she couldn’t reset the scene afterwards.

But those are just the facts. Or at least, they’re the recollections that people have of her. They jar and jive with the images we have of the woman from the medium that made her famous – the movies she knew even then that the police working on her case were selling their stories to make. We know Aileen through films: Nick Broomfield’s two documentaries (*Aileen Wuornos: The Selling Of A Serial Killer* and *Aileen: The Life And Death Of A Serial Killer*) and as played by an ‘uglified’ Charlize Theron in the film *Monster*. This is in addition to lesser-known features such as *Overkill*, *The Aileen Wuornos Story* and others. Wuornos

was portrayed either as a drama queen with puppy-dog enthusiasm who was betrayed, or an abused pitbull that would snap if petted by the slightest unwanted hand.

That unwanted hand came courtesy of Richard Mallory, a typical pickup on the highway. Like any sex worker who wants to stay safe and make money, Aileen had to be a people pleaser on the job and spoke in *Aileen Wuornos: The Selling Of A Serial Killer* about how she would converse on politics and religion with her clients. While this is probably an exaggeration of the thematic depth of her actual conversations, the style normally worked. With Mallory, however, it fell on deaf ears and he began to verbally and sexually abuse Aileen, calling her a slut and anally raping her, aided and abetted by rubbing alcohol. Relating her thought process during the attack in court, rather than simply recalling an instantaneous reaction to the situation, there is the suggestion that she realised she had to kill or potentially be killed. It is as though she projected the attack on to someone else, and Aileen cried while giving her evidence. Dragging on every ounce of her reserve, she spat in his face to buy time, grabbed her bag and shot him. It was a scene of pure survival, and like Jennifer from *I Spit On Your Grave*, she sought to make herself safe.

TIMELINE OF AN INNOCENCE LOST

- Aileen is born. Her mother divorces her father two years later. **1956**
- Diane, Aileen’s mother, abandons her children to their grandparents. **1960**
- Just 11 years old, Wuornos begins exchanging sexual favours for cigarettes. **1967**
- Wuornos is raped by her grandfather’s friend. She falls pregnant and the child is adopted. **1970**
- Her grandfather throws her out of the house. Aileen lives in the woods. **1971**
- Having spent some time as a prostitute, Aileen marries, then divorces. **1976**
- After many run-ins with the law, Aileen moves in with Tyria Moore. **1987**
- Aileen shoots her first victim, convicted rapist Richard Mallory. **1989**



19 NOVEMBER 1990

WALTER ANTONIO, 62

Location: Dixie County

A security industry man whose body was found on a logging road naked, barring his socks. He had been shot four times and his car was found five days later in Brevard County.



12 SEPTEMBER 1990

CHARLES HUMPHREYS, 56

Location: Marion County

The widow of this former police chief, Shirley, went on TV to talk about Aileen meeting 'Old Sparky'. Humphreys had been shot six times and his car was found in Suwanee County.



4 AUGUST 1990

TROY BURRESS, 50

Location: Marion County

A delivery worker reported missing on 31 July, this time found fully clothed in a wooded part of the county, along State Road 19. He had sustained two bullet wounds.

BODY NEVER FOUND



4 JULY 1990

PETER SIEMS, 65

Location: Marion County

The missionary's body was never found, though his abandoned car was. Tellingly, Wuornos's palm print was found on the inside of the handle.



6 JUNE 1990

CHARLES CARSKADDON, 40

Location: Pasco County

A part-time rodeo worker whose body was once again found naked in the woods. He had been shot no less than nine times with a small-calibre pistol.

“ SHE WAS THE ANTITHESIS OF WHAT THE MEDIA STILL SAYS A WOMAN SHOULD BE — PLIANT AND BEAUTIFUL ”

If that were the end of Aileen's tale, she might still be here today. It has been commented by Broomfield that during her trial she was “medically described” as being “too immature to properly grasp the finality of death.”

Instead, she simply kept going. It's impossible to know what to believe next. What we do know is that the killings happened in the aftermath of the gay rights revolution. Along with this, courtesy of theorist Judith Butler, came the theory of gender as something that is performed and the idea that we play social roles to make ourselves understood. Having progressed from giggled 'favours' for ciggies and food to shotgun rape, Aileen's behaviour changed as she found a whole new audience, not least herself.

In one version of events, she simply snapped: the first assault became too much to bear and she killed six men after the first murder to enact her own personal revenge for earlier experiences, over and over and over again. In the

other version, she became Aileen the Warrior Queen: a Joan of Arc-style figure who charged hotrods in order to stack up the lines of dollars that would help her and Tyria fight their way to a new life. At the same time, she would avenge all womanhood by hunting down any guy who attempted to get beyond his station, particularly if this involved using rape as a weapon of on-woman war.

The argument demonstrated by director and writer Patty Jenkins' Academy Award-winning movie *Monster* is perhaps closest to the Aileen seen in court and Nick Broomfield's documentary footage. This Aileen has humour but is righteous about what she did. However, the confusing image we retain of Aileen is no doubt complicated by the constellation of scene-stealing extras, including Arlene

RIGHT The house of Dawn Botkins, close childhood friend to Wuornos. She inherited all Aileen's worldly possessions



BLOOD AND BULLETS

SHE STOLE THEIR CARS, OFTEN LEFT THEM NAKED AND MADE SURE SHE FILLED THEM WITH ENOUGH LEAD TO KILL THEM

THE LAST RESORT BAR

Location: Port Orange

Aileen had her last drink here as a free woman before she was arrested at the bar. It has since become a ghoulish tourist attraction of some international renown. The bar was also featured in the movie about Aileen's life, *Monster*.



13 DECEMBER 1989

RICHARD MALLORY, 51

Location: Volusia County

Found fully clothed and shot twice. Wuornos's first killing was claimed as self defence during rape. A plausible defence, considering Mallory was a convicted rapist.



1 JUNE 1990

DAVID SPEARS, 43

Location: Citrus County

A construction worker, found naked apart from his baseball cap along Florida's Highway 19. In a similar case of murderous overkill, he had been shot six times.

Pralle, the woman who adopted Aileen after her case hit the papers and played a large part in the crucible of her later acts.

AILEEN AND REALITY

Just as Aileen's own testimony changes depending on whom she's talking to (and, presumably, how she wants them to react), it's also important to remember that documentaries such as Broomfield's are not necessarily any more of a true picture of her mental state than the fictionalisations such as the biographic movie *Monster*. Broomfield uses the reflexive

mode of cinema, wherein his film narration talks through the process of making his movies and the things that can go wrong in production rather than just showcasing his subjects. It is sometimes considered a more honest approach than showing documentary films as polished products rather than gritty reality, but it also highlights the conceit at the heart of his representation of Aileen – barring one segment in which we cannot see her face, she constantly references her own representation, looks into the camera and shows that she knows she's being both watched and judged by the audience. She's not being the 'real' her, so we can't judge the films as proper representations of her personality, sanity or insanity.

What's more, Broomfield cuts his footage of Aileen to represent her differently across his two different documentaries, separate products he will sell as part of his job (one now playing on the paid-for streaming service, Netflix, more than a decade after its release). A key sequence shows him interviewing Aileen about her adopted mother, Arlene, and her lawyer, Steve. The sequence focuses on the segment where Aileen rants and repeats herself, boggle eyed and fingers jabbing, about the legal weighting accorded to the principle of self-defence versus importance of the number of people killed. She looks mentally unstable and thus suitable for Broomfield's final comment that justice has not been served through the punishment by execution of someone unable to comprehend what they had done.

In Broomfield's other film, an extended version of the same interview is shown. Here, while the same gestures and expressions are present, Aileen also talks calmly about knowing that her two closest allies are using her as a prize heifer. We see only what Broomfield wants us to see, rather than what actually happens, a point brought up in the court itself as evidence. Furthermore, considering the enormity of Arlene and Steve's actions – demonstrated by Broomfield's footage to be the knowing emotional exploitation of a soon-to-be-executed rape victim for their own financial gain via payment for interviews – Aileen could be forgiven for being rather more angry than she appears. Her representation is not the truth, but an edited view of her suited to Broomfield's argument, as is the norm for any documentary no matter how honest it aims (or claims) to be.

RIGHTEOUS RAGE

Quieter moments suggest she had the capacity to be a relatively 'normal' individual who had suffered the most extraordinary and terrible of circumstances. As Dr Stephen Holmes, author of *Serial Murder*, told us: "Aileen Wuornos was a classic example of an individual that suffered from borderline personality and antisocial personality disorders. With these afflictions and her history of being abused both physically and emotionally as a child, it is no wonder she ended up in the position she was in."

Borderline personality disorder and antisocial personality disorder both sound menacing until one realises that 2.6 per cent of Americans were diagnosed with the condition as of 2007, according to a study published by the *Biological Psychiatry* journal. Living with mental ill health is a relatively common problem. Considering what she was up against, even the most saintly would rant and rave.

This, however, does not make for a good scandal. Instead, what we see is the image of Wuornos as the snaggle-toothed, ageing and bloated drow who raised her cuffed hands to her own neck (to tidy her hair) and who pulled grotesque faces (because she was tired).



“GOD HAS FORGIVEN HER FOR WHAT SHE’S DONE AND OUR STATE HAS THE DEATH PENALTY SO WHY NOT GO FOR IT, I MEAN, WOW! SHE COULD BE HOME WITH JESUS IN ANOTHER FEW YEARS”

ARLENE PRALLE



HIDDEN AGENDAS

FROM THE MOMENT OF HER CAPTURE, THE MEN AND WOMEN AROUND WUORNOS SHAPED THE SERIAL KILLER'S IMAGE

AILEEN WUORNOS (THE MONSTER)

Loathed lesbian, good-time girl, multiple murderess and Christian-adopted daughter. Aileen is convinced that the cops have used her to “clean up the streets” by killing curb crawlers. She willingly plays the role others have cast her in, but the ‘real Aileen’ is increasingly elusive.

RICHARD, DAVID, CHARLES C, PETER, TROY, CHARLES H AND WALTER (THE VICTIMS)

Aileen meets them on the freeway over the course of a year. They are normal men. They meet the lady on the highway and wind up sometimes naked and robbed, and always dead. Innocent victims in the wrong place at the wrong time, or curb-crawling abusers who finally got what was coming to them... it depends which narrative is currently in play.

ARLENE PRALLE (THE ADOPTIVE MOTHER)

Tiny, brunette and a born-again Christian, Arlene contacts Aileen (on Jesus's say so) after seeing the story on TV. They exchange letters and Arlene adopts the murderess as her daughter. Arlene is convinced that Aileen should confess her sins and “go back to Jesus” via execution. She says this direct to the camera with a big, beaming smile on her face in *Aileen Wuornos: The Selling Of A Serial Killer*. Aileen apparently agrees with this and is shown smiling in a photo supposedly taken after she stated in court that she will happily die for killing in cold blood if that's what the court wants.

NICK BROOMFIELD (THE FILM MAKER)

English, upright and with a shock of unkempt brown hair, Nick is the quintessentially honest documentary man looking to sell his ethically investigative film. Nick asks death-row inmate Aileen if she knows that Arlene has asked for more money to talk about her daughter's impending death, but Aileen calmly waves him quiet. Her subsequent lines show that she knows Arlene and her lawyer-musician-ex-hippy-with-an-invisible-friend Steve have allegedly been telling her to kill herself already because Arlene can't take the strain of the her adopted daughter's trials.



R'S STATION

GOVERNOR JEB BUSH (THE WHITE HOUSE WANNABE)

Bush, Nick argues, is riding the back of Aileen's execution chair as his ticket to re-election. Bush's prison psychiatrists, Broomfield states, take a whole 15 minutes to declare the ranting, raving and clearly paranoid prisoner sane, making her 'no contest' confession to murder kosher. Aileen is scared the prison government are trying to drive her insane so that no one will believe her about the corrupt cops selling her story to Hollywood. Now in the running for Republican Presidential candidate, Bush's role may be due a reassessment.

TYRIA MOORE (AILEEN'S EX-GIRLFRIEND)

They lived together in a motel for years, Aileen stating that 'Ty' told her to keep turning tricks to make sure she had more money. Ty's taped phone call to Aileen was the confession used to catch her and manoeuvre Moore into her own movie deal.

CAPTAIN BINEGAR, SERGEANT MUNSTER AND MAJOR DAN HENRY (THE COPS)

While some of the USA's finest are accused by Aileen of spying on her for years, these guys' boss will broadcast a statement saying that they have been found guilty of selling their stake in Aileen's story to the highest bidders.

**“ A GREAT
MAJORITY OF
FLORIDIANS WANT
THEIR GOVERNOR
TO DO THIS ”**

JEB BUSH



ABOVE After her first death sentence, Aileen is led away to be tried for each and every one of the remaining victims

We cannot know who she truly was because everything about her prosecution and depiction was inherently motivated by politics, both of government and the media. She was the antithesis of what the media still says a woman should be – pliant and beautiful, especially if blessed with accepted standards of good looks, such as her blonde hair. It was as if the media were offended by her image alone; in comic-strip coverage she was shown as a beautiful, shapely (near naked) young streetwalker before the murders, and as an aggressive and androgynous convict in their next frame. As Broomfield's *Selling Of A Serial Killer* reports, news outlets directly linked the seriousness of her crimes to her gender, and she and Tyria were instantly dubbed 'Angels of Death' who added "an even more chilling twist to the slaying" by "murdering with the feminine touch" in the otherwise standard, gun-based crimes. Aileen was demonised in order to be exorcised for being too 'unnatural'.

This may explain her final filmed behaviour in an interview with Nick Broomfield. When she thought the cameras stopped rolling, she commented that she had committed most of the murders in self-defence but was pleading guilty because she couldn't stand being in prison anymore. When Broomfield challenged her on this in their

final interview, she refused to comment and demanded to talk about the police and prison guards, mixing the fact of their corruption with ramblings about surveillance and poisoning. She may have believed this and wanted justice, or simply said it to make the public hate her more so as not to prolong her prison stay.

Aileen's last words reflect the life she was denied. She spoke of meeting Christ as well as going in a spaceship in the same way as her heroes from the movies. She also pronounced that she would be back. She perhaps chose to believe in just about anything that remained within the grasp of her tattered sanity – a religion of the truly lost.

Her story reads like a cheap paperback fantasy but it is horribly real. What remains of Aileen are documentaries, press clippings, letters and faux-fascinated compare-and-contrast memes matching her to the beautiful Hollywood actress who 'uglied up' to play her. Aileen Wuornos was a multiple murderer who robbed her victims and shot them more times than was necessary to aid her escape. We will, however, never know how situations played out or comprehend how the bright-eyed, flossy-haired little girl wound up a bulge-eyed woman washing herself in public toilets and thankful for any human contact that came in her direction. We do know how her eventual death sentence was executed as much by ballot box and media ratings as by lethal injection: she was killed at 9.47am on 9 October 2002.

"I'll be sailing away with the rock. I'll be back with Jesus Christ like on *Independence Day*. On June sixth. Just like the movie on the big mothership. I'll be back. I'll be back."

“ SHE PERHAPS CHOSE TO BELIEVE IN JUST ABOUT ANYTHING THAT REMAINED WITHIN THE GRASP OF HER TATTERED SANITY ”

AILEEN'S MANY CONFESSIONS

WUORNOS WASN'T SHY OF DROPPING CONVENIENT SOUND BITES TO THE DELIGHT OF THE PRESS AND THE PROSECUTION, WITH EVERY PARTY BRINGING THEIR OWN LAYERS OF TRUTH AND FICTION

"Listen, do what you gotta do... I'm not gonna let you go to jail... listen, if I have to confess, I will"

AFTER HER FIRST TRIAL AND PRIOR TO SENTENCING FOR HUMPHREYS', SPEARS' AND BURRESS'S DEATHS

Aileen had been persuaded to plead guilty by her newly adopted, born-again Christian mother Arlene, as a supposed show of religious devotion. The sincerity of this newfound faith is contested, but it's a natural fit. Wuornos's world is one of saviours and tormentors, and by coaching her admission in the language of repentance and sacrifice, she subtly recasts herself not as a sinner, but a saint.

"I have made peace with my Lord and I have asked forgiveness. I am sorry that my acts of self-defence ended up in court like this, but I take full responsibility for my actions. It was them or me. I am sorry for all the pain that my actions have caused. I am prepared to die if you say it is necessary"

COURT APPEARANCE IN 1992

A taped telephone conversation between Aileen and ex-girlfriend Tyria is played to court. It was a set-up and Ty talks Aileen into taking sole responsibility for the crimes. She does, implicating herself while painting a florid portrait of Moore as an innocent and the only kindness in the killer's ugly world. This is a very different Aileen from the one we expect, but this glimmer of redemption – love and selflessness – is instead distorted and repurposed to feed a different narrative, that of the man-hating lesbian she-devil.

"I'll be up in heaven while y'all are rotting in hell... I know I was raped and you aren't nothing but a bunch of scum... putting someone who was raped to death?"

30 JANUARY 1992, ON BEING SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR THE MURDERS OF HUMPHREYS, SPEARS, AND BURRESS

Broomfield believes Aileen expected some clemency owing to self-defence. She was outraged at the "immorality" of being handed more death sentences, taking the tone of the righteous, wronged to the point of fury. Few hearts, however, softened as she hurled abuse at the judge and jury. This outburst became a media money shot, repeated ad infinitum to emphasise her volatile nature and white-trash barbarism at the expense of her perceived injustice.

SPOKEN DIRECT TO NICK BROOMFIELD'S CAMERA AFTER TEN YEARS ON DEATH ROW

A confession and show of aggression to provoke prison governors into signing her execution warrant. Still the snarling, spitting monster of news reports and newspaper headlines, Wuornos rants and raves as is expected of her, suggesting that any death, no matter whose, will satisfy her. The truth is far sadder...

"I want to get in the fucking chamber tomorrow and leave... I'm on hold with my execution... and they're just daring me to kill again... you mother fuckers keep fucking with my goddam execution, there's gonna be bloodshed!"

"I can't do it. I would never be able to handle a life sentence or anything... that's why I can't say nothing about self-defence on tape or anything... I can't tell anybody. Never"

SECONDS LATER IN THE SAME INTERVIEW AND SPOKEN WHEN SHE THOUGHT THE CAMERAS WERE OFF

Aileen appears to admit her guilty plea is to avoid the doom of a lifetime in prison. This moment of apparent sincerity comes with one caveat: for a woman who won't "say nothing about self-defence on tape," she's certainly mentioned it a lot.

THE SON OF SAM'S HAUNTING LETTERS

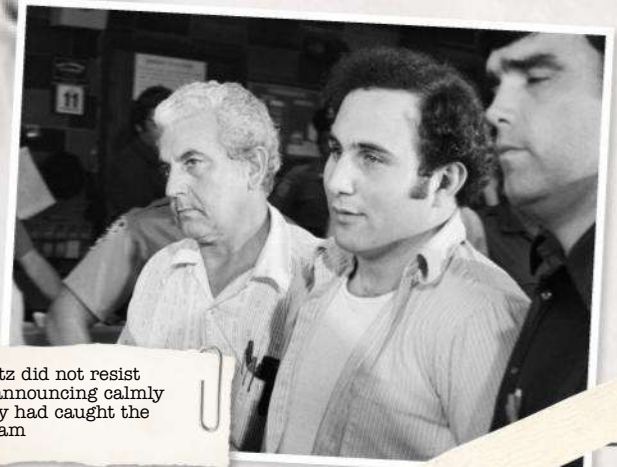
DAVID BERKOWITZ TERRORISED NEW YORK CITY WITH HIS CRIMES, TAUNTING POLICE WITH NOTES LEFT AT THE SCENE

David Berkowitz stood still in the alley, tightly gripping his knife. It was Christmas Eve 1975, and he was determined to kill. He spotted a young girl skating on the ice rink, laughing with her friends, probably wondering what Christmas presents awaited her the next morning. Berkowitz was oblivious to the 14-year-old's innocence – all he saw was a potential victim. He had been holding a rage within him for decades; it was just about to crack through his quiet exterior and reveal itself to the world.

When the girl finished skating she waved goodbye to her friends and began to walk home. The killer's moment had finally come. Stepping quickly out of the shadows, Berkowitz grabbed the girl before viciously plunging his knife into her side. She screamed out, and fought to free herself of her attacker's grasp. Berkowitz struggled to contain her, and quickly tried to stab her again as a way to shut her up. But he was not to have his way – her thick winter coat resisted his sharp blade, and she eventually escaped and ran to safety. Her attacker remained still in the alley way, filled with anger and regret. This encounter had been much too physical for his liking; next time he would keep it simple. He would use a gun. Although the young girl had escaped, a serial killer had been born.

By all accounts, David Berkowitz had a miserable childhood. His earliest memory was his parents telling him that he was adopted, and that his real mother had died during childbirth. Even at a young age, he remembered feeling that he was different from everyone else.

There was something in him that wouldn't respond to love or affection, pushing anyone who cared about him away. He was taunted for being adopted by the local



Berkowitz did not resist arrest, announcing calmly that they had caught the Son of Sam





Stacy Moskowitz was the only blonde victim of Berkowitz

Stacy Moskowitz being taken to hospital after the 31 July 1977 attack. She would later die from her injuries

kids, which made him feel as though he wasn't a real person. He became plagued with guilt over the death of his birth mother, and feared that his real father would come in the night and kill him in revenge. David stayed up late watching horror films, and suffered from vivid nightmares that would force him to hide in his closet for hours at a time. He began to display aggression towards his adoptive parents, screaming at his mother, "I hate you, I hate you, I hope you die," as she left for dinner one night. Little did he know that he would quickly get his wish; that night she collapsed and was taken to hospital. She was in the later stages of breast cancer, and died soon after.

Berkowitz barely graduated from high school and quickly enlisted in the army, where he qualified as an M16 sharp shooter. He soon realised that the army was no place for him, returning to New York in 1974. By this time, his adoptive father had moved to Florida and remarried, leaving David all alone in the big city. His loneliness led him to uncover a hidden secret; his real mother had not died during childbirth, she was alive and well. His parents were advised to tell him this by the adoption agency, who didn't want him chasing them in the future. Filled with hope, he arranged to meet her, but he was to be disappointed yet again. She was an ordinary, frightened woman, who was not prepared to give Berkowitz

the love and affection he needed. He now knew who he was and where he came from, but it would not save him from himself. Instead, it would drive him onto the streets, in search of blood.

BECOMING THE SON OF SAM

After failing to kill on Christmas Eve 1975, Berkowitz decided to quit his job as a night watchman and moved to an apartment on the Hudson River. He had been hoping for some peace and quiet here, but instead he was kept awake by his neighbour's barking dogs. This was only a mild irritation at first, but it grew and grew inside of him. Eventually, the barking would become unbearable.

From '76 to '77, he drove a taxi, worked in a post office, and tried to keep his evil urges inside. One day he made the decision to lay a

A photo booth shot of Berkowitz, taken while in the army



MANHATTAN AND STATEN ISLAND
SAID THE ARE READY HUH?
LETS SEE HOW READY YOU
ARE O.K.? I ALMOST FORGOT
RIVERDALE. YOU GUYS HAVE MADE
ME VERY ANGRY. ~~3-8-77~~

SO KISS MY ASS AND
MOTHER FUCK ALL YOU
BITCHES.

14
BORN

NOT KNOWING WHAT THE FUTURE
HOLDS I SHALL SAY FAREWELL AND
I WILL SEE YOU AT THE NEXT JOB.
OR SHOULD I SAY YOU WILL SEE
MY HANDWORK AT THE NEXT JOB?
REMEMBER MS. LAURIN. THANK YOU.

IN THEIR BLOOD
AND
FROM THE GUTTER

"SAM'S CREATION". 44

HERE ARE SOME NAMES TO HELP YOU ALONG.
FORWARD THEM TO THE INSPECTOR FOR
USE BY N.C.I.C.:

"THE DUKE OF DEATH"
"THE WICKED KING WICKER"
"THE TWENTY TWO DISCIPLES OF HELL"
"JOHN WHARTIES" - RAPIST AND SUFF.
"CARTER OF YOUNG GIRLS."

PS: J.B. PLEASE INFORM ALL THE
DETECTIVES WORKING THE
SLAYINGS & REMAIN

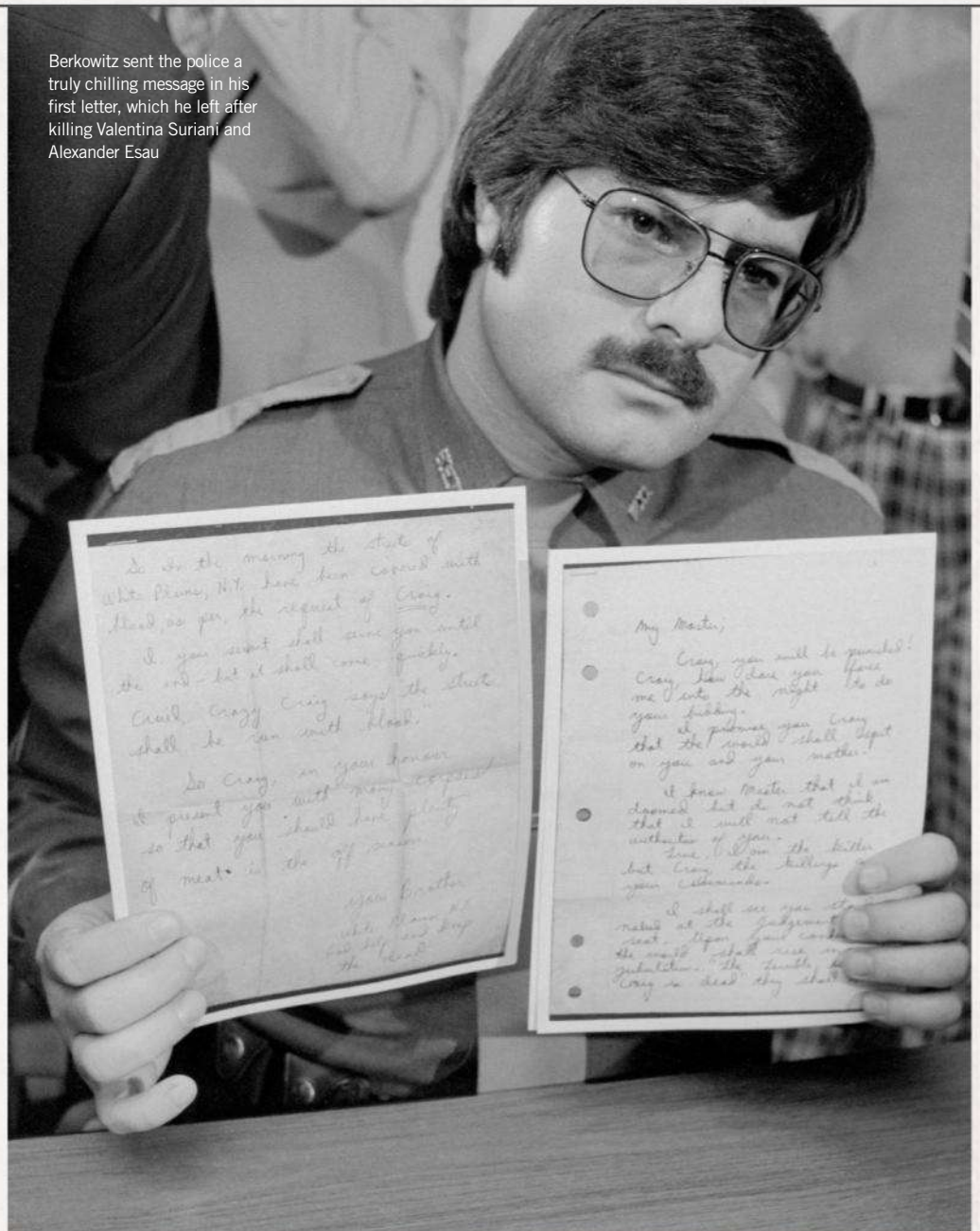
BECAUSE CRAIG IS CRAIG
SO MUST THE STREETS
BE FILLED WITH CRAIG (DEATH)



AND HUGE DROPS OF LEAD
POURED DOWN UPON HER HEAD
UNTIL SHE WAS DEAD.
YET THE CATS STILL CAME OUT
AT NIGHT TO MATE
AND THE SPARROWS STILL
SING IN THE MORNING.

Written by Berkowitz, this poem
showcases his bizarre poetic
style and the unusual crest he
would often draw

Berkowitz sent the police a
truly chilling message in his
first letter, which he left after
killing Valentina Suriani and
Alexander Esau



So on the morning the state of
White Plains, N.Y. has been covered with
blood as per the request of Craig.
If you want shall come you until
the end - but it shall come quickly.
Craig, Craig, Craig says the state
shall be in your blood.

So Craig, in your honour
I present you with many copiers
so that you shall have plenty
of meat in the off season.

your brother
white Plains N.Y.
has sent you this
the blood

My Master;

Craig, you will be punished!
Craig, I know you have
me into the night. So do
your bidding.
I promise you Craig
that the world shall report
on you and your mother!

I know Master that I am
doomed but do not think
that I will not tell the
truth of you.
I know, I know the killer
you command.

I shall see you again
naked at the judgement
seat. I know you will
be with me. I shall rise in
judgement. The family of
Craig is dead. They shall

**“ NEW
YORK WAS
PLUNGED
INTO A
PANIC;
NO ONE
HAD ANY
IDEA WHO
THE KILLER
WAS ”**

woman, and get revenge for all the suffering they had caused him in his life. He went to visit an old army friend, who helped him buy an old Bulldog revolver. This weapon was David's final solution. The barking dogs that had tormented him grew louder and louder in his head, it was just a matter of time before he expressed himself with his gun.

He began to prowl the streets of New York, in search of a victim. In July 1976 his killing spree began, when he stumbled across two girls, Jody Valenti and Donna Lauria, sitting in a parked car. He left his car two blocks away and circled the girls. He walked towards them, removed his gun from a paper bag and fired. In the silence that followed, he was frozen. Jody's screams snapped him out of his trance, and he returned to his car and fled the scene. He sang to himself, finally feeling some peace on his journey back to his flat. While he didn't have a physical orgasm, he certainly had a mental one. Reading the *New York Post* the next day, he learnt he had killed one girl and injured the other.

After that fateful night, Berkowitz became relentless. The attacks became more and more frequent, as he continued to target women. All the while, the barking in his head continued to grow. After the fifth attack, the police were convinced that they were dealing with a serial killer. New York was plunged into a frenzied panic; no one had any idea who the killer was or why he was attacking only women.

LETTERS TO THE POLICE

On 17 April 1977, Berkowitz shot and killed both Alexander Esau and Valentina Suriani, less than a few blocks from the scene of his first shooting. This attack provided the police with their first solid lead, as Berkowitz chose to leave a note addressed to NYPD Captain Joseph Borrelli. With its incoherent ramblings and feverish tone, the letter expressed David's determination to continue killing, and also mocked the police for their fruitless efforts at capturing him. Up

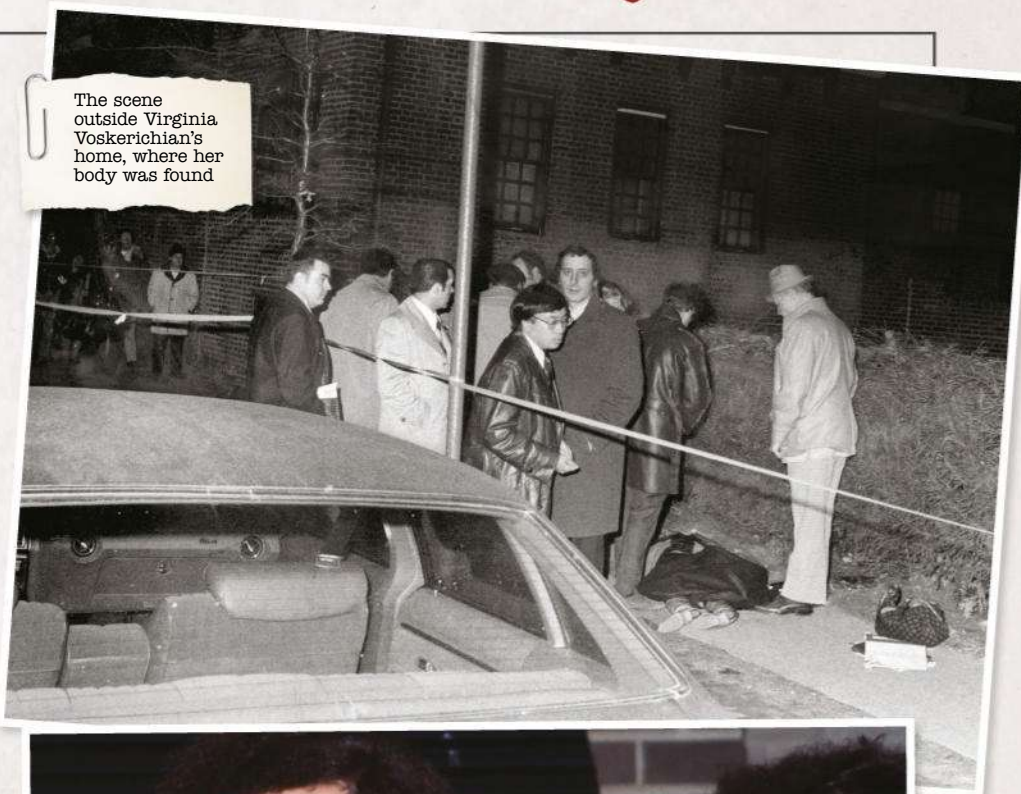
until now, newspapers had referred to Berkowitz as 'the .44 Caliber Killer' after the bullets he used. In the note Berkowitz referred to himself as the 'Son of Sam' for the first time, and once leaked to the press it replaced his old name.

The dogs continued to keep him awake at night, filling him with rage and hatred. These dogs belonged to Sam Carr, whom he wrote to repeatedly asking for his dogs to be controlled. Carr never replied; a week later Berkowitz shot and wounded his dog. It is believed that the 'Sam' in Berkowitz's infamous alias is in reference to his neighbour, as David believed the dogs barking was in fact the devil trying to communicate to him.

The police knew they had to respond quickly, and chose to assemble a task force, which took part in the largest manhunt in New York's history. By now, the entire city was plunged into a panic. One man was terrorizing 16 million people; both men and women were afraid to go out at night. Women started to cut their hair short and dye it bright colours, as many of the victims had long, dark hair when they were attacked. The papers wrote to 'the Son of Sam', begging him to cease his acts of violence and give himself up. Berkowitz responded with a dark, chilling poem, in which he said that he simply could not stop killing. "I am still here. Like a spirit roaming the night. Thirsty, hungry, seldom stopping to rest; anxious to please Sam. I love my work." The police were desperate by this point, trying everything they could to try and find the man they knew very little about. One officer noticed the killer's modus operandi was very similar to a character in the TV series, *Starsky & Hutch*. In the hope of making even the smallest of breakthroughs, investigating officers watched every episode.

Berkowitz was true to his word; on 26 June 1977 he wounded two more innocent people, Sal Lupo and Judy Placido. Then two days after the first anniversary of Donna Lauria's death, he attacked again. He fired four bullets into the side of Robert Violante's car, leaving him with very little vision and his girlfriend, Stacy Moskowitz, mortally wounded. Unbeknownst to Berkowitz, this was to be his last attack. He was awarded a parking ticket that night for leaving his car by a fire hydrant, and when he opted to pay it the following week, the police were onto him.

The scene outside Virginia Voskerichian's home, where her body was found



Son of Sam being escorted to the 84th Precinct Station

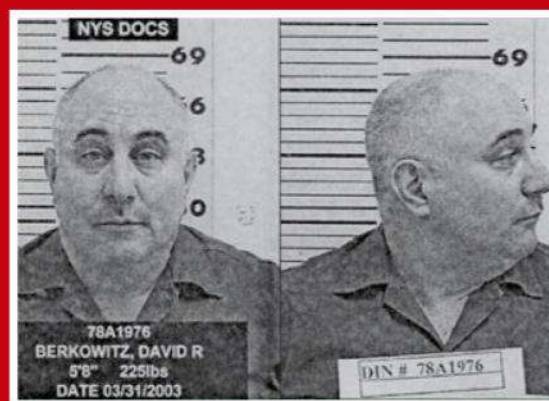
WHAT HAPPENED TO BERKOWITZ?

During the 1970s, David Berkowitz killed six people and wounded seven others. After failing to kill a teenage girl with a knife, he opted for a .44 caliber Bulldog revolver. The night he murdered his last victim, Stacy Moskowitz, the police gave him a parking ticket for leaving his car by a fire hydrant. He dutifully paid the fine the following week, and when the police found out he'd been sending harassing letters to his neighbour Sam Carr, they were onto him. On 10 August 1977, a police unit surrounded the killer's apartment, and arrested him when he walked out of his home. Once he was in custody the killer was quick to confess, describing how he carried out each attack with detail that only the murderer could provide. At his trial, he was told by the judge that he would never be released, who duly sentenced him to six consecutive life terms.

After a short stay in a psychiatric ward, David Berkowitz was sent to Attica Correctional Facility, an upstate New York 'supermax' prison. Whilst in Attica, Berkowitz was attacked and nearly killed by another inmate with a knife. The small blade left Berkowitz with a horrific wound, requiring 56 stitches to close. For fear of repercussions, he has never identified the assailant.

He remained in Attica for roughly a decade, before being transferred to Sullivan Correctional Facility. He has remained in Sullivan ever since, and is reportedly now a born again Christian. He has repeatedly asked not to be considered for parole, stating: "In all honesty, I believe that I deserve to be in prison for the rest of my life. I have, with God's help, long ago come to terms with my situation and I have accepted my punishment."

BELOW Now a born again Christian, Berkowitz has asked not to be considered for parole



L'OGRE DES ARDENNES

MICHEL FOURNIRET – THE OGRE OF THE ARDENNES – CONFESSED TO NINE MURDERS, BUT WERE THERE MORE?

Almost 15 years after his last crime, there's still a lot of mystery surrounding French serial killer Michel Fourniret. He was dubbed the 'Ogre of the Ardennes' by the media, but how accurate was that title? Why did he confess? Was he working alone? Just how many lives did he *really* claim? This far into the puzzle, all the police have to go on is Fourniret's word.

His decades-long crime streak began way back in 1966 when he was arrested and proven guilty of child molestation. His marriage to his first wife disintegrated shortly after because of it. He was slightly more successful in his next marriage – he fathered three children with his second wife – but it ended as quickly as the first after he was arrested yet again, this time for the rape and indecent assault of minors. The charges against Fourniret were piling up as fast as his wives were ending their relationships. His crimes were accumulating over time and would soon conclude with the worst crime of them all – murder.

THE WIFE

While Fourniret was in custody awaiting his trial for sexual assault in Paris, 1987, he put an advert in a Catholic magazine, looking for a pen pal. Amazingly, someone replied, a hospital nurse and mother of three named Monique Olivier. The couple continued to exchange letters for a while, before finally meeting at Fourniret's trial where he was convicted. Like Fourniret, Olivier had a dark past. Unlike him, however, she had been the victim. She had suffered years of abuse at the hand of her former husband. Fourniret empathised with her and together they made a pact that turned into a Strangers-On-A-Train-like agreement: he would kill her abusers, and she would assist him with the future crimes he was planning to commit.

Many killers have triggers, a motivation for murder, and for Fourniret it was virgins. It's unclear where his fixation started exactly, but a lot can be said of the fact that he had a history of premature ejaculation. According to a survivor of Fourniret's attack, he was a virgin when he married his first wife, but found out on their wedding day that she was not. Perhaps this revelation was what sparked a need to prey on the chaste. Perhaps he was simply dissatisfied with his own sexual prowess. Whatever the case, he cultivated a need to spill blood. First, however, he needed some help, which is where Olivier came in.

After the pact Fourniret and Olivier had made, the former failed to deliver.

**“HE
WANTED
YOUNG,
VIRGINAL
GIRLS TO
RAPE AND
KILL”**

A photo dated from 1992 of Michel Fourniret, whose horrific crimes earned him the title: Ogre of the Ardennes

But that didn't stop Olivier helping her new husband to orchestrate his next string of crimes. She became Fourniret's virgin hunter. Her new job was to provide him with a selection of 'tight slits,' as he would call them. He wanted young, virginal girls to rape and kill, and Olivier would be the one to bring them to him.

At the end of 1987 and after three and a half years in prison, Fourniret was finally released. He moved in with Olivier not long after, and the pair decided to relocate to Saint-Cyr-les-Colons, where they could settle down together in relative privacy. That was the police's first mistake. The couple weren't being monitored, so they were free to do whatever they wanted. Almost 16 years later, Fourniret confessed to the kidnapping, rape and murder of nine girls since being released from prison. He and Olivier were both arrested and convicted. The prosecutors labelled them "a devil with two faces".

THE MURDERS

Their first victim was to be a young girl named Isabelle Laville. She was 17 years old, lived in Burgundy, and disappeared in Auxerre on 11 December 1987 while walking home from school. She was the unfortunate first in a succession of virgins selected by Olivier and offered to Fourniret as sacrifices. Laville had long brown hair, which was partly why Olivier had chosen her; she later revealed that her husband wanted virgins who represented his wife. They took time over her, picking her up like a hitchhiker and slipping her a sizable dose of Rohypnol. Her skeletal remains

were found in July 2006 at the bottom of a well in Auxerre.

The second victim was the only girl who appeared to be killed for any particular gain, besides the eradication of virgins. Farida Hellegouarch was the girlfriend of one of Fourniret's former cellmates (a bank robber) and was killed so Fourniret could access his funds. He bought his Sautou chateau with the money.

Next up was 20-year-old Fabienne Leroy, a student from Belgium. She was abducted by Fourniret and Olivier from a supermarket car park on 3 August 1988. They drove Leroy to a quiet spot in a nearby forest before raping and murdering her. Her body was discovered near the French military camp Mourmelon-le-Grand.

Then 22-year-old Jeanne-Marie Desramault was their fourth. She disappeared from Charleville-Mézières railway station on 18 March 1989. Like the first two, she was raped and murdered, but while Fourniret assaulted her she



Monique Olivier helped Fourniret with his evil desires, luring the victims to their peril

INSET After searching the grounds, investigators eventually discovered the burial place of the unfortunate victims



An aerial photo of Fourniret's chateau, where the police searched for the bodies of his victims



desperately insisted that she wasn't a virgin. Sadly though, it didn't make a difference and wouldn't be enough to save her. Fourniret kept her body in a freezer for two days before hiding it on the grounds of his Sautou chateau. Desramault's body was not found, but rather recovered by police once Fourniret had confessed to the murder and revealed where the remains were hidden.

Elisabeth Brichet, a 12-year-old Belgian girl, was the couple's fifth victim. She went missing from Namur in 1989, and her body was finally recovered from its burial site on Fourniret's estate in 2004. Natacha Danais, 13 years old, disappeared from Nantes in November 1990 while out shopping with her mother, and was found dead on a beach a few days later. Céline Saison, who was 18 years old, was taken from Charleville-Mézières on 16 May 2000: her body was found in Belgium. Thirteen-year-old Manyana Thumpong disappeared from Sedan, but in 2001 she too showed up dead in Belgium.

The final girl was a 16-year-old who worked for Fourniret and Olivier as an au pair. Olivier revealed that her husband had murdered her at some point in 1993 during their trial, but her body was never found and the accusation never confirmed. The girl's identity – if she ever existed – still remains a mystery.

After the dedication and commitment Olivier showed her husband during his murder spree, her reaction to his arrest was very peculiar. When Fourniret's confessions got too hot for her to handle, she exposed and denounced him and insisted she didn't play as big a part in the on-going plot as she appeared to. In actual fact, she had been spooked by the prospect of prison after hearing about the Marc Dutroux case. Dutroux and his wife Michelle Martin were put on trial the same year. Dutroux was a serial killer, rapist, child molester and kidnapper who had tortured and sexually abused six young girls, and murdered four of them. Though Martin hadn't been directly involved with some of the nastier activities, she had been tried as an accomplice and sentenced to 30 years.

THE ELUSIVE FACTS OF THE CASE

Michel Fourniret from Sedan, France, made headlines when he confessed to the rape, kidnapping and murder of nine girls over a period of 14 years in 2004. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to life, but since then new evidence has emerged that suggests his confession wasn't entirely truthful.

It's impossible to know for sure what exactly Fourniret is guilty of without more facts, and he certainly isn't going to share any information. But there is one person left who could shed some light on the subject: his wife, Monique Olivier, who helped him hunt virgins to rape and kill.

We do, however, know the details of the nine murders he confessed to, how his victims' bodies were found all over France and Belgium, down wells, in forests, washed up on beaches and buried under the grounds of his estate.

Both Fourniret and Olivier had a terrible way of thinking, but both did at least show signs of regret. Whether that be regret at what they had done or just regret at their life sentences remains to be seen.

Monique Olivier on trial at the courthouse in Charleville-Mézières, Ardennes, France



The collection of murderous items used as evidence in the Michel Fourniret case





Fourniret is suspected of being one of France's more lethal and most prolific serial killers



“IT MAKES NO SENSE FOR FOURNIRET TO CONFESS TO SOME THINGS AND NOT OTHERS IF HE COMMITTED EVERYTHING HE WAS ACCUSED OF”

Fourniret was finally arrested on 26 June 2003 after a botched kidnapping attempt, and he confessed to nine cases of kidnapping, rape and murder the follow year. He was sentenced to life in prison. Olivier was eventually charged with one murder and assisting Fourniret carry out six others.

THE LOOSE ENDS

Fourniret's confession seems like it ought to be the end of his story, but some things still don't add up. Firstly, he was adamant that he did not commit any crimes between 1990 and 2000, but police across France, Belgium, Germany, Denmark and the Netherlands have since gathered evidence to suggest otherwise, including sketch artist drawings made during rape investigations that look startlingly like Fourniret. However, DNA tests surrounding these accusations have never proved anything conclusively. Plus, if Fourniret *had* been guilty, why wouldn't he confess these crimes with the rest of them?

Along with those he did confess to, Fourniret was

suspected of ten additional murders, including nine in France and one in Belgium. He was found guilty of seven of them, but the other three were left hanging with no explanation. There were also rumours of him being the real murderer of eight-year-old Marie-Dolorès Rambla, who was kidnapped and stabbed to death on 3 June 1974. The man who was convicted for the crime, Christian Ranucci, was beheaded for it in 1976, but decades later, people are still questioning if Ranucci was the wrong man. Ranucci confessed, he knew where the murder weapon was hidden, and a pair of pants covered in blood of the same type as Rambla was found in his car, but evidence has since emerged that proved Fourniret was holidaying in Marseille (where the murder took place) that same summer. He also had the same colour car as Ranucci, was the same age as him, and, unlike Ranucci, had a record of sex offenses. Even more strange, none of the witnesses of the kidnapping identified Ranucci as the actual perpetrator, but it's likely we'll never know if this was a case of mistaken identity.

Everything adds up, and yet nothing does. It simply doesn't make sense for Fourniret to confess to some things and not to others if he committed everything he was accused of. It also doesn't make sense for all the evidence, however little of it there may be, to point his way if he didn't. But for now at least, Fourniret remains a mystery that we're unlikely to ever get to the bottom of.



MYRA HINDLEY & IAN BRADY'S

FINAL VICTIM



THERE'S IAN BRADY AND MYRA HINDLEY. THEN THERE'S THE BLEAKNESS BETWEEN LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE. SADDLEWORTH MOOR IS THE SILENT WITNESS THAT STILL HOLDS A DARK SECRET: WHERE IS KEITH BENNETT?



Pictured in 1964, Keith Bennett was 12 years old when he was murdered

Over 50 years after his abduction, rape and murder at the hands of Ian Brady and Myra Hindley – forever known as the Moors Murderers – 12-year-old Keith Bennett's remains are yet to be recovered from their undignified resting place on Saddleworth Moor, Greater Manchester. The boy from Longsight vanished without a trace on 16 June 1964, a mere four days after his birthday. He had been walking to his grandmother's house, where he would often stay overnight with his siblings. Hindley and Brady, out on the prowl in their Mini-Traveller, had spotted the lad all alone, approached him and asked if he'd help move some boxes from an off-licence.

The black-and-white photograph of Keith widely circulated by Manchester City police showed a bucktoothed lad in glasses smiling warmly for the camera. In any other context, the photo would be of absolutely no significance to anybody but the Bennett family. Yet it's been elevated to infamy by our knowledge of his cruel fate, and transformed into an emblem of a serial killer's monstrous achievement. As with all photographs, but especially so in the case of those of murder victims, they capture an exact moment in time and speak to us of an often overlooked, somewhat ghoulish reality: this person is already dead, and they are going to die.

The world knows Keith Bennett as an image from a photo, but his family lost a son, a brother, a nephew, a cousin and a grandson. Friends lost their pal. It's worth remembering, too, that it took the killers over 20 years to even confess their responsibility. 20 years of unanswered questions, suspicions and torment. Keith's mother, Winnie Johnson, who passed away in 2012, aged 78, was again, like the rest of the families, launched from a life so utterly ordinary to a figure of fortitude and dignity.

It wasn't until 1987 that Brady and Hindley, the former lovers now displaying complete antipathy toward each other,

“MYRA WAS THE GIRL IN THE TERRACED HOUSE NEXT DOOR, AND IT WAS THIS EVERYDAY-NESS THAT ALLOWED HER TO APPROACH KIDS”

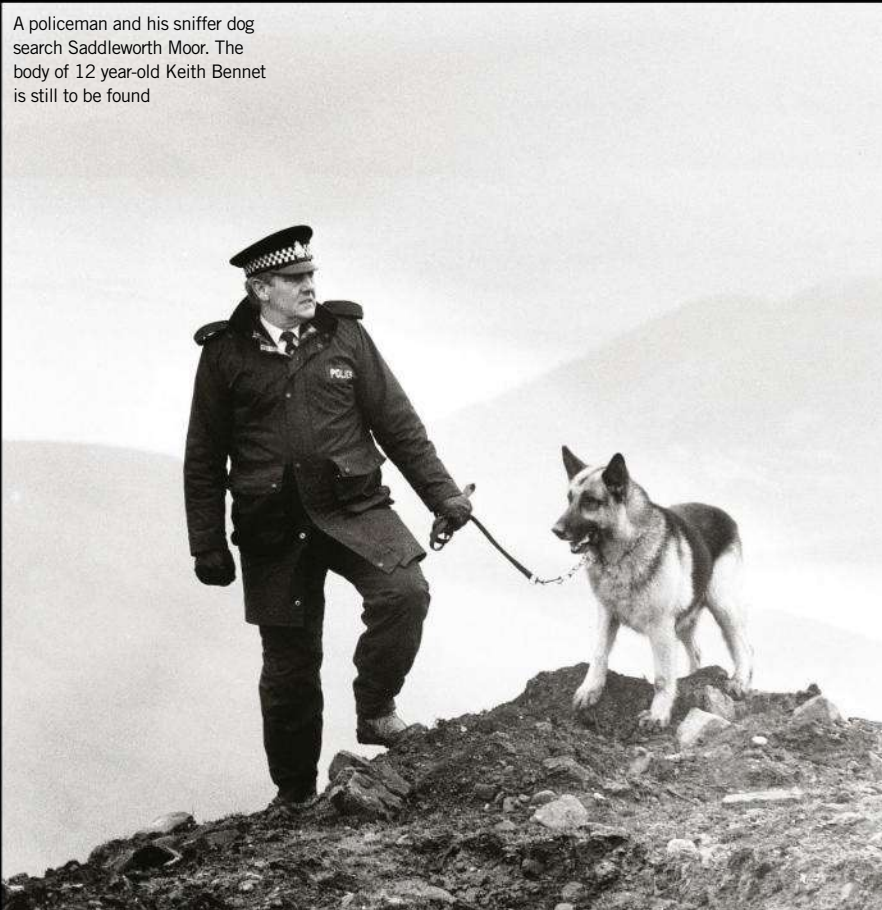
finally admitted abducting and murdering both Keith and Pauline Reade (their first victim). Based on information given by the pair, 16-year-old Reade was recovered by the forensics crew on the afternoon of 1 July that year. Her remains were interred on 1 August at Gorton Cemetery. With Keith, there was no such luck. The search was called off on 24 August 1987 and only resumed in 2003, under Operation Maida. Six years later, in 2009, the official police search was discontinued after no success.

Brady and Hindley at various times offered tantalising clues to Bennett's location, but their memories and admissions were never definitive enough. What became a chief location and focal point, Shiny Brook, has become contentious, because it doesn't tie in with where the other bodies were unearthed. Is Keith buried near to where John Kilbride was found, on the opposite side of the road from Lesley Ann Downey and Pauline Reade's graves? Chris Crowther, whose family owns the land where the murders took place, believes so. He explained his reasoning to author Carol Ann Lee in her chilling, yet fair-minded, biography, *One of Your Own: The Life and Death of Myra Hindley* (2011). “We've always felt Keith was near John. Brady was a lazy beggar, wasn't he? He kept them close. Girls on one side of the road, boys on the other. John's grave was just under the lay-by there that we've created. Not far from the road at all.”



Taken in 1999, Bennett's mother Winnie Johnson in her Manchester home

A policeman and his sniffer dog search Saddleworth Moor. The body of 12 year-old Keith Bennett is still to be found



Search teams comb Saddleworth Moor for evidence of burial sites in 1965. They would discover two bodies that year and a third in 1987



It is true that Brady used two sides of the road, the A635 (Holmfirth Road), to bury his victims, close to Hollin Brown Knoll, only a hundred yards or so apart. Lesley Ann Downey (aged 10) and Pauline Reade (aged 16) were placed on the north side and John Kilbride (aged 12) on the south. Would Brady really have altered what looks like a clear and meaningful pattern based around his favourite spot on the moor? How many times have the searchers been within a hair's breadth of Keith's remains... and missed them?

Hindley died from the effects of bronchial pneumonia on 16 November 2002, aged 60, in West Suffolk Hospital. Tabloid newspapers had their long-awaited field day. Brady had decided to no longer cooperate with requests for fresh information from the Bennetts or detectives assigned to the case, going so far as to write to Winnie Johnson explaining his stance, which he put down to police incompetence. Yet in 1987, he'd been let out of Ashworth Hospital, Merseyside to embark upon a lamentable trip to the moor.

The killer now seemed unsure of the land. What was once his cherished kingdom of death now appeared to confuse him – or was he leading the authorities on a merry dance for his own sick kicks? For the family of Keith, it was another missed opportunity and an extension to their suffering. Responding to news of the called off search in 2009, Winnie told the BBC: "I want Keith found before anything happens to me because I want to give him a decent burial."

BRADY AND HINDLEY: ICONS OF EVIL

Police portraits taken of Brady and Hindley during their trial at Chester Assizes in 1966 continue to haunt the covers of



MEMENTOS OF MURDER

THE EERIE MIX AND GRIM FOOTAGE THAT CRACKED THE CASE

As the post-war leisure class emerged, technology became easily accessible for ordinary working class folk. Ian Brady made use of cameras, reel-to-reel recording equipment and 45s. Like many serial killers, these would provide grim souvenirs allowing the Moors Murderers to relive their crimes in the form of Proustian reverie.

Hindley would describe the graves as "marked by photographs and not headstones." When it was time to kill or just after a 'happening', as Brady referred to it, 45s were purchased for Hindley to mark the event. After they killed Pauline Reade, Brady selected Ken Thorne and His Orchestra's number four hit "Theme from *The Legion's Last Patrol*" to mark the occasion. On Boxing Day 1964, hours before they killed Lesley Ann Downey, Brady gave Hindley Sandy Shaw's single "Girl Don't Come".

Brady had a high opinion of himself and he was clever, but the pair left plenty of incriminating evidence for the police. One day, searching through an exercise book bagged and tagged from 16 Wardle Brook Avenue, Detective Chief Superintendent Ian Fairley found,

among random doodles, a list of film stars. Fairley had a shock to discover that among the famous names was 'John Kilbride'. Police also recovered a receipt for a 24-hour car rental from Warren's Autos, taken on the day of Kilbride's abduction. But the most compelling lead, until the discovery of the horrendous Lesley Ann Downey recording (a tape whose content broke even the hearts of hardy northern coppers) was provided by photographs taken on Brady's cameras. Police had a feeling that the images were connected to the disappearances and led to Saddleworth Moor. Why had Brady taken landscape shots less focused on the scenery and sometimes the ground? Why was there a photo of Hindley and her dog kneeling and looking at the ground?

With good, old-fashioned detective work, a gruesome series of events would begin to unfurl.



LEFT Lesley Ann Downey was aged 10 when she was bound, gagged and killed. This photograph was taken by Myra Hindley and Ian Brady



BELOW This image of Hindley was captured by Brady in the 1960s on Saddleworth Moor, where they buried their victims

THE FIELD OF BONES

BENEATH THE DARK PEAT OF SADDLEWORTH MOOR

Within days Edward Evans' murder, the police launched a full search of Saddleworth Moor, starting near Wood Head. On the 17 and 21 October, the bodies of Lesley Ann Downey and John Kilbride are recovered.

Greater Manchester Police, led by Detective Chief Superintendent Pete Topping, re-opened the case and launched on-and-off searches

throughout 1986 and 1987 to find the bodies of Keith Bennett and Pauline Reade. The killers co-operated, making several controversial trips to Saddleworth. 100 days into the search in 1987, the body of Pauline Reade was discovered. Operation Maida was a search of the moor using the latest

forensic techniques and satellite technology. The aim was to find Keith Bennett's remains. The police undertook the mission with secrecy, so to avoid media glare. It started in 2003 but was discontinued in 2009.



PAULINE READE, 16

Abducted on the pretext of helping Myra Hindley search for a missing glove on Saddleworth Moor. Raped then murdered on the evening of 12 July 1963 by a knife cut to the throat. Discovered on 1 July 1987. The body was found well preserved, 150 yards from the A635, with the body positioned on its left side, knees bent toward her torso, facing the road.

BROADSTONE HILL

SADDLEWORTH MOOR

HOLLIN BROWN KNOLL

UPPERMILL

A635

YEOMAN HEY RESERVOIR

GREENFIELD RESERVOIR

GREENFIELD

DOVE STONE RESERVOIR

MIDDLE EDGE MOSS



LESLEY ANN DOWNEY, 10

Murdered on Boxing Day 1964 at 16 Wardle Brook Avenue by strangulation. Discovered on 17 October 1965, 60 yards from the A635 in a shallow grave of sunken peat. Located by forearm bone sticking out of the soil. Body positioned similar to Pauline Reade, but on her right side. It was recovered after digging a trench adjacent to crime scene, draining the water from the soil and removing the peat to expose the body.



JOHN KILBRIDE, 12

Offered a lift home and then taken via a detour, again on the pretext of looking for a missing glove, Kilbride was raped and murdered on 23 November 1963 by strangulation with a piece of cord, then stabbed to death. Grave discovered on 21 October 1965, around 9 inches below the top soil, body positioned face down, 370 yards from the body of Lesley Ann Downey. Body identifiable by clothes, teeth, bits of hair and bones. Missing a shoe.

EDWARD EVANS, 17

Murdered on 6 October 1965, bludgeoned to death with an axe in the living room of 16 Wardle Brook Avenue. Discovered by Superintendent Bob Talbot in a back bedroom. Evans had been wrapped in a blanket and hidden under a pile of books.



WESSENDEN HEAD

KEITH BENNETT, 12

Abducted under the pretext of helping Hindley and Brady move some boxes. Raped and murdered on 16 June 1964 by strangulation with a piece of cord on Saddleworth Moor. Body location unknown, but speculation focuses on this area of the Moor.



WESSENDEN HEAD MOOR

Saddleworth Moor is part of the Peak District National park in northern England, near the city of Manchester

SADDLEWORTH MOOR

MANCHESTER

countless books and magazines. The harsh, flatly lit black and white images capture the impassive stares of two individuals we suspect of entirely lacking human qualities. Those two photos, often placed side by side in the media for maximum effect, are icons of evil.

The crimes of Brady and Hindley occurred at a time when there was a large amount of media focus on the North West of England. Acclaimed British New Wave films set predominantly in northern cities and towns exposed audiences all over the world to previously unknown regional accents and dialects. The lives of the English working class were captured by filmmakers in what became known as 'kitchen sink dramas'. In 1960 the landmark television soap opera *Coronation Street* began a run that continues to this day. With its terraced houses, cobbled road and the mournful theme tune that was originally "Lancashire Blues" by composer Eric Spear, which helped cement culturally iconic associations of the North West. It was in that same close-knit world of factories, dance halls, boozers and local picture houses that Brady and Hindley were raised.

Ian Brady was born on 2 January 1938 in Glasgow, as Ian Duncan Stewart, at 'Rottenrow' maternity hospital. The boy was raised by a foster family after his mother, an unmarried waitress named Patricia Stewart, put him up for adoption. The Stewarts were a solid working-class family at the respectable end of the social scale. Young Ian was prone to temper tantrums, but was clever and passed entrance exams to the Shawlands Academy. Yet his rebellious nature and bullying increasingly turned sinister. His nicknames at school were 'Big Lassie', on account of his lame performances in sporting activities, and on the other end of the scale, 'Dracula'. For a while, he had a penchant for torturing animals and he soon began 'breaking and entering', ending up in a borstal and, later on, prison. When he moved south to Manchester to be reunited with his birth mother, who'd married a man named Patrick Brady, it's said that Ian wished and tried to play the model son and a decent member of society, trying hard to fit in and leave his miscreant past behind him. It did not last long and he was soon in trouble again for various offences.

Myra Hindley, born in 1942, grew up in the Gorton area of Manchester, east of the city centre, where an education was as likely to be provided by the school of hard knocks as inside the classroom. In those days, it was a slum ready for clearance. Folk were resettled to other parts of the city or into newly built housing estates just over the county line, from land purchased from Cheshire County Council. When the two met at Millward's Merchandising, Hindley fell head over heels. But they didn't begin dating for a whole year, with Brady acting aloof around her much of the time. She obsessed over him and kept a diary of her romantic anguish. When he eventually invited her on their first date, they went to the pictures. Hindley

claimed they went to see Nicholas Ray's *King of Kings* (1961), which was an interesting choice given Brady's avowed atheism. However, others record the film as *Judgement at Nuremberg* – a title much more in line with Brady's dark Nazi obsessions.

They became inseparable. She was nicknamed 'Hessie' – presumably after Hitler's number two, Rudolph Hess – and



ABOVE Taken in the 1960s, Hindley and Brady pose for a self-portrait on Saddleworth Moor, where they buried their victims

RIGHT Taken on 1 January 1965, policeman continue to dig in the location at which victim Lesley Downey's body was discovered, but no further remains were found in this spot

FAR RIGHT A canvas screen is erected for privacy as excavation work is undergone on 21 October 1965. A second body was discovered on the site and Hindley and Brady were charged for the murder



her pet name for him was 'Neddie', after a character in *The Goon Show*. Over time, they fostered in each other a taste for doing terrible things. Other serial killers and sexual sadists have boasted far higher body counts, yet what grabbed the world's attention when the crimes were revealed, was the involvement of a young woman. Hindley was only 23 when she was arrested and charged. A somewhat rum Lancashire lass with peroxide hair was catapulted into infamy and has since become an enduring symbol of human evil. Hindley may have portrayed herself in later years as another victim of Brady's wickedness, but she was crucial to the kidnappings, reportedly turned on by how the murders brought her closer to Ian (although she denied the killings sexually aroused her). Hindley drove the car because Brady could not drive (he rode a Tiger Cub motorbike). Colluding with Brady, she selected vulnerable children to approach, her outwardly friendly demeanour masking what psychologists and writers have identified as an egocentric personality entirely lacking in compassion. An expert in manipulation, she disguised herself in a black wig and leather jacket, so as not to be recognised in the neighbourhoods she had once called home.

Hindley might have later rallied against her reputation and expressed remorse, but she was the reason the case captured the public's imagination and ire in the first place. When children are told never to talk to strangers, it is always men

that are cautioned against. Hindley obliterated the notion that women could never be involved with the abduction and murder of children. She wasn't akin to some old crone baby farmer from the Victorian era or a dodgy individual that everybody in the neighbourhood reckoned was a wrong'un. Myra was the girl in the terraced house next door, and it was this everyday-ness that allowed her to approach kids and enlist their implicit trust.

A QUIET PLACE TO KILL

Until the mid-1960s, Saddleworth Moor was just another beauty spot for weekend hikers and picnickers to enjoy. The terrible legacy since has become enduring and immovable. It is etched into the cultural fabric and local history of modern-era Manchester and its environs. At least three of the five victims were abducted, raped, murdered (by either knife or strangulation with a piece of cord) and buried off the A635. Lesley Ann Downey, the youngest victim, was killed at the home of Brady and Hindley on Boxing Day 1964. The couple had intended to dispose of the body the same evening but heavy snowfall imperilled the journey and threatened exposure if they had been involved in an accident along the way. Instead, Lesley Ann was wrapped in a bedsheet along with the clothes she was wearing at the time of her abduction (pink cardy, blue coat, tartan skirt) from Silcock's Wonder Fair. She was buried on Saddleworth the following day.

15 miles east of Manchester, the magnificent lower spine of the Pennines meets the Peak District National Park. Described as the 'backbone of England', the breath-taking hinterland of undulating hillsides of acid grassland and peat bogs, and impressive gritstone formations pockmarked by pretty lilac heather, effectively cuts the North right down the

“THE AREA OVERLOOKING GREENFIELD RESERVOIR, WHERE THREE BODIES WERE EXHUMED, HELD A PARTICULAR DRAW FOR THE PSYCHOPATH”



middle, separating Lancashire from its old foe, Yorkshire. 400 square miles of rugged beauty and isolation, it's a vision far removed from trite clichés of industrial northern England. A barren and sparsely populated area of occasional farmsteads, on a clear day on Saddleworth Moor, you can see right down onto the Cheshire Plain and the bucolic greenery beyond. The wind rushing through the cottongrass and the sound of thundering streams are the only sounds for miles around.

The area overlooking Greenfield reservoir, where three bodies were exhumed, held a particular draw for the psychopath. Inspired by the writings of the German philosopher, Friedrich Nietzsche, but signing up to the thoroughly warped Nazi interpretation, and developing his own creed of moral relativism, Brady imagined himself as an Übermensch looking down at people from his mountaintop. Brady cast himself as a modern version of Caspar David Friedrich's 'Wanderer above the Sea of Fog' (1818) painting. In *The Gates Of Janus*, Brady summed up the allure of natural landscapes on the imagination. "Confronting a sea, a moor, or standing on a mountain, you can almost hear the unknown, invisible presences: you know they are there... you feel the power rise up within you as you become a receiver." He used this mystical-sounding mumbo-jumbo and pseudo-intellectual nonsense to mask his sexually sadistic desires.

Saddleworth was historically part of Yorkshire (West Riding) until 1974, when boundary changes made it part of Oldham and thus part of the very outer fringes of Greater Manchester. This means four of the crimes started in Greater Manchester or Cheshire but ended in Yorkshire. When it was time to launch an investigation, it led to ill communication between various forces and them stepping on each other's toes. Ultimately, it was Cheshire Constabulary, led by Detective Chief Superintendent Arthur Benfield, that

TOERAG AND TEARAWAY

HOW DAVID SMITH FOUND HIMSELF IN THE WRONG PLACE AT THE WRONG TIME

17-year-old David Smith's unfortunate involvement in the last of the killings reads as a cautionary tale about the perils of doing the right thing. He was in the living room of 16 Wardle Brook Avenue when Ian Brady battered Edward Evans to death with an axe, hitting him 14 times in the head and torso. He also helped clean up the murder scene. But what he did next was not what Brady and Hindley imagined. After going home and breaking down in front of his wife, Maureen, Hindley's younger sister, they went to straight to the police. Convinced Ian and Myra were going to appear at any moment, Smith carried a screwdriver and kitchen knife to the station. What he told the police seemed far-fetched. That sort of thing doesn't happen around here, they scoffed. But it did. And it had.

Brady, at some point, had decided to groom the lad whom he believed possessed the same darkness as he. Smith's presence during the episode is said to have been a test. He was a tearaway and a toerag, for sure, but Brady was mistaken to think the boy had it in him to murder and help procure victims. When the perpetrators were finally caught by the police and arrested for the murder of Edward Evans, they each blamed Smith. Some detectives believed Smith was as guilty as Brady and Hindley, and applied the classic interview-room pressure to break him.

Ashton-Under-Lyne detective Joe Mounsey saw Smith for what he was – a young lad suddenly thrust into a world beyond his comprehension. Smith was 'a little bleeder', as the northern expression goes, but he was no killer and had helped clean up the scene in an act of self-preservation. Smith became the chief witness in the trial at Chester Assizes, but instead of being hailed a hero, he became the target of public venom. Folk in Manchester and around the country could not accept that Smith and Maureen were blind and clueless to the actions of their family members. Hadn't they been friends and hung out together often? Were Brady and Smith not bosom buddies? Hadn't they all been up on the moor for picnics and target practice with guns (Myra owned a Smith & Wesson .38 and a Webley .45) bought through her membership to Cheadle Rifle Club?

It may have taken decades, but Smith's reputation has been rehabilitated. Today, he can be considered as a man who did the right thing, even if he spent the rest of his life haunted by that night in Wardle Brook Avenue. He died from cancer in 2012, aged 64. Maureen had died in 1980, aged 34, from a brain haemorrhage. They had divorced in the early 1970s, the recent past too heavy on their lives to ever settle down and move on.



David Smith, aged 23, witnessed the murder of Edward Evans

took control. This was because the murder of 17-year-old Edward Evans, which took place on 6 October 1965 at 16 Wardle Brook Avenue – the home of Brady, Hindley and her grandmother – was technically on his patch.

THE PERFECT MURDER?

That Keith Bennett has not been recovered from his elusive grave on Saddleworth Moor means that for now, the crime represents Brady's much dreamed-of 'perfect murder'. When US publishing outfit Feral House made available Brady's study of serial killers, titled *The Gates Of Janus* (2001), company director Adam Parfrey was interviewed by the BBC, saying, "There have been many criminals over the years who have killed children, and nearly all of them are forgotten. But not Ian Brady. Why?" Apart from decades-long tabloid-stoked sensationalism and exploitation to sell papers, the answer is almost certainly Keith Bennett. However, Parfrey's comments skirt around the real reason for the continued interest, which has always been the involvement of Myra Hindley.

For Ian Brady, time has run out. At 77, his health was ailing; he had been on hunger strike and force-fed for 16 years. He was last seen during a court appearance in 2012 outside the secure unit he's called home since 1985, as he sought release from the hospital where he was confined so that he could starve himself to death legally in prison. He died in 2017. Once he claimed he'd give up Bennett's location if the courts granted him the privilege to end his own life. Yet for all the correspondence with victims' families and police officers, in his controversial book, the psychopath wrote, "There is little intellectual or spiritual inducement for the captured serial killer to cooperate in any way."

CROCODILE TEARS

MYRA HINDLEY'S SO-CALLED REMORSE

Myra Hindley spent the rest of her life in various British prisons, dreaming of freedom. The idea of redemption became her one shot at salvation, if only in the eyes of her God, rather than the British public and the families of the victims. Over the years, she was attacked by newspapers whenever they got wind of her activities, for example when she obtained a Bachelor of Arts degree in Humanities in January 1980, when she expressed remorse (complicated at times by an astonishing lack of self-awareness and the fact she kept schtum about Reade and Bennett for over 20 years), when she was allowed occasional walks on Hampstead Heath as part of a rehabilitation programme and during her legal battles against her life tariff. From 1965 until her death in 2002, public opinion has been – and continues to be – enduringly vitriolic.

Hindley did win the sympathy of high-minded and charitable individuals, who believed in the power of redemption and prisoner reform. She was encouraged to return to the Catholic Church, and in January 1970 she attended Mass for the first time since a teenager. She befriended Frank Pakenham, 7th Earl of Longford (1905-2001), and he became a champion of Hindley's bid for parole, for which he naturally earned the opprobrium of the families. Of their shared faith, Hindley wrote in the early days: "I wish I could put complete trust in God, but I'm frightened to do so, for

my faith is full of doubt and despair that I'll never be good enough to merit complete forgiveness."

Over the years, Hindley altered the narrative of events to be seen as another victim of Brady. She wrote an unpublished autobiography stating that she had been completely dominated by her boyfriend. Yet her coldness and egocentricity disturbed this revisionist narrative. In letters she often complained about Winnie Johnson and Ann West as annoyances for holding their grudges over the years. In a recorded telephone conversation with journalist Duncan Staff, aired on a television documentary, *The Moors Murders Code* (2004), she still refuses face the truth of her involvement. "I'm finding it very difficult to do the Lesley Ann Downey thing. I have to be as brief as possible. It just hurts so much... to think I could be such a cruel bastard."

It is said, too, that Hindley only began helping the police search for Pauline Reade and Keith Bennett because she thought it would aid her bid for parole and redirect attention to Brady. In 1997 she won a judicial review, despite the actions of a succession of Home Secretaries to keep her behind bars. A poll taken by the BBC in the same year saw public opinion still in favour of keeping Hindley locked behind bars. When she passed away in 2002, however, it looked very much as if the dragged-out court hearings would have found in her favour.



A headshot of Myra Hindley, taken in the early 1970s

**“ HOW MANY TIMES HAVE THE SEARCHERS
BEEN WITHIN A HAIR’S BREADTH OF KEITH’S
REMAINS... AND MISSED THEM? ”**



CATCHING A CANNIBAL

“THIS WAS CLASSIC DAHMER. A DERANGED KILLER WHO HAD A SICK NEED TO PLAY WITH HIS VICTIM’S FLESH LONG AFTER THEY WERE DEAD”

Jeffrey Dahmer in court, August 1991, whert of first-degree murder

MEET THE MILWAUKEE CANNIBAL, WHOSE SICK ACTS MADE HIM BOTH A SERIAL KILLER AND A SEX OFFENDER

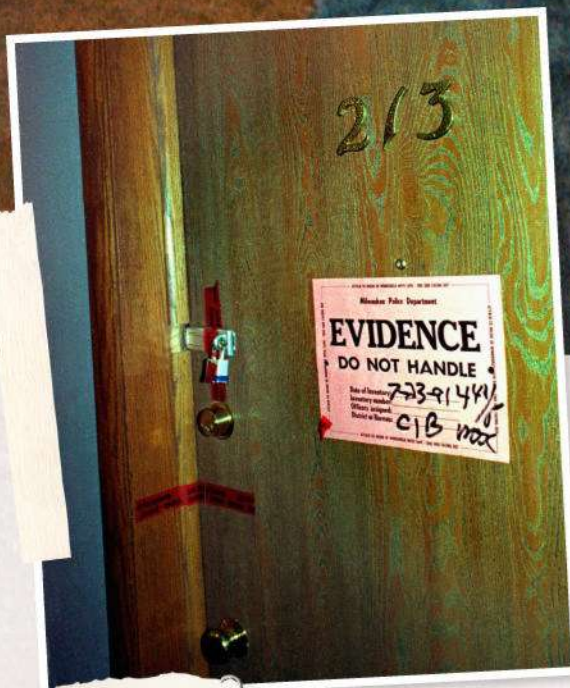
It's 27 May 1991 and the residents of Milwaukee are shocked to see what looks like a dazed young boy wondering through the streets. The boy is naked and bleeding and in need of help. Local resident Sandra Smith and her daughter come across the unnamed boy and instantly call 911. As they are doing so, a man, slight and clean-cut, appears from nowhere and wrestles with the two women for the boy. This man is Jeffrey Dahmer and the boy is a 14-year-old Laotian by the name of Konerak Sinthasomphone who has just had the worst day of his young life.

Dahmer had met Sinthasomphone at a local bus stop that morning and after the promise of money for a few pictures of his body, had bundled Konerak into his apartment. He then drugged him and forced him to have sex with him. Things only got worse for the young innocent boy, as Dahmer drilled a hole in his head and poured acid into his trepanned skull. His work done, 'The Milwaukee Cannibal' decided to toast his achievement by popping out of the apartment to get beer from a local store as his reward. Somehow, while Dahmer was away, the dazed and confused Konerak managed to muster the strength to leave his prison and stumble onto the street in a drunken, drugged stupor. Unable to explain himself, Sandra and her daughter feared the worse and called the police. When the cops arrived, they shrugged it off and even joked about it. Just another drunk junkie they thought. Dahmer, always an unassuming presence, claimed that the boy was his boyfriend and it was only due to the further insistence of these two women that the cops visited Dahmer's place. Searching his home they found nothing untoward, except for a faint yet disgusting smell. Thinking nothing of it, they promptly left. This decision was to prove fatal for Konerak.

THE COPS' FOLLY

Upon returning to his apartment, Dahmer killed and dismembered Sinthasomphone and kept his skull as a special souvenir. This was classic Dahmer. A deranged killer who had a sick need to play with his victims' flesh long after they were dead. Coincidentally, Konerak was the younger brother of a boy Dahmer had been convicted of molesting years earlier. Tragically, if the police had run a background check they would have realised that he was a child molester who was currently on probation. Even worse, the faint smell that tingled their nostrils was the body of Dahmer's most recent victim, Tony Hughes, who was still decomposing in a hidden part of the bedroom. Smith, for her part, continued to enquire with local police but to no avail. She, unlike the officers, could see how the drugged-up mumbles coming from Konerak's mouth were actually a desperate plea for help but still the cops didn't want anything to do with this particular domestic disturbance. Dahmer would go on to murder more innocent

A photograph of Dahmer taken sometime in the 1980s. He was known to be a prolific drinker



The door to Dahmer's apartment, where so much horror took place

people in both Wisconsin and Illinois but the whole tragedy could so easily have been averted.

ATTACKS IN THE WINDY CITY

Later that summer of 1991, Dahmer had moved on to Chicago. The Windy City

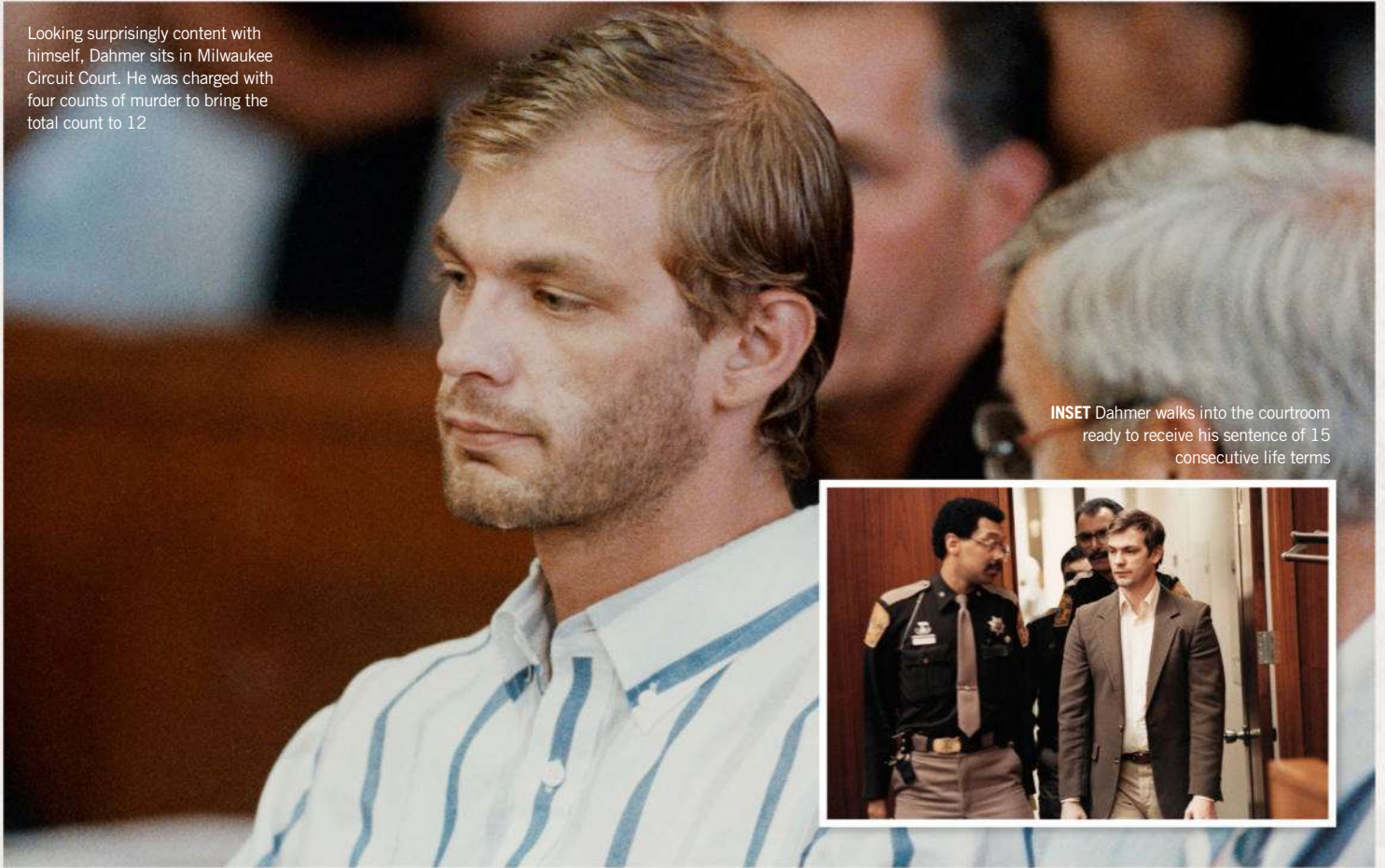
would go on to witness some of the worst of the Milwaukee Monster. By the time of his move he had honed down exactly what he wanted his victims to be; submissive sexual zombies. By drilling into their head and injecting acid, he achieved his sick goal. Curtis Straughter, Errol Lindsey and Tony Hughes all met their maker at the hands of Jeffrey Dahmer from February through to June 1991. Dahmer got into double figures when he killed Straughter on 18 February. Meeting the killer outside Marquette University, one thing led to another; Straughter, who called himself, 'Demetra', was a high school dropout who belonged to the group, Gay Youth Milwaukee. An ideal target for Dahmer. Predictably, another grisly death followed as Straughter's skin was boiled away.

Errol Lindsey was the next to follow in April after he popped out to go to the store but worse was still to come. Anthony Hughes was on a night out at Club 219 in downtown Milwaukee. A deaf-mute, Hughes was persuaded back to Dahmer's apartment via a written note and it was here that he engaged in one of his most disgusting acts to date. Dahmer made a bizarre statue out of Hughes' remains as his decapitated head was cupped in his dismembered body.

Travelling back again to Illinois on the day of Gay Pride, Dahmer met aspiring male model Matt Turner at a bus depot. After chatting, the killer managed to convince him to accompany him back to his apartment in Wisconsin. The promise of a kick-start to his modelling career and a free 90-mile ride was too much for the unknowing Turner. By the end of the night, he had lost his head. It now belonged in a plastic bag in Dahmer's freezer.

Now seeing Chicago as an ideal hunting ground for his twisted acts, Dahmer returned on 4 July. Sitting down at a local gay bar, he got talking to Jeremiah Weinberger. Tragically, Weinberger found himself attracted to the serial killer and after getting the okay from a friend ("he seems all right"), he accompanied Dahmer back to Milwaukee just as Turner had done the previous month. Once again paying for both of their tickets on the Greyhound bus, all

Looking surprisingly content with himself, Dahmer sits in Milwaukee Circuit Court. He was charged with four counts of murder to bring the total count to 12



INSET Dahmer walks into the courtroom ready to receive his sentence of 15 consecutive life terms



seemed normal to Weinberger as the two men spent the night together at the apartment where so many men had perished before. Weinberger made it through most of the night and in the morning announced that he was going to leave. Offering him a farewell drink, it seemed as if Dahmer was letting the man go but this was not the case. As he was about to leave, he strangled him to death. Once again, the victim's head ended up in the freezer and would be one of those found after Dahmer's arrest and sentence.

By the time of Oliver Lacy's murder on 12 July 1991, Dahmer had upped his killing game. After getting Lacy drunk and strangling him to death, he had sex with the body and

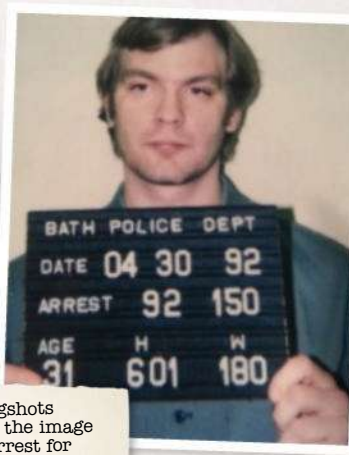
sodomised the corpse. He then proceeded to cut off his victim's right bicep, season it with salt and pepper and eat it. As well as the head, he put the heart and other body parts in the freezer to presumably eat later. He even kept hold of the skeleton. The murder of Joseph Bradehoft the next week was even worse. This time Dahmer kept the body for several days, keeping it in his bed until it was infested with maggots.

THE FINAL ATTACK

Tracy Edwards would be the last man to experience the wrath of the Milwaukee Cannibal. Speaking in the years



The face of a killer... mugshots spanning over a decade, the image far-left is from a 1982 arrest for indecent exposure



“AS SOON AS THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN INTO DAHMER’S APARTMENT, HE KNEW HE HAD MADE A MISTAKE”

since the day he came face to face with the monster, Edwards spoke of how he had met Dahmer at a shopping mall and was greeted with the phrase “want to have a party?” Edwards conceded that Dahmer was a well-known figure around the neighbourhood. However, no one had any inkling of Dahmer’s history and his offer of a party only seemed more appealing when he said “Let’s get some girls and all go down to the lake and have a party,” Dahmer said, “I got a hundred bucks, I’ll buy the beer.” He had discovered an offer that a broke Tracy could not refuse.

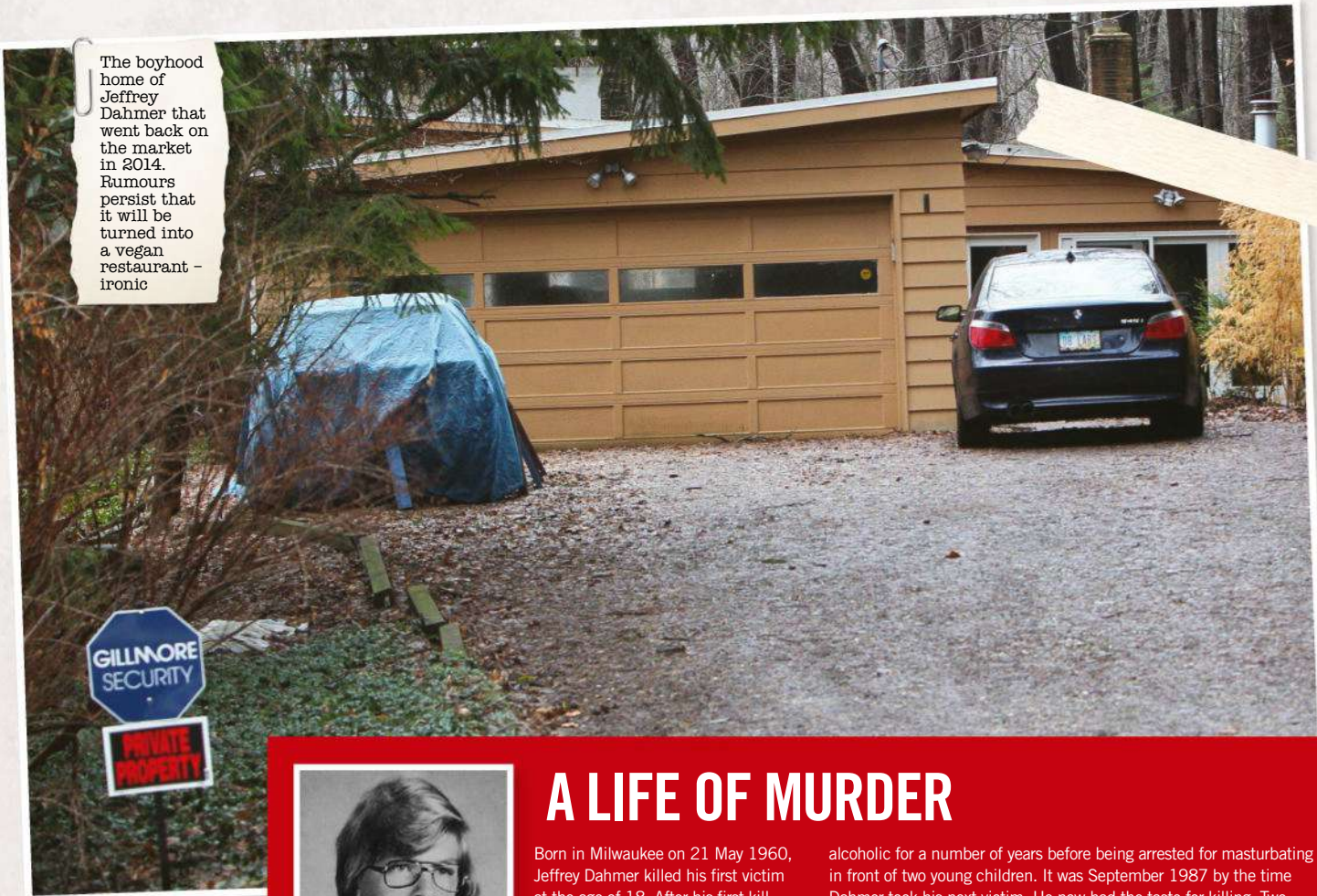
Lured into the killer’s home with the promise of cash for naked pictures, Edwards like so many before him, accepted the invitation. As soon as the door swung open into Jeffrey Dahmer’s apartment, Edwards knew that he had made a terrible mistake.

After a brief struggle, the would-be victim managed to evade the handcuffs that Dahmer struggled to get on him,

however as he tried to make his escape, he was instead greeted with a butcher knife and led upstairs at knifepoint. On the way up he noticed the bodies of previous victims in the wall and a large barrel that was emitting a disgusting smell. This was the infamous vat of hydrochloric acid that Dahmer thought would soon be making its way into Edwards’ skull.

Knowing that his time would be up if he didn’t take fight back, Edwards suddenly punched Dahmer in the face and kicked him in the stomach. Shocked at the resistance, Dahmer didn’t have any response and was powerless to stop Edwards fleeing out of the door with his handcuffs still hanging from one hand. Hurriedly flagging down a police car, Edwards had done what no other man had done before him – he had escaped the Milwaukee Cannibal. This time the police did respond to the victim’s pleas and it was the end of the road for Jeffrey Dahmer.

The boyhood home of Jeffrey Dahmer that went back on the market in 2014. Rumours persist that it will be turned into a vegan restaurant – ironic



A LIFE OF MURDER

Born in Milwaukee on 21 May 1960, Jeffrey Dahmer killed his first victim at the age of 18. After his first kill he would go on to murder 17 men in all until he was caught in 1992. Steven Hicks, the first victim, was a hitchhiker picked up by Dahmer when he was on the way home from high school. Dahmer proceeded to get Hicks drunk and after he tried to leave, he was killed by a blow

to the head from a barbell. To hide his atrocity, the first-time killer dismembered the corpse and buried it in the woods behind the house.

It was nine years until Dahmer would kill again. After a brief spell in the US Army, which was cut short by a drinking problem, he became an

alcoholic for a number of years before being arrested for masturbating in front of two young children. It was September 1987 by the time Dahmer took his next victim. He now had the taste for killing. Two more murders followed in 1988 but it was in the first two years of the 90’s, that Dahmer’s killings escalated. After several more kills, his luck run out on 22 July 1991 when two police officers found a handcuffed Tracy Edwards wondering aimlessly through the streets. Unlike the incident with Konerak Sinthasomphone, the cops arrested Dahmer after searching his apartment and finding the true horrors of his killings. A confusing trial followed where Dahmer first confessed to his crimes then bizarrely pleaded not guilty. After being found not to be insane, he was sentenced to 15 consecutive life terms (a mammoth 957 years) in prison. His life in jail was uneventful as he adjusted to prison life until he his skull was crushed by fellow inmate Christopher Scarver on 28 November 1994.



BEAUTIES & THE BEAST

BETROTHED, BUTCHERED AND BURNED

HE WAS JUST A LONELY HEART LOOKING FOR LOVE, OR SO HE SAID. IN REALITY, HE WAS A BUTCHER WHO WOULD BECOME KNOWN AS A REAL-LIFE BLUEBEARD



This image of the courtroom where Landru was convicted of multiple murders shows some of the evidence considered, including the infamous oven



He was, at first glance, a romantic figure: a Parisian, looking for love, posting adverts in the lonely hearts columns of French newspapers that boasted of his good income and society status. Yet he became known as the 'Bluebeard of Gambais' in France, and 'the French Bluebeard' in England – a serial killer who ended up on the guillotine; a man who had used the death and destruction of World War I as his cover, taking advantage of war in order to kill innocent women. His luring of these women into relationships and his home, and subsequent murdering of them, had echoes of the fictional Bluebeard, but truth proved even stranger than fiction.

Henri Désiré Landru was born in Paris in April 1869, a much-wanted son. There was no violence, no misery in his family that might explain his later psychopathy – although they had little money, the Landrus were a happy family. Young Henri was a choir boy at the local church and, at 16, started studying at the School of Mechanical Engineering. At 18, Henri was drafted into the French army, where he was seen as a 'docile and intelligent soldier', and was made a sergeant. After four years, he was discharged and returned home.

There are various rumours about Landru's relationships after leaving the army. Some believe he had a relationship with his cousin, which resulted in a baby daughter, before going on to marry another woman and having four children by her, including at least one son. By the time of his marriage, his criminal career had also started: initially, Landru operated scams and frauds, choosing to swindle elderly widows while working as a cashier in Paris.

In 1900, he received his first of several convictions, for fraud, and was sentenced to two years in prison. At some point following this, Landru separated from his wife and pursued a legal living as a second-hand furniture dealer and garage owner in Clichy. However, this would prove the perfect cover for his criminal career, as many widowed women came to him during his work. He would persuade them to invest their pensions into made-up financial schemes, and then steal their money. More prison sentences inevitably followed for him. Already, his criminal career was ruining his family: his father is said to have killed himself out of shame due to his son's early convictions for theft.

A LONELY HEART

In July 1914, the world as he and the rest of France knew it ended, as war was declared. As many men – although not the former soldier Landru – enlisted to fight, women were increasingly left at home to work, look after their children and their homes, alone, without their husbands. As time went on, many of these men failed to return home, leaving grieving widows behind.

Landru saw an opportunity here. He started to place adverts in the local newspapers, targeting these widows explicitly. Instead of admitting to his failed marriage, he described himself as a widower and a father, presenting himself as a respectable member of Parisian society, financially stable, and looking for marriage. He could speak English, which gave him an additional veneer of education and respectability. Crucially, he stated that he wanted to marry someone who, like him, had been widowed, specifying an age range of 35 to 45. He had no shortage of these widows to choose from – women who wanted a normal life with a man who loved them.



It was at this villa in Vernouillet that Jeanne Cuchet and her son André were last seen: soon after, clouds of smoke were ominously seen billowing from its chimneys

KILLED FOR THEIR CASH

LANDRU TARGETED WIDOWS AND VULNERABLE WOMEN, CLAIMING TEN UNSUSPECTING FEMALE VICTIMS OVER A FOUR-YEAR PERIOD



JEANNE-MARIE CUCHET, 39

Last seen: January 1915



THÉRÈSE LABORDE-LINE, 47

Last seen: 26 June 1915



MARIE-ANGÉLIQUE GUILLIN, 51

Last seen: 2 August 1915



BERTHE-ANNA HÉON, 55

Last seen: 8 December 1915



ANNE COLLOMB, 44

Last seen: 25 December 1915



CÉLESTINE BUISSON, AGE UNKNOWN

Last seen: 19 August 1916



ANDRÉE-ANNE BABELAY, 19

Last seen: 12 April 1916



LOUISE-JOSÉPHINE JAUME, 38

Last seen: 25 November 1917



ANNE-MARIE PASCAL, 33

Last seen: 5 April 1918



MARIE-THÉRÈSE MARCHADIER, 37

Last seen: 15 January 1919

Instead, what they got was death. These women would learn to trust him, to let him access their money, and move in with him. They believed his protestations of respectability. When they had let down their defences, Landru would kill them, and then dispose of their bodies by cutting them up, and burning them in his oven. Because the bodies were destroyed, the women would be reported missing, but not be found.

He was not a prepossessing figure, being rather bald, with a substantial reddish beard and bushy eyebrows. Perhaps his attraction lay not only in his claims of financial security and respectability, but also because he looked so ordinary – just another short, middle-aged, defiantly normal Parisian. For women who were looking for a bit of security, for a man who would not let them down, Landru appeared ideal.

However, Landru did not open up to his victims, or reveal any aspect of his true self to them. Instead, he took steps to conceal his true identity from these women, adopting different aliases with different women. These got so confusing that he had to write down which alias he was

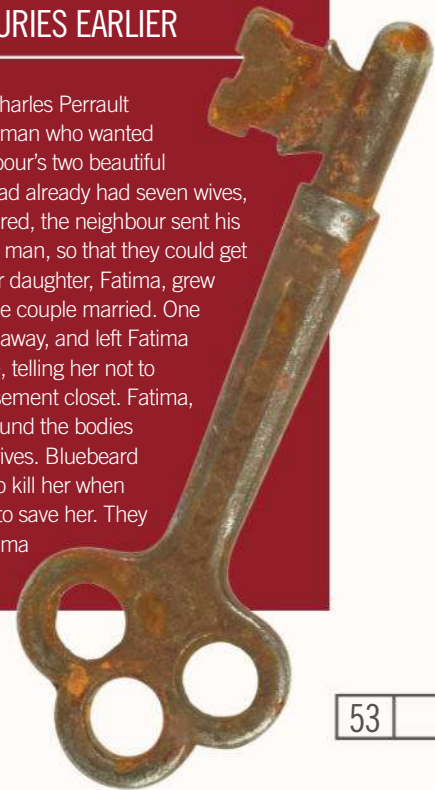
TOP RIGHT Henri Landru's namesake, Bluebeard, hands his wife the key in a nineteenth century illustration by French artist Gustave Doré

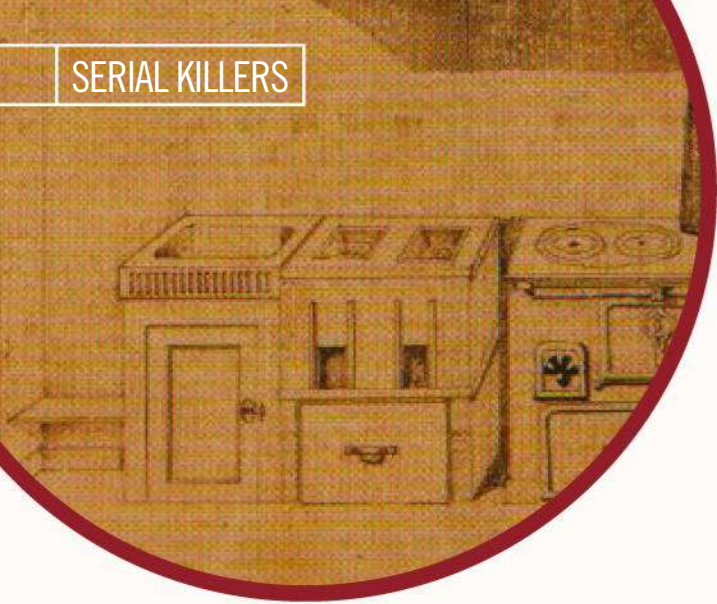


BLUEBEARD AND HIS WIVES

LANDRU'S MURDERS ECHOED, AND EVEN SURPASSED, THOSE OF THE FICTIONAL BLUEBEARD CENTURIES EARLIER

In 1659, French author Charles Perrault wrote a story of a wealthy man who wanted to marry one of his neighbour's two beautiful daughters. Although he had already had seven wives, all of whom had disappeared, the neighbour sent his daughters to stay with the man, so that they could get to know him. The younger daughter, Fatima, grew to trust Bluebeard, and the couple married. One day, Bluebeard had to go away, and left Fatima with the keys to the estate, telling her not to unlock the door of his basement closet. Fatima, curious, opened it, and found the bodies of Bluebeard's previous wives. Bluebeard returned and was about to kill her when Fatima's brothers arrived to save her. They killed Bluebeard, and Fatima inherited his fortune.





using with each individual, to save making mistakes when he was writing to or talking to each woman. The notebook he compiled these details in and folders relating to each woman, would form crucial parts of the evidence in his later trial.

THE BUTCHER BEGINS

Landru began his butchering spree with two members of the same family: 39-year-old widow and milliner Jeanne Cuchet and her 16-year-old son, André. Cuchet – also described as the owner of a Parisian lingerie shop – was worth some £4,000 when she had the misfortune of meeting Landru. He told her his name was Monsieur Diard, and he showered her with flowers and ‘fine promises’, soon proposing marriage to her. The pretty Jeanne Cuchet accepted his proposal, despite her brother-in-law, one Monsieur Friedmann, warning her there was something ‘sinister and indefinable’ about her new fiancé. She simply laughed at her relative’s concerns.

Initially, Landru, Cuchet and her son moved to Chantilly, but when war broke out in 1914, they returned to Paris. Landru then moved them all to a villa, The Lodge, that he had rented at Vernouillet. Sometime later, neighbours there were surprised to see dense clouds of black smoke coming from the chimneys – a similar complaint would be made by neighbours in Gambais. They sent the local garde champêtre – a cross between a rural police officer and a ranger – to investigate, but Landru ordered him away, in a fury. Neither Cuchet nor her son were ever seen again. After Jeanne and her son disappeared, Landru enlisted his own son to help him move the Cuchets’ furniture to a new rented home in Neuilly,

“EVEN AFTER DEATH, LANDRU WAS REMEMBERED AND IMMORTALISED”

in the Parisian suburbs. Here, Landru would be known, in somewhat bad taste, as Monsieur Cuchet.

A pattern now established itself. Landru placed adverts, developed a relationship with the women who answered them, invited them to move into his house and soon after, the women would vanish. Landru would then sell off their belongings and used forged papers to gain access to their bank accounts.

HIS DOWNFALL

Landru’s comeuppance came some four years after the start of his killing spree. Célestine Buisson had gone missing in 1916 but her younger sister, Mademoiselle Lacoste, refused to give up on finding her; she knew she had been seeing a man, and knew both what he looked like and where he lived, although not his real name. She doggedly kept on at the police until they investigated. It soon emerged that at least three missing women could be linked to Landru and that they had all gone to the same rented villa in the small village of Gambais, with a man known variously as Monsieur Fremiet, Monsieur Natier and Monsieur Cuchet.

The real break came when Mlle Lacoste recognised the man she had been introduced to as ‘Monsieur Fremiet’ coming out of a shop on the Rue de Rivoli in Paris: she reported it to the police. The shop had a record of Landru’s address at Rue de Rochechouart, where he was known as Monsieur Guillet, and the police quickly traced him. By this time, Landru had been seeing another woman, a singer named Fernande Segret, who believed him to be a spy. This would be the last identity that Landru would assume, and Segret would escape becoming another victim of this unassuming killer.

On 12 April 1919, the police finally arrested Landru. However, he refused to say what had happened to Madame Buisson, and a police search of his garden in Gambais, which was dug up, revealed no bodies. What they did find, though, were bits of paperwork that listed the missing women,

An unrepentant Landru during his trial in 1921. He was something of a pathetic figure: a short, balding, middle-aged man – not what the name ‘Bluebeard’ would suggest



TOP LEFT The nearest Landru came to a confession was a picture of his kitchen, drawn during his trial. This image shows the kitchen stove, the perfect place to dispose of a body

WHY DID BLUEBEARD KILL?

WAS LANDRU MAD OR JUST BAD? HISTORIAN LUCY WILLIAMS EXPLORES BLUEBEARD’S METHODS

BIO DR LUCY WILLIAMS



RESEARCH ASSOCIATE, THE DIGITAL PANOPTICON
Lucy is a crime historian and research associate at the University of Liverpool. She works on The Digital Panopticon, which looks at criminals and punishments from 1780 to 1925, focusing on ‘whole life narratives’ of offenders.

Do you think Landru used the chaos caused by WWI to commit these offences, or do you think he would have committed them anyway?

Landru’s crimes were unlikely to have arisen out of the convenience of war alone, but the war may certainly have helped shape the pattern of his offending. The chaos caused by the war would certainly have been a fortuitous backdrop for his offending – as was the case all over Europe, the war reduced police numbers as men went off to fight, and kept those who remained busy maintaining order. There was reduced manpower with which to solve complex cases, or follow up missing person cases as people moved around the country looking for safety.

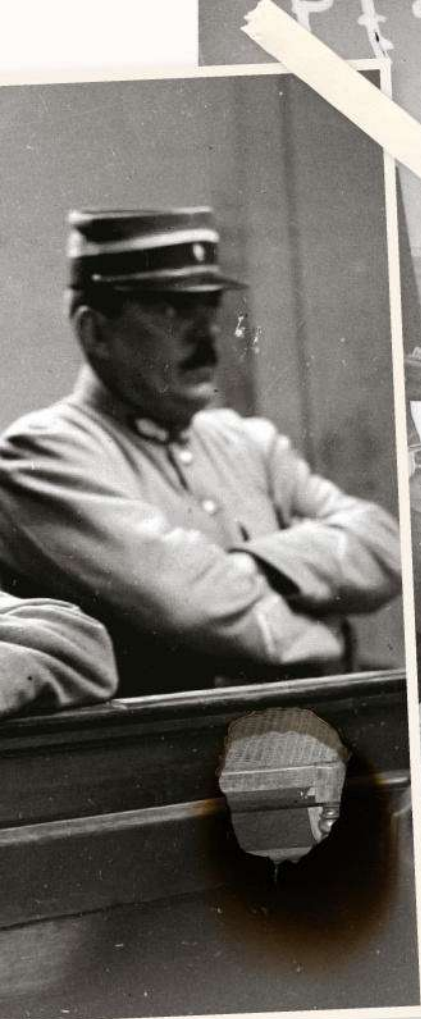
How was Landru able to take advantage of these women, and why were they so trusting?

Landru played on notions of respectability in order to gain the trust of the women he killed. He created a persona that was the opposite to the criminal stereotype of the

day – a poor working-class man from a dysfunctional background. He was also able to use social expectations of female modesty, and chastity, against his victims. Respectable widows during this period would have tended to keep their romantic affairs private, especially a match made in a newspaper lonely hearts column. This gave Landru the anonymity that prevented his identification for so long.

If Landru hadn’t been caught in 1919, do you think he would have continued with his killing spree?

Landru was most active in 1915, when more than half of his known victims disappeared. His crimes had already become less frequent in the years preceding his arrest. Landru may have continued to kill, though less frequently, perhaps even with several years between offences. However, we do know that serial killers very rarely stop killing of their own accord and so it seems probable that Landru would have continued his crimes.



Landru kept a detailed notebook of events – he had to, to remember all the aliases and identities he had assumed when dealing with each of his victims

together with fragments of bone and teeth, and items from women's clothing such as hairpins and dress hooks – found in the detritus of Landru's iron stove.

The house Landru had rented in Neuilly was searched, and lingerie and other belongings identified as those of Jeanne Cuchet, his first victim, were found. In another of his properties, an 'extraordinary quantity' of lingerie was found, together with the names, photographs, and locks of hair of 11 individuals were discovered, in 11 separate packets. One of them was labelled 'Madame Cuchet'. Eventually, Landru was charged with murder.

Newspaper reports covering his arrest and forthcoming trial were taken aback by the possibility that Landru could be a fraudster, let alone a serial killer. One headline read 'From demure choir boy to convicted swindler'. The French newspapers detailed multiple fiancées, and at least one who 'escaped the presumed fate of the ten others'. His early childhood was pored over, to try to find any early sign of why this man had become 'a repulsive murderer'.

Some speculated that he had taken on around a dozen pseudonyms, and the same number of properties; it was widely reported that as no bodies had been found, 'the modern Bluebeard [must have] burned the corpses of his victims'. Many of Landru's known properties were searched, and pits dug in their gardens; in addition, a well in the garden of his Vernouillet villa was dredged. No bodies were found – just a few fragments of bone.

BLUEBEARD'S TRIAL

Despite this, in November 1921, Landru stood trial on 11 separate charges of murder. For his defence, Maitre de Moro Giafferi claimed that although Landru was a swindler, he was not a murderer. He then made the most bizarre claim – that perhaps Landru had been a white slave trader rather than

a murderer, shipping these widows off to Tunisia, Brazil or the USA. In addition, and with regard to the bits of bone found at the Gambais villa, how were the jury to decide whether it was a human, or something like a chimpanzee? Finally, given that these women were only missing, rather than confirmed dead legally, Giafferi proposed that 30 years should be allowed to elapse before they could be declared dead. It is not surprising, given this almost comical defence, that the trial attracted so many column inches and that the press began to see Landru as a 'kind of musical comedy character'.

However, during the trial, Landru drew a picture which he gave to another of his lawyers. The picture showed his kitchen, with its stove. On the back, in pencil, he had written in French, 'It is not the wall behind which the thing takes place, but indeed the stove in which a thing has been burned.' It is believed that he was referring to his crimes, and his method of disposing of the bodies – and it is the closest he came to confessing to these appalling crimes.

He was found guilty of the murders on 29 November, and sentenced to death. On 25 February 1922, at Versailles, Landru was taken to the guillotine, and beheaded. Yet, even after death, he was remembered and immortalised. Most famously, Charlie Chaplin's 1947 black comedy *Monsieur Verdoux* was based on 'the notorious French murderer of women' Henri Landru, as the press at the time reported. Chaplin's film was originally called 'Monsieur Bluebeard', and it is as the Bluebeard of Gambais that Landru has continued to be remembered.



TOP Poring over the evidence during Landru's trial: there were no bodies, but evidence ranged from lingerie to bone fragments

ABOVE Following his decapitation under the guillotine blade in February 1922, Landru's head has had an ignominious time on public display in Hollywood

THE BIRTH OF EVIL

RICHARD RAMIREZ

SATANISM, FAMILY, RAPE, MURDER AND JESUS: WHAT FORCES DROVE RICHARD RAMIREZ? WHERE DID THE TROUBLED CHILD END AND THE SERIAL-KILLING NIGHT STALKER BEGIN?

What is Evil? Evil would seem to be the life of Ricardo 'Richard' Ramirez, convicted murderer of 13 people and self-styled Satanist. In spite of his Catholic upbringing, he took to robbing, raping and mutilating his way around America.

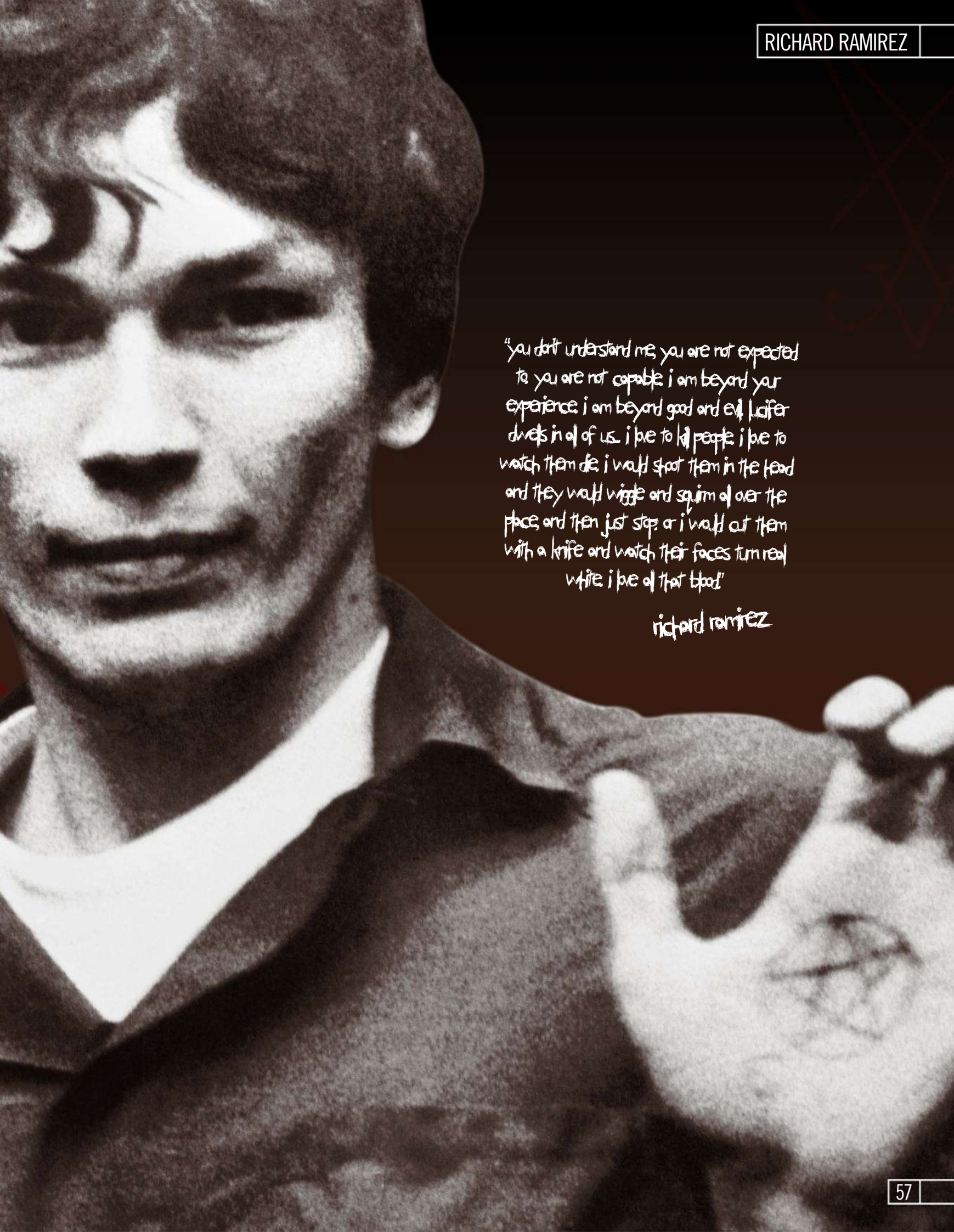
Richard Ramirez's life was destined to be one of extremes. He was born to Julian, a poor Mexican from a farming family, and Mercedes, an American citizen who lived with Julian in Mexico for a time. Living in the Mexican/American border town of El Paso, from the very beginning the American Dream of happiness, health, safety and prosperity was dangled like a crucifix in front of the Ramirez family's eyes: believe and be rewarded. Unfortunately, though, it was always just out of their reach, along with their access to the blessings granted by its governmental authorities, be they of the immigration laws of the prosperous country or the supposed powers of their church. This led to a sense of eternal frustration for Richard's family. They were at the mercy of a system that stalked them even as they tried to exercise their supposed right to move up the ranks of society.

Julian, Richard's father, was extremely hard working but lacked an education, while his wife came from 'better stock' and expected a little more of the unearned privilege of bounty. He placed his faith primarily on the notions of tradition and honour, she on the justice of Jesus Christ, a figure omnipresent even today, decked out in gold in the slums of the country. As Julian found jobs to support his family over the border, immigration police intervened and dumped the family back into desperation, leaving Julian

to defend their meagre possessions against bandits, while his wife was forced to trudge back across the perimeter. Nevertheless, while Jesus stood silent, the parents were determined and they worked and whirled in increasing circles on their way to a better future. 'Circles' was, sadly, the operative word; in a cruel twist of fate, the couple's home in El Paso lay in the path of mighty winds from Los Alamos, New Mexico, where the US government were testing nuclear weapons. Several of the children were born with disabilities like Collier's disease, which causes the bones to grow in curves and prevents movement. The family were stationed at hospital beds through the blazing summers. Despite their close knit nature in times of illness, the friction was fractious and hampered their future success before they'd even started.

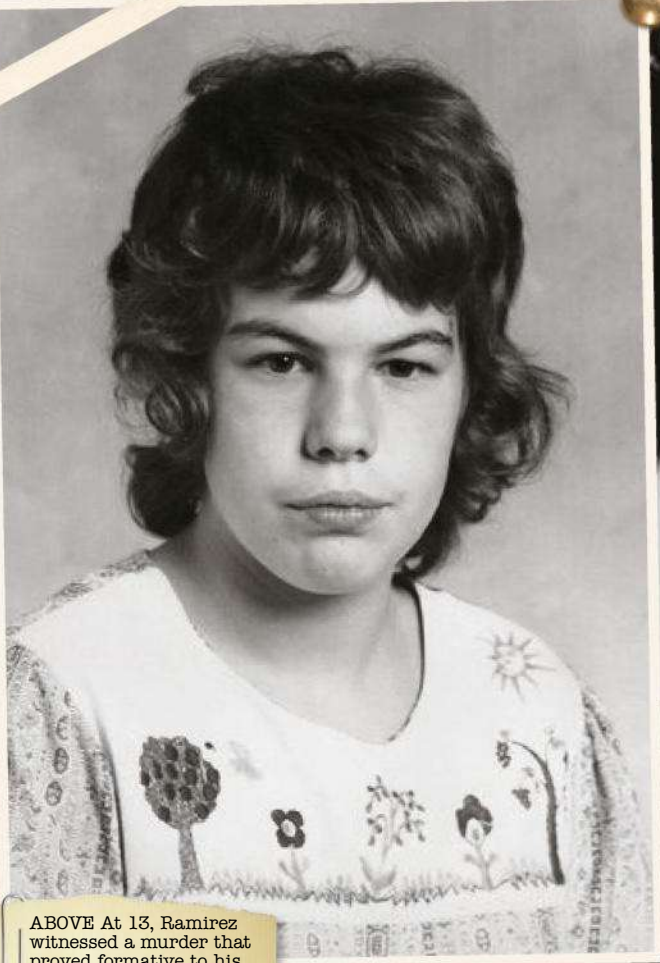
Richard was to decide, based in part on these formative experiences, that what the Lord wouldn't give, he, Richard, would taketh anyway.

The sign of cross alone is not enough to help a gaggle of squalling kids, and the Ramirez household was built on tried, tested and, some may say, exhausted family values. If Richard or any of his other siblings misbehaved, Julian would thrash them. These were not the taps of a tough father, but the belt-borne wallops of a man who was forced by his circumstances



"you don't understand me, you are not expected
to you are not capable. i am beyond your
experience. i am beyond good and evil. lucifer
dwells in all of us. i love to kill people. i love to
watch them die. i would shoot them in the head
and they would wiggle and squirm all over the
place and then just stop. or i would cut them
with a knife and watch their faces turn red
while i love all that blood"

richard ramirez



ABOVE At 13, Ramirez witnessed a murder that proved formative to his young mind

RIGHT Ramirez was keeping dark company when this family photo was taken



to work in physically demanding jobs that upset his psyche. Working on the railroad, for instance, gave him honour, but separated him from his family, giving him a ferocious temper. He felt he would get his just desserts when his children made him proud and carried on his family name, but for all Mercedes tried to be the perfect and dutiful wife, they were not favoured by the American god. Despite her prayers, his tempers came. The kids learned to be nimble to get away, but Richard did more than that: Richard danced.

Richie, as he was known, had not been like the other children. He was the baby, he was doted on by his older sister, Ruth, and unlike his older brothers, he was not much of a rabble rouser. He was a handsome, quick-witted child who loved to escape in the beat of his own imagination. Even as a baby, he would wiggle his body to the music and would go on to drive babysitters mad with his constant mental and physical action. This would not have been such a problem, but for the circumstances the Ramirez family found themselves in.

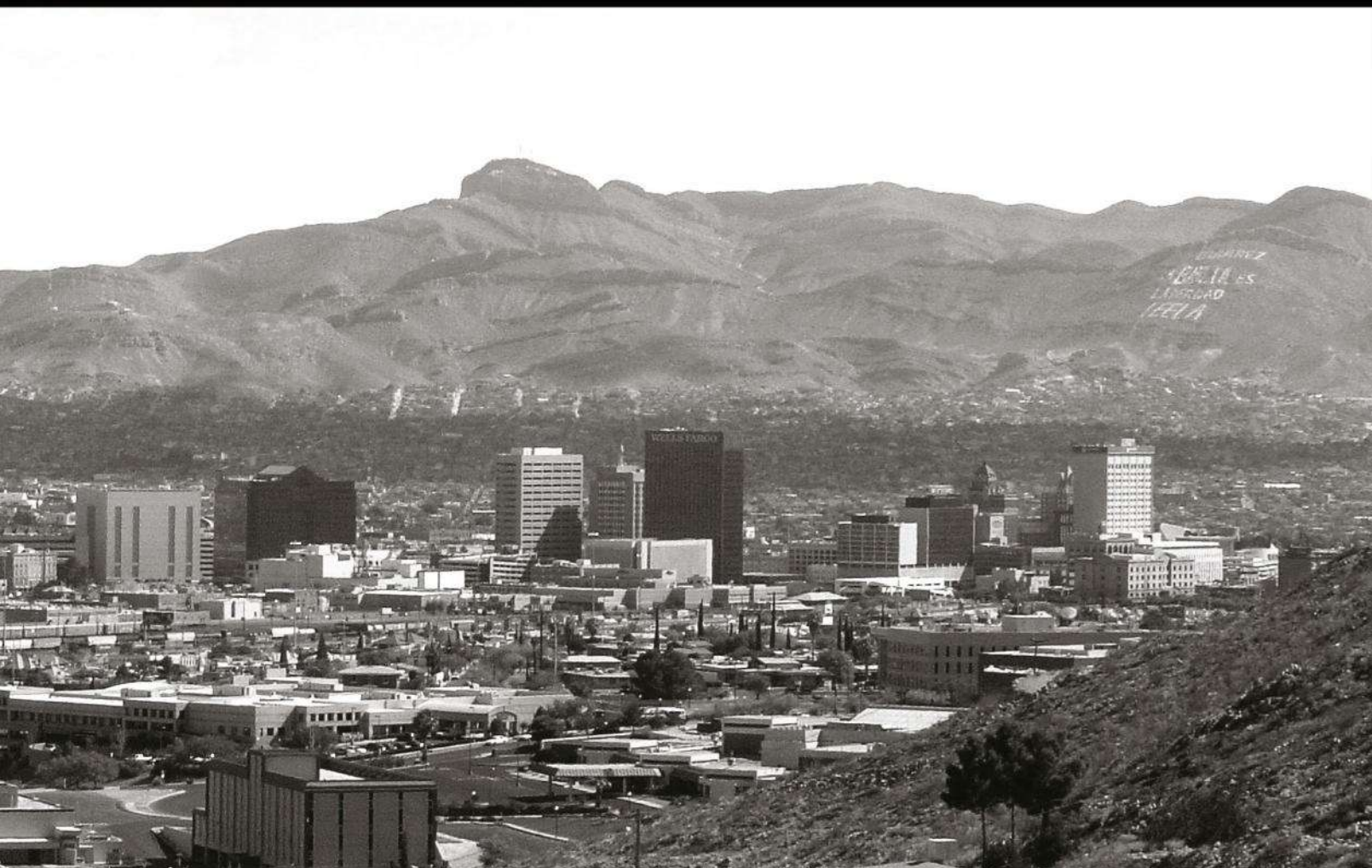
Having finally gained visas, they were able to escape to America and live among other poor Mexican immigrants in a community rife with drugs. Thus, happy Richie was dabbling in dope by the time he was ten, copying his older

siblings, much to the anger of their strict father. Julian enjoyed physical labour and his muscular body was blessed by work, but would nonetheless become motionless at home. There were, however, occasions where he could not bend the objects bestowed on him (through work) to his will and he would terrify his family by repeatedly and rhythmically beating at his own head with a hammer if something as minor as a bit of home DIY went against him. Mercy-seeking Mercedes would turn away to 'Jesu' while her children ran and cowered in terror.

Richie took to sleeping in a local graveyard, finding it more peaceful than at home. He even found the visions of monsters he experienced there fascinating (unlike the fearsome man back home), not realising they were the likely indicators of grand mal epilepsy, which would lead to his bitter eventual exclusion from a school football team. He thought these visions were either messengers or messages; divine intervention from beyond, a sign that he had been chosen.

Deliverance was, however, not the standard life path for Mexican immigrant families, and while they had to shift for themselves, there was an increasing feeling that they shouldn't have to work their fingers to the bone to achieve a decent life. As such, Richie's older sibling began to find himself in trouble. Reuben earned a beating from their belligerent father after being caught stealing a car, and the children grew increasingly resentful of their mentally and physically absent parent. Richie, too, began to fall away, running off into a world of his own – much to the delight of his mother, who saw it as sign of an active imagination.

“ THESE WERE POLAROID PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE REMOVED HEADS OF VIETNAMESE WOMEN HE HAD FORCED TO FELLATE HIM ”



What Richie needed was direction. Sadly, the local school master was said to be rather more keen to give his students sexual gratification than guidance or sterling tutoring. Forward thrust was, however, provided by the older boys in the community, who would steal cars, sneak-burgle houses and smoke crack. This was true of boys like Richie's older cousin Miguel, known as Mike. It was Mike who became (as Richie's father would proclaim) a True American Hero by fighting in God's name in Vietnam. The name in which Mike served was, however, more like Satan than then Lamb. He became no less than Satan's 'fence'. He had beaten death by surviving ambushes against the odds, but also bought into the aspects of the Dream that involved the demonisation of enemies and the right of the self to succeed at all costs.

A strong, powerful figure of a man with an insistent personality, Mike took Richie under his wing and would regale him with stories of triumph, evidenced by the trophies of his successes. These 'trophies' were not military medals, but Polaroid photographs of the removed heads of Vietnamese women whom he had forced to fellate him, then killed. He would also show Richie how providing for oneself was a personal pillow of safety, how he'd retained a trunk of shrunken heads gained during that war that he professed to having slept on for his own comfort. Such tales, lurid as they are, were not unheard of in the Vietnamese conflict and photographs of similar atrocities, including necklaces made from human body parts, circulate to this day. Holding life and proof of death in one's hands was seen as symbolic of power. It was considered an understandable (if undiscussed) side

effect of war, particularly given that humankind is prone to demonise that which we can't understand.

As a boy of burgeoning adolescence, it is not surprising that Richie's sexuality began to weave together with images of sex and violence, courtesy of his cousin-idol. This was only reiterated when Mike simply shot his wife, Jessie, in the face at point blank range in front of little Richie for the crime of standing her ground. She had been nagging him for dwelling on his war stories rather than looking for a fresh start. Richie did as he was told by Mike and looked the other way, as did the court, which rewarded his war hero cousin by sending him to serve his sentence in hospital, rather than prison.

The younger lad was not granted this lucky escape. He was returned to the scene of the crime with his father to pick up the trinkets the dead woman had left behind. He was there to witness his father finding the bullet casing that destroyed her brain, and his head was filled with the heady sights of a room still stuffy with the tonic of dry blood. Richie, in many ways, stayed locked in that room forever.

Mike was back on the streets, dealing drugs and schooling his cousin in stealth burgle (avoiding gravel and finding the open windows), within just eight short years. Seeing his role model rewarded with another chance because of the experiences behind his trophies led the confused Richie to wonder whether Satan was more a powerful benefactor for his believers than Christ. Shortly after, he began reading Anton LaVey's books and started to follow his very own brand of Satanism.

ABOVE El Paso-Juarez, Ramirez's home town, is a city that straddles the border between Mexico and the United States



The screwed up kid hit the road and split heel to Los Angeles. His older brother, Reuben, had moved there and found it to be a place rich in pickings for the robber who was able to remain undetected. Richie was enthralled, not least by the rampant sexuality on show. Here there were not Hail Marys but hookers (as he saw them) on street corners, and he became a regular at the 'XXX' shops stocking hard core sadomasochistic porn that emphasised the subordination of women. With violence and power irrevocably fused in his psyche, the inevitable escalation into physical crime was first evidenced by the assault of a woman he'd watched from afar. It was the beginning of the reign of The Night Stalker.

As far as Richie was concerned, if God was not going to give him what he felt his family deserved, he would dance with the devil. It is not clear whether he viewed this Satan in the very physical way his mother perceived her Jesus, or as an ideal that could condone his violent visions, approve of his worship of heavy metal music and sanctify his superiority and sadism. Either way, Richie decided he wanted to achieve through evil, finding that its supposed mores fit more with what felt like his outré but honest nature.

His killings began on 27 June 1984 and would become a pattern. He would dress in black and use the cover of night and the freeway to grant him anonymity. He would stalk strangers. It led to his moniker, The Night Stalker. Breaking into their homes, he would kill the men, sexually assault the women, sodomise the children, once daubing Satanic symbols across the walls and the body of one of his victims.

He was nailed to the crimes partly thanks to his belief that Satan would obscure him from public view, partly thanks to his boogie shoes: he was linked to footprints left by his sneakers, after which his face and descriptions were splashed across the mass media and a mob came baying for his blood.

Ramirez was convicted of killing 13 people, but what also caught the nation's attention were his court appearances.



A police artist's impression of Ramirez was issued, but his circulated mugshot was what eventually led to his capture on 30 Aug 1985

“THE INEVITABLE ESCALATION INTO PHYSICAL CRIME WAS FIRST EVIDENCED BY THE ASSAULT OF A WOMAN HE'D WATCHED FROM AFAR”

Following in the footsteps of Satanic leader and ex-carnival worker Anton LaVey, he would at one moment display his so-called inner evil, yelling at the judge and displaying a primitive pentagram inked on his clawed hand while flashing a rakish grin. At other times, he would argue that his trial was unsound. This statuesque man was accused of some of the most nauseating crimes it is possible to commit, yet he apparently loved this tango with the media, which he used to exploit his chivalrous side. And he did have one. This is a man, after all, who broke up with a former girlfriend rather than pressure or force her into engaging in acts she



UNHOLY UNION

IN 1996, A FREELANCE JOURNALIST MARRIED RICHARD RAMIREZ. WHAT WOULD PROMPT SOMEONE TO MARRY A KILLER?

Doreen Lioy was a perfectly normal woman until she fell for the razor-cheeked and charismatic Ramirez, stating that she “Saw something in his eyes, something that captivated me” when his mugshot was shown in an advertising break in the middle of Dallas. It is a phenomena discussed in Sheila Isenberg's book, *Women Who Love Men Who Kill*. According to Isenberg, jail house romances often start owing to a shared history of abuse that induces the need for intimacy complicated by the fear of its actualisation. The convict will come into contact with the romantic partner as a result of the case, often with the partner being a prison warden or nurse. Lioy, on the other hand, was a Ramirez groupie – she saw him on television during his trial and started to write to him. The emotional intensity of the situation coupled with the enforced separation helps fantasy to flourish, sustaining the relationship – as the unbelieving overtones of Doreen's description of Richard stated, “To me he's as beautiful inside as he is outside”.



Lioy, outside San Quentin prison: “I'm ecstatically happy today and very, very proud to... be his wife.”

"When I was 11 I had an episode in my life. I saw my cousin shoot his wife. It wasn't traumatic... but the shock value. I went back into the apartment to collect some things with my dad, because my cousin was in jail. The bed was all bloody. It was there where she had bled after the bullet. She got a .38 to the face. At the same time it was very... uh. The stillness of the room, the eeriness, you know. We had to open the windows to ventilate the room and it was something. It was... (long pause) ...it was death! I had known the woman. I had known her very well. I went into the living room and saw her purse. I looked through her purse, saw her ID cards and her things. It was a strange feeling. That was the first time I ever ran across death. Ever since, I was intrigued."

richard ramirez





ABOVE Having been charged with killing a 65-year-old man, Ramirez leaves court to face a further 16 counts of murder another day

RIGHT "Normal, ordinary people do not think like a serial killer. They have no conception of what is going on in a killer's mind."

was uncomfortable with. While this may sound an obvious moral choice, particularly to the modern reader, the notion of conjugal rights – the expectation of sexual activity between partners – is still somewhat embedded within many societies.

Of key interest in terms of his actual nature is an interview with reporter Mike Watkiss while he was in custody. In it, Ramirez appears to conflate a basic sense of narcissistic showmanship in delivering pre-prepared speeches with his expression of philosophical theories about why he committed his crimes. While sometimes stating that he would not answer questions about his beliefs, he immediately 'established' himself as an expert on them with the phrase, "I can tell you a little bit about Satanism". Then, in one breath, he stated: "A Satanist admits to being evil.... We are all evil in some form or another, are we not? [...] Yes, I am evil. Not 100 per cent, but I am evil." This would seem to suggest he saw evil not simply as choosing to be amoral or being completely amoral by nature or indeed even being cruel (and immoral), but having the capacity to behave in what would be considered an amoral way some of the time. The sheer capacity for all human beings to act in what could be considered an amoral manner some of the time in the context of his argument therefore suggests he saw himself simply as more 'evil' than the average person. This explains one of his further comments, "Killing is killing, whether done for profit or fun. Men murder themselves into this democracy". The basic comparison he uses here literally suggests that by stripping the details of how the killing is committed – the 'how evil' they are – from the deaths, the act of killing

becomes ultimately similarly amoral, something done as a means to an end that may (in circumstances such as the Vietnam war that his cousin was involved in) be considered understandable, if not necessarily laudable. This explains his statement, "Evil has always existed. The perfect world most people seek shall never come to pass. And it's gonna get worse", purely on the basis that the vile actions will continue to be committed.

The distinction between his philosophy and Satanism itself can be seen in his phrases, "A Satanist admits to being evil" and "we gain the courage to rebaptise our evil qualities as being our best qualities". By referring to the particularly Christian concept of Baptism (and particularly remembering Richie Ramirez was raised as a staunch Catholic), he is talking instead about trying to be bad rather than simply not judging behaviours. Most modern branches of Satanism aim to enable the believer to achieve their true desires and escape the unnecessarily constraining shackles of supposedly conventional morality, rather than trying to be cruel for the sake of it. Ramirez was many things, but he was not a Satanist in the true, modern sense of the term.

He used the idea of evil to justify the way it was easier for him to live considering his potential mental and physical health diagnosis. Quite simply, being considered 'evil' gave him a level of recognition, and indeed fame, that is a practical inversion of the American Dream, an ideal to which he was subscribed but could not participate. As a result, like serial killers such as Edmund Kemper, it could be argued that he chose to use the obvious intelligence suggested by





“FACED WITH THE SILENT HOLY FATHER, RATHER THAN A RELIABLE FATHER FIGURE, THEY COMPOSED THEIR OWN MORALITY”

his vocabulary in phrases such as “[Satanism] is undefiled wisdom instead of hypocritical self deceit. It is power without charity” to leverage what little power he could, even if only over the person conducting a seven minute television interview. He was determined to be seen not only as a someone, but as a prophet for his particular and peculiar strand of Satanic belief and all that might entail.

Richard Ramirez spent his life spinning between feelings of defiance towards the God he felt would shun him and deference to the ideas of the American Dream he believed God would bestow on the worthy. His early childhood was a liturgy of his parents’ prayers that their hard work would be rewarded, all the while they flailed against further and further setbacks over time, owing to their health, nationality and background. Richie and his siblings coped as best they could, but often faced with the silent Holy Father, rather than a reliable father figure, they composed their own morality.

Richie’s fused tales of war heroes with his own fevered, epileptic visions to give him the stark view of a world where success was only possible for him in infamy. The result was The Night Stalker, a character who could only dance to the beat of his own drum – the band leader he was looking for was never there to begin with.



SATANISM OR SENSATIONALISM?

MUSICIAN, PRESENTER AND SATANIST JOHNNY DOOM OFFERS INSIGHT INTO RAMIREZ’S HEADLINE-GRABBING BELIEFS

What aspect of Anton LaVey’s writings do you think might have resonated with the young Richard Ramirez?

Given his traumatic childhood, I imagine Ramirez would have found empowerment and some sort of justification for the dark and sadistic thoughts he was cultivating through isolation, sharing gruesome stories with his cousin and harbouring power and control fantasies.

How much of Ramirez’s actions/words can be linked explicitly to Satanism?

Some of Ramirez’ words and actions relate to themes in The Satanic Bible (the idea that humans are beyond good and evil...borrowed from Nietzsche) which would have helped him justify his sadism, yet LaVey was in the process of making his brand of Satanism audience-friendly in order to appeal to a more mainstream following. LaVey did not advocate murder, sadism or abuse of women of children. He could understand it, but he did not advocate it in any of his work.

If Ramirez went wrong in his interpretation, where did he go wrong?

It’s impossible to say he went ‘wrong’ in his application of Satanic ideas, because although LaVey had set out personal guidelines for what he believed to be the main Satanic rules, he also in no way wanted control of individuals or overly specified how you should act. It is about individual responsibility for your actions.

It sounds like Ramirez may have been one of those folk who believed in an anthropomorphic Satan. A real devil figure watching over him... that’s always a tell tale sign that they have slipped from LaVey’s teachings. LaVey didn’t believe in Lucifer as an entity. He was a humanist who believed in exercising the dark nature of humanity. I suppose he used Biblical terms like Lucifer in ritual though, so Ramirez might have got confused.

Do you accept Ramirez’ definition of himself as a Satanist?

I’m not sure I’d call him a LaVeyan Satanist per se, as LaVey seemed to discourage abuse of others for your own sadistic pleasure. He (in keeping with the time) focused on personal liberation and a sense of not allowing people to take advantage of you rather than violently attacking them, which he would have deemed un-Satanic.

Ramirez, to me, sounds like somebody who used Satanism as a justification of his sadistic and barbaric thoughts that had built up over the course of his abusive childhood, his troubled teens and allowed him to feel as though the more ‘animalistic’ and post-Christian ideals (beyond right and wrong) could be justified by the symbolism of Satanism.

RUSSIA'S MOST PROLIFIC KILLER?

DID THE BITSA PARK MANIAC OUTDO THE ROSTOV RIPPER AND BECOME RUSSIA'S MOST PROFUSE MURDERER?

As he dealt the final hammer blow, Alexander Pichushkin knew she was dead. He was all too familiar with the feeling of stainless steel against crushed skull; he had become the master of his trade. Killing had become easy, but no less enjoyable for the Bitsa Park maniac. She fell to the ground after the first blow, but it was the second and third that sealed her fate. He'd been careful to attack from behind, ensuring that his clothing would be free from any blood spatter that could link him to the murder. Before walking home through the park he'd turned into his own personal graveyard, he methodically wedged a vodka bottle into her cracked cranium. At this point in time, he had no idea that this would be the last opportunity he would have to perform this bizarre ritual. In his mind, he was a father birthing his victims into a new life. He simply couldn't stop killing.

Marina Moskalyova had worked with the killer for a while at a local supermarket, and had agreed to go on a walk with him after work one afternoon. She had no reason to suspect anything was wrong – he had always been nice to her and she could do with the company. She told Alexander that she had left a note with her son, detailing where she had gone and who she had gone with. Alarm bells rang in his head, but they were like whispers compared to his bloodthirsty thoughts. He wanted and needed to kill, so Marina had to die.

Pichushkin seemed to live a relatively normal life. He lived in a small flat with his mother and sister, and had a steady job. However, under the surface he strove to be different. He wasn't happy in his life, often feeling lonely and unloved. He tried to meet women and had wanted to start a family, but it just never happened for him. Deep down he was intensely aggressive, and couldn't stop his desire to murder from bubbling up to the surface. He killed because he could, and because of the satisfaction and sexual release it gave him.

The Bitsa Park Maniac
– Alexander Pichushkin –
photographed at his trial
in 2007

Unfortunately for the people of Moscow, his one real gift was the ability to get on with people and put them at ease. When his opportunity finally arrived he would strike without hesitation, ruthlessly killing without provocation. As much as he needed to kill, Pichushkin was also desperate for fame.

Andrei Chikatilo, the man known as the Russian Hannibal Lecter, killed 53 people in the town of Rostov between 1978 and 1990. This man had raped, murdered, mutilated and even indulged in cannibalism, targeting only woman and children. Pichushkin idolised Chikatilo, and was desperate to beat his 'black record' of 53 murders. By the time Chikatilo was executed for his crimes in 1994, Pichushkin had already killed his first victim. He had been spooked by police questioning at the time, and would not realise his full psychopathic potential for another seven years. Only then would his killing spree really begin in earnest.

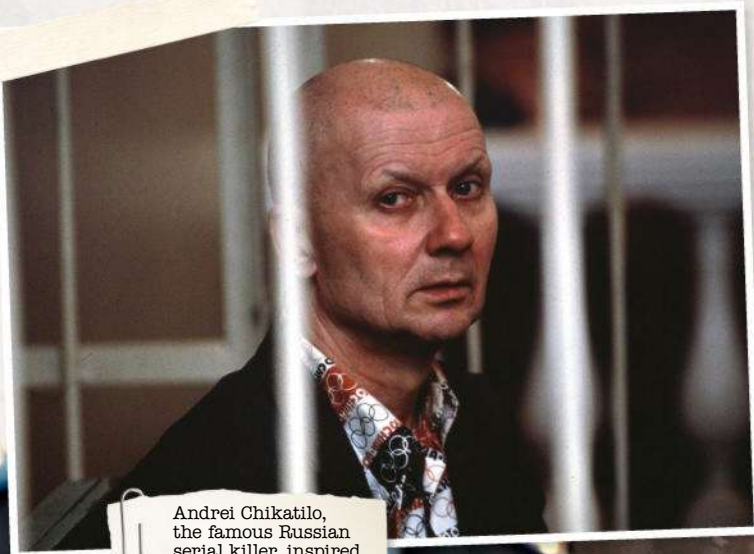
BITSA PARK

Covering a colossal 22 square kilometres (8.5 square miles), Bitsevsky Park (or Bitsa Park for short) is an extensive wooded area filled with streams, trees and clearings in southern Moscow. Surrounding the park are tens of thousands of people, living in dilapidated apartment blocks that seem to go on forever. This area of Moscow is renowned for being a less than pleasant place; many Russians refer to it as *zhopa mira*, which translates as "asshole of the world."

Pichushkin knew the park incredibly well. A skilled assassin, he possessed an equally impressive memory, holding a detailed map of the park's many walkways, streams and sewers in his mind. He made full use of this skill when he began to kill more frequently, and knew which sewers were rarely walked past. This allowed him to take his time over his killings, luring his victims to one of the sewers before suddenly attacking them. As his killing spree gathered pace, Pichushkin became an expert at murder and getting away with it – he knew that dumping the bodies in the sewers would almost definitely result in him remaining at large.

Investigators are still unsure why he switched to leaving his victims out in the open. There was no reason for him to stop disposing of bodies in the sewers; this method had served him well and would probably have continued to do so. The prevailing theory is that Pichushkin simply wanted the world to know about his murders, and the easiest way was to let the

“ THIS ALLOWED HIM TO TAKE HIS TIME OVER HIS KILLINGS, LURING HIS VICTIMS TO ONE OF THE SEWERS BEFORE ATTACKING THEM ”



Andrei Chikatilo, the famous Russian serial killer, inspired Pichushkin to embark on a 15-year killing spree

Pichushkin sits in the bullet-proof defendants' cage at the Moscow City Court, 29 October 2007, on the day of his sentencing



bodies be discovered. By now, Pichushkin had perfected his killing technique, and could focus on avoiding detection, which was a real threat to him as his victims would be found. By the time the police found the body of 31-year-old Nikolay Vorobiev, Pichushkin was able to take someone's life without leaving any forensic trace, but this murder had been slightly different.

When Alexander struck Vorobiev on the head with a hammer, he remained standing and started to flee. Pichushkin gave chase, and hit him again and again with the hammer, forcing him to the ground. The two began to fight, and ended up only 30 metres (98.4 feet) from a crowded street. In spite of Vorobiev's bravery and determination, Pichushkin was simply relentless, striking again and again until his victim crawled into a foetal position and died. During his trial, Pichushkin revealed that a few people had witnessed this, but it seemed that none ever came forward. In their mind, they'd just seen a fight. Pichushkin calmly walked away from the scene, and spent around 40 minutes removing blood from himself and his clothing.

The police and the vast team of investigators worked tirelessly to find their man, and reports differ slightly on what led to his eventual capture and the end of his murderous spree. Some reports suggest that Marina Moskal'yova had left his name and number with her son, so he would know who she had gone with and would be able to contact him in case

of an emergency. When her son rang after his mother failed to come home, Pichushkin told him he hadn't seen her in two months. Others report that a Metro ticket was found on the victim's body, and after viewing surveillance tapes, police identified her companion as Pichushkin. Either way, when it came down to it, Alexander knew the end was nigh, and did not resist arrest when the police came knocking soon after.

HOW MANY DID HE REALLY MURDER?

Throughout Pichushkin's interrogation, he revealed many intricate details about the murders, some that even the investigators had missed. He enjoyed it; he was proud to finally showcase the true extent of his genius, revelling in the attention that police gave him as they delved into his sadistic world. The chief investigator, Andrei Suprunenko, had the unenviable task of going through each step of each kill with Pichushkin. He recognised that by pretending to be in awe of the killer, he would be powerless to stop himself from revealing each and every dark secret he'd kept

locked up for so many years.

At the height of his spree, Pichushkin had been sat

“ HE WAS PROUD TO SHOWCASE HIS GENIUS, REVELLING IN THE ATTENTION THE POLICE GAVE HIM AS THEY DELVED INTO HIS SADISTIC WORLD ”



Pichushkin desperately wanted to go down as Russia's most notorious serial killer

Pichushkin adored the attention of the media, even cracking a smile at certain stages of his trial

watching the evening news with his mother and younger sister, when a report on the Bitsa Park killings came on. His sister reportedly said to him "This madman, he's fascinating. Who is he?" Alexander had to fight against every sinew in his body to stop himself from telling her that she was sat next to him.

Pichushkin did not put up much resistance to revealing how many people he had killed, he just decided to tell his interviewer one day, in an almost matter-of-fact manner. Once he had said that he had killed 61 people, the police had no choice but to try and find out who each and every one of these people were, and whether Pichushkin was telling the truth. An enormous forensic team descended on his flat in search of evidence, and what they found was intriguing. A chessboard with a number stuck on to each square suggested that he had killed 61 people, but this was not enough evidence alone. The police ideally needed to find the other 45 bodies to nail Pichushkin for each and every one of his crimes. As he disposed of so many of his victims in the sewage system, it made it impossible for police to recover any evidence, let alone the bodies. This system went on for miles and served all of southern Moscow, it was an enormous, complex network that would take decades to search in its entirety. The police went as far as to simulate what would happen when a body was dropped in, by disposing of a mannequin in just the same way as Pichushkin dropped his victims. They found that the high water pressure destroyed the mannequin instantly; it's likely that the victims were ripped limb from limb in a matter of seconds.

Many presumed that Pichushkin simply had to be insane, as surely no sane man was capable of committing such atrocities. This was simply not the case. Every psychologist that met with and assessed Alexander agreed that he was of sound mind. The fact was he simply loved to kill. He had no real motive, he was just a hunter that loved the hunt. Although Pichushkin took care with each and every one of his murders; the scary thing is that even he may not know how many people he killed. He even told investigators that on completing the chessboard he wouldn't have stopped. In his words; "Life without murder is like a life without food."

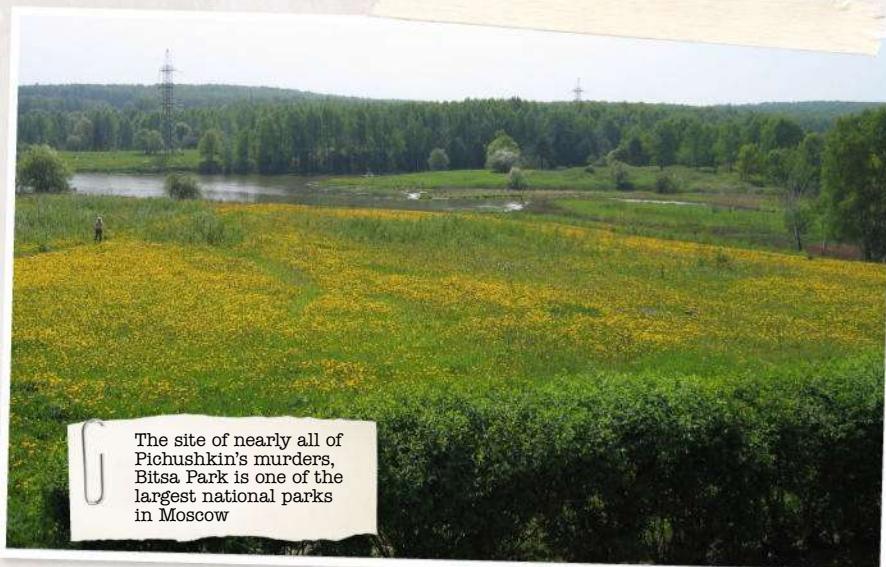


Police officers were relieved when Pichushkin was finally caught, but could barely believe the true extent of his crimes

WHAT HAPPENED TO PICHUSHKIN?

Alexander Pichushkin's killing spree spanned 15 years, during which he terrorised the community living near Moscow's Bitsa Park, and captured the world's imagination. Between 1992 and 2006, he is known to have killed at least 48 people in cold blood, but the true number is thought to be in the mid-sixties. Nearly all of his victims' bodies were disposed of in the park. He began with killing a college classmate of his, Mikhail Odiychuk, whom he had hoped would partner him on his planned killing expedition. When he realised that Odiychuk wasn't interested, he became Pichushkin's first victim. Nine years passed before his killing spree would really get going; from May to July 2001 he killed nine people, and proceeded to kill at least another 38 people in the following five years. He killed indiscriminately, his victims ranging from a nine-year-old boy to middle-aged women and elderly homeless men. As time went on his modus operandi changed, he began by hitting people over the head and throwing them into the many sewers running through Bitsa Park, but would eventually start to leave their mutilated bodies out in the open for the whole world to see. His calling card was that he liked to insert various items into the crushed skull of his victims, often a vodka bottle if he had it to hand, or alternatively some small branches.

When the police caught him they only thought he was involved in 14 murders, but one day during interrogation he made an incredible confession. He told the police that he had committed 61 murders, 60 of which were in Bitsa Park. This shocking revelation came as a complete surprise to the investigators, who had no idea that most of the murders had even happened. They investigated as many of the killings as they could, and eventually gathered enough evidence to prosecute him on 49 individual counts of murder. He was found guilty of 48, and was duly sentenced to life imprisonment, beginning with 15 years solitary confinement. To this very day he still resides in a maximum security prison, in an undisclosed location.



The site of nearly all of Pichushkin's murders, Bitsa Park is one of the largest national parks in Moscow

THE KILLING 'GAME' OF BTK

THE SERIAL KILLER KNOWN AS BTK TERRORISED WICHITA, KANSAS FOR 30 YEARS. HE WROTE LETTERS TO POLICE AND MEDIA, TEASING THEM WITH DETAILS OF HIS HORRIFIC DEEDS

Don Granger was in charge of the tips line at *The Wichita Eagle* and *Beacon* newspapers. It was October 1974, the year the city had been rocked by the murders of a family. The Otero family had been killed – bound and strangled with blind cords – in their home on 15 January. Joseph, 38, wife Julie, 34, son Joseph II, 9, and Josephine, 11, were killed in the morning, after oldest brother Charlie, 15, had gone to school. Josephine was the last to be murdered. “What’s going to happen to me?” she asked the man who had entered their home that morning. He replied: “Well, honey, you’re going to be in heaven with the rest of your family.”

Little did Charlie know as he walked home through the cold, slushy snow streets from school, the horror he would find when he entered the door.

A man in a psychiatric hospital had recently confessed to the crime. The confessor implicated his brother and another man in the killings. Police thought they’d finally caught a break in the case that had shocked the sleepy city that was more like a large town than a bustling state capital. But the three men all had psychiatric histories and police quickly

discounted the confessions. Back to square one. Neighbours had reported seeing one man drive away from the Otero family’s driveway at 10.35am on the day of the murders.

One person did not take kindly to someone making claims on the Otero family killings. He called the newspaper tip line and Don Granger answered. The caller told Granger the title of a book at Wichita Public Library, gave him directions on where to find it and said there would be a letter within the pages.

A disturbed Granger contacted the police and gave them the information. The caller was not kidding. The police found a letter within the pages of an engineering textbook. The letter was badly written and poorly spelt but that didn’t detract from how shocking its contents were.

‘7 DOWN AND MANY MORE TO GO’

“I write this letter to you for the sake of the taxpayer as well as your time. Those three dude(s) you have in custody are just talking to get publicity for the Otero murders. They know nothing at all. I did it by myself and no ones help... Lets put it straight.”

The letter went on to detail the victims, the locations and positions of their bodies within the house including young Josephine who was tragically found hanging by a rope in the basement (the killer had also masturbated over her after she was strangled).

The letter went on: “when this monster enter my brain I will never know, but it here to stay... It is a big complicated game my friend the monster play putting victims number down, follow them, checking up on them, waiting in the dark, waiting, waiting...”

It was in this letter that the writer revealed the moniker BTK, for the method he liked to use on his victims. Bind. Torture. Kill.

In fact, the writer suggested several variations of what he could be called. He felt deserving of a name now that he’d lay claim to seven murders:

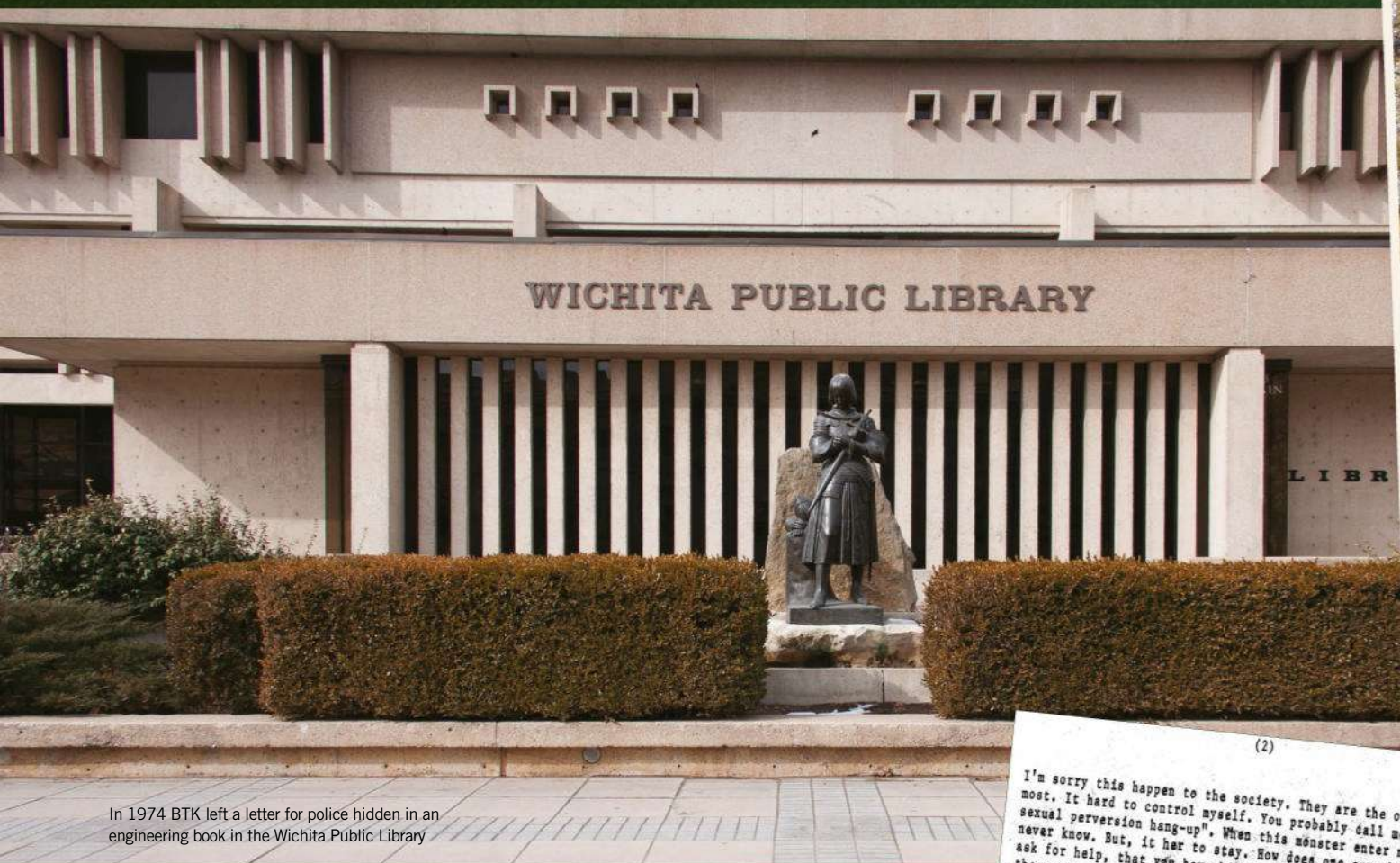
“ [HE] REVEALED THE MONIKER BTK FOR THE METHOD HE LIKED TO USE. BIND. TORTURE. KILL ”



A mugshot of Rader taken after his arrest, but did he want to be caught all along?







In 1974 BTK left a letter for police hidden in an engineering book in the Wichita Public Library

“P.S. How about some name for me, its time: 7 down and many more to go. I like the following How about you? ‘THE B.T.K. STRANGLER’, WICHITA STRANGLER’, ‘POETIC STRANGLER’, ‘THE BOND AGE STRANGLER’ OR PSYCHO’ THE WICHITA HANGMAN THE WICHITA EXECUTIONER, ‘THE GARROTE PHANTOM’, ‘THE ASPHYXIATOR’.

BTK

“P.S. since sex criminals don’t change their M.O. or by nature cannot do so, I will not change mine. The code words for me will be...bind them, torture them, kill them B.T.K., you see he at it again. They will be on the next victim.”

The letter was not made public. Police feared the town would go into hysteria. They worked with a raft of psychologists to come up with a profile of BTK. The killer had a fetish for bondage. He would be someone who would not attract attention. A loner with a gradually developing fantasy life who would be “wise enough not to show it”, one forensic psychiatrist said.

The police department’s strategy was to quietly run a classified ad in the *Wichita Eagle* in an effort to reach out to the letter writer.

“BTK

Help is available

Call 684-6321 before 10pm.”

The ad ran for four days from 24 October without success. The relationship between the newspaper and police to catch BTK was important. The cops needed the newspaper to “speak” to BTK.

After the classified ad strategy failed, journalist Granger, who took the call from BTK, wrote a column pleading with

the mystery killer to call the number that was listed in the advertisement.

Silence.

But BTK kept on killing, though these dots weren’t connected until a few years later. He couldn’t help writing letters, taunting police. While the psychological profiles of this man thought he wouldn’t attract attention, it seemed the man signing off as BTK wanted to make sure authorities knew he was in charge.

ATTENTION SEEKER

In February 1978, a letter arrived in the mailbag of television station KAKE. When the mail sorter discovered the letter – and read its disturbing contents – he hurried to the newsroom to show the team the ghoulish message it contained. “How many do I have to kill before I get my name in the paper or some national attention...”

The letter detailed the killing on 8 December 1977, of a young woman named Nancy Fox. Nancy had been found bound and strangled with a cord in her one-storey apartment. And why had her body been found? Police had been led to Nancy’s murder by a call... from the killer. At 8:20am on 9 December, a man used a pay phone and called a Wichita police dispatcher. “You will find a homicide at 843 South Pershing. Nancy Fox.”

(2)

I'm sorry this happen to the society. They are the ones who suffer the most. It hard to control myself. You probably call me "psychotic with sexual perversion hang-up". When this monster enter my brain I will never know. But, it her to stay. How does one cure himself? If you ask for help, that yew have killed four people they will laugh or hit the panic button and call the cops. I can't stop it so, the monster goes on, and hut me as well as society. Society can be thankfull that there are ways for people like me to relieve myself at time by day dreams of by victim being torture and being mine. It a big complicated game my friend of the monster play putting victims number down, follow them, checking up on them waiting in the dark, waiting, waiting....the pressure is great and some times he run the game to his liking. Maybe you can stop him. I can't. He has already chosed his next victim or victims I don't who they are yet. The next day after I read the paper, I will know, but it to late. Good luck hunting.

P.S. Since sec criminals do not change their M.O. or by nature cannot do so, I will not change mine. The code words for me will be... bind them, torture them, kill them, B.T.K., you see he at it again. They will be on the next victim.

YOURS, TRULY GUILTILY



CLOSE CALL WITH DEATH

As Anna Williams enjoyed herself at a square dance, little did she know danger lurked at her home. The 63-year-old widow's late night was to save her life.

On 28 April 1979, BTK broke into Ms Williams' home and lay in wait for her to come home. He had been stalking her and her address for a while and had decided this date was the night she would die. He got into the house through a basement window and he snipped the phone line, as he did with his other victims. He waited for hours, leaving very frustrated at 10pm. When Ms Williams came home she realised someone had been there. When she attempted to call the police the phone was dead. After phoning from a neighbour's house, police arrived and searched the house finding a noose shaped out of wire in the bedroom. A few months later, BTK sent a letter to the address (Williams had been too scared to return there) containing a poem and a pair of her pantyhose he'd stolen on the night. The poem read "Oh Anna Why Didn't You Appear?"

The home of BTK, where he lived a seemingly normal life in stark contrast to his perverse and deadly actions

When it became clear the city had a serial killer on the loose, the police chief Richard LaMunyon made a televised statement to the people of Wichita. This man was claiming to have killed seven people and would not stop. He ordered more police on the streets and told citizens to stay safe. Lock their homes, look out for each other and any suspicious activity in their neighbourhoods.

One of the people listening to the police chief's address was a typist for *The Wichita Eagle*. She recalled a strange little poem a mail clerk had opened and just assumed was for the Valentine's Day classifieds section. She had put it in a special basket because it had no billing address enclosed. The poem began "Shirleylocks, Shirleylocks wilt thou be mine." This was all revealed to the public because when police examined the poem, it was clear BTK was writing about 26-year-old Shirley Vian, a hard-on-her-luck mother of three murdered on 17 March, 1977. The killer had knocked on the door of the family's home in the morning and was let inside by Shirley's six-year-old son. BTK put the terrified children in the bathroom while he killed their mother, wedging the door shut. The children eventually freed themselves. When they got out they found that their mother was dead. There was no sign of the strange man that had been let in. She was found nude, bound, strangled, with a plastic bag over her head on her bed.

The killer craved attention. He even said in one of his letters: "A little paragraph in the newspaper would have been enough." He was taunting police. Did he want to get caught? The man certainly recognised the darkness within and wrote he was driven to kill by a "factor X". In his February 1978 correspondence, BTK compared himself to other killers who'd corresponded with authorities or left notes at their crime scenes: Jack the Ripper, Harvey Glatman, the Son of Sam and The Hillside Strangler (the strangler he was referring too was in fact, two killers, cousins Kenneth Bianchi and Angelo Buono who weren't captured until 1979). "It seems senseless but we can't help it."

It was an unprecedented situation for Wichita police. They tried to keep quiet about the first letter and prevent more murders. That didn't work. Now the strategy was to speak to the public, which also included the killer. He had teased in one letter that he was in the community, living an otherwise ordinary life.

LaMunyon became obsessed with finding BTK. "It's become a personal thing," LaMunyon told UPI reporter Dan Chiszar for a syndicated article in early 1978. "I feel frustrated. It's the last thing I think of when I go to bed and the first thing I think of when I get up in the morning."

Another flurry of correspondence in 1979 prompted more intense police efforts. A woman BTK had stalked and decided

"THE KILLER WAS LET INSIDE BY SHIRLEY'S SIX-YEAR-OLD SON. BTK PUT THE TERRIFIED CHILDREN IN THE BATHROOM WHILE HE KILLED THEIR MOTHER"

THE MURDER OF NANCY FOX

A transcript from the trial of Dennis Rader, detailing the killing of Nancy Fox

JUDGE: Alright, did she come home?

RADER: Yes she did.

JUDGE: What happened?

RADER: I confronted her. I told her that I was a – that I had a problem, a sexual problems – that I had to tie her up and have sex with her. She was a little upset. We talked for awhile and she smoked a cigarette. While we smoked a cigarette, I went through her purse identifying some stuff and she finally said, 'well, let's get this over with so I can go call the police' and I said 'okay' and she said, 'can I go to the bathroom?' And I said 'yes.' She went to the bathroom and came... and I told her that when she came out to make sure that she was undressed. When she came out I handcuffed her and uh...

JUDGE: You handcuffed her? You had a pair of handcuffs?

RADER: Yes sir, uh-huh.

JUDGE: What happened then?

RADER: Well anyway, I handcuffed her, had her lay on the bed. I tied her feet. I was also undressed to a certain degree. And then I got on top of her and reached over, took, either her feet were tied or not tied. But anyway I took... I think I had a belt. I took the belt and I strangled her with the belt at that time.

he would kill had an extremely lucky escape. BTK broke into her home and waited for her but she was out with friends. In the end, BTK got sick of waiting and was frustrated he couldn't carry through his murderous plan. But he let the woman know he had been there. A letter arrived at the address with a poem, a sketch and clothing and jewellery that he had taken. The killer also sent a letter to KAKE who immediately forwarded it unopened to the police.

A tips line was set up to try and flush out BTK. Surely someone must know who this madman was? In another manoeuvre, police sent the recording of the phone call BTK made after the Nancy Fox murder to a professor who specialised in computerised enhancement of audio, which back in the late 1970s was fairly revolutionary. The audio enhanced call was aired on Wichita radio and television stations on 15 August, 1979.

They received plenty of phone calls from the public but no firm lead on who the killer could be. It would be the last time police heard from BTK for a quarter of a century. Slowly the

Dennis Rader listening to testimony at the sentencing stage of his trial



spectre of BTK diminished until there were no mention of him in the press by the 1990s.

HIDING IN PLAIN SIGHT

What was BTK doing over these years? Was he dead? In jail for another crime? In another state?

The curious and terrifying thing was that BTK was still there. Still in the community. Hiding in plain sight. There were long silences between the 'monster' emerging. BTK took his time. He carefully stalked his victims and was now confident in his methods of prolonged torture.

On 17 January 2004, *The Wichita Eagle* published a story to mark the 30th anniversary of the Otero family killings.

Two days later, the newspaper received a letter. The return address was for a Bill Thomas Killman. It contained a photocopy of the driver's licence of a local woman called Vicki Wegerle. The 28-year-old housewife and mum was murdered in 1986 – strangled in her home in the same fashion as BTK's other victims. However, her murder had not been linked for certain to BTK until the letter. It also





Wichita Police Detective Sam Houston shows a mask in Dennis Rader's sentencing hearing that was found with Delores Davis' body

“BTK HAD BECOME A BOGEYMAN. PEOPLE WOULD CHECK THEIR HOMES FOR BROKEN WINDOWS, SOME SLEPT WITH GUNS NEARBY, WOMEN BOUGHT PEPPER SPRAY”

Rader's first court appearance was via video feed from jail

contained crime scene Polaroids taken by the killer. On the day she was killed, Vicki's husband Bill was driving home for lunch to see her and their two-year-old-son when he passed the family's car on the road and it wasn't his wife driving. When he walked into his house, his infant son was sitting by himself on the floor. He called out to his wife and went upstairs where he saw her dead in the bedroom.

It was a painful reminder for the city. The spectre of BTK had terrified many and after so many years there was still curiosity and a little fear about whether the serial killer was still around. BTK had become a bogeyman. People would check their homes for broken windows, some slept with guns nearby, women bought pepper spray. The father of one of BTK's victims, Kathryn Bright, said he thought the killer must have been dead or in jail. "It's up to the police to find him now," Charles Bright told *The Eagle* for a 27 March 2004 article. Kathryn, 21, was murdered on 4 April 1974, just months after the Otero family. Kathryn's brother Kevin was also at the house – BTK was not expecting anyone else to be there – and the young man was shot but survived.

More communication happened over the next months, with the police encouraging the lines of communication. Ken Landwehr, the homicide unit commander spearheaded

the strategy to appeal to BTK's need for recognition and his obvious desire to talk, show off even. It would prove the undoing of BTK.

THE END FOR BTK

He sent a word puzzle to KAKE. He left a package for Wichita police in the city's Murdock Park. The package contained Nancy Fox's driver's licence and a Barbie-like doll that was presumably a mini-replica of what he did to his victims – the doll was bound at the hands and feet and had a plastic bag on the head. In June 2004, a note was taped to a stop sign that was an outline of a book called *The BTK Story* where the first chapter was entitled 'A Serial Killer is Born'. This guy had an ego, he wanted his story to be heard. Like his crimes, BTK put much thought and planning into his "correspondence" though his writing and spelling were poor.

In January 2005 the serial killer used a cereal box to communicate. He left it on the back of a pickup truck in the parking lot of a Home Depot store in Wichita. The vehicle owner's girlfriend who thought it was some rubbish threw the box away. BTK sent another letter to the television station asking what happened to the cereal box.

Police were able to find the box in the trash. Chilling notes were found inside about some of BTK's planned murders. There was also a question for the police, which would turn out to be the most pivotal piece of communication between authorities and BTK. "Can I communicate with floppy and not be traced to a computer. Be honest..." BTK wanted police to place a classified in *The Wichita Eagle* with the response "Rex, it will be OK". This would let BTK know if he could safely use a "floppy" for further communication.

It could be argued that for someone who was very patient and methodical about killing, writing to the police on a computer disc was a pretty stupid act. BTK inserted a disk into the computer at Christ Lutheran Church and printed some documents that would be sent to the police. Naively, BTK trusted there could be no trace of him from the disk but police must have rubbed their hands with glee when the latest envelope from the killer came.

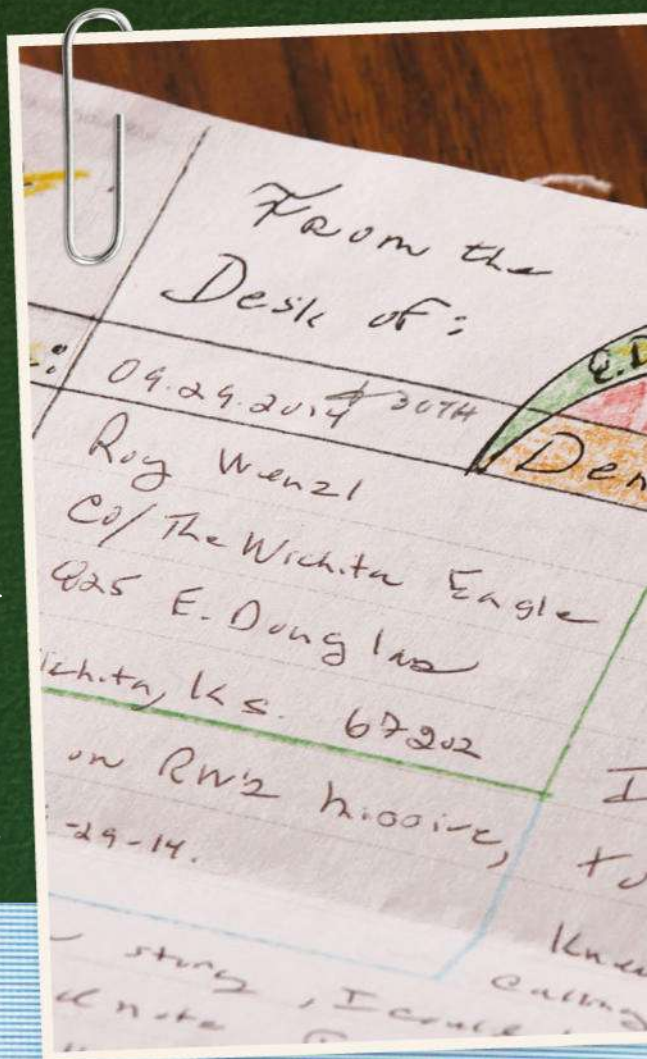
The disk revealed a name – Dennis – and the name of the places the disk had been used – Christ Lutheran Church and a library. All it took was a simple internet search to reveal that there was a Dennis linked to the church – Dennis Rader was the president of the Christ Lutheran Church congregation. The case was building but it wasn't enough; police needed hard evidence. The team weren't able to walk up to Rader and ask him for a DNA sample. For one, he could decline and then Rader would know he was under suspicion. Police discovered Rader's daughter had been in hospital for a pap smear and they got an urgent court order

to get the sample to test against the unidentified DNA from under the fingernails of one of BTK's victims. The swift results showed a familial match and that gave police the go-ahead to arrest Rader.

THE ARREST

The Rev Michael Clark was leaving the church to tend to church business on 25 February 2005, when an official-looking man in a black trench coat approached him. The man identified himself as a police lieutenant and had several other colleagues with him. The men asked to speak to Rev Clark inside and revealed they had a search warrant for the premises. What could the police possibly want to search the church for? Then the shock of his life came for Rev Clark, described as a "quiet man of God" by his congregation.

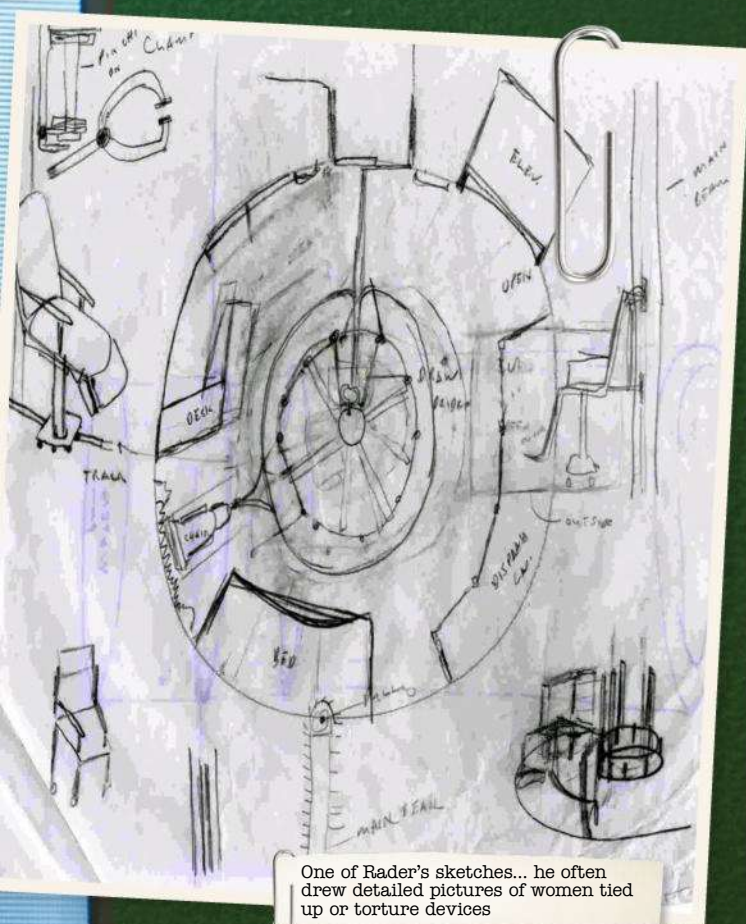
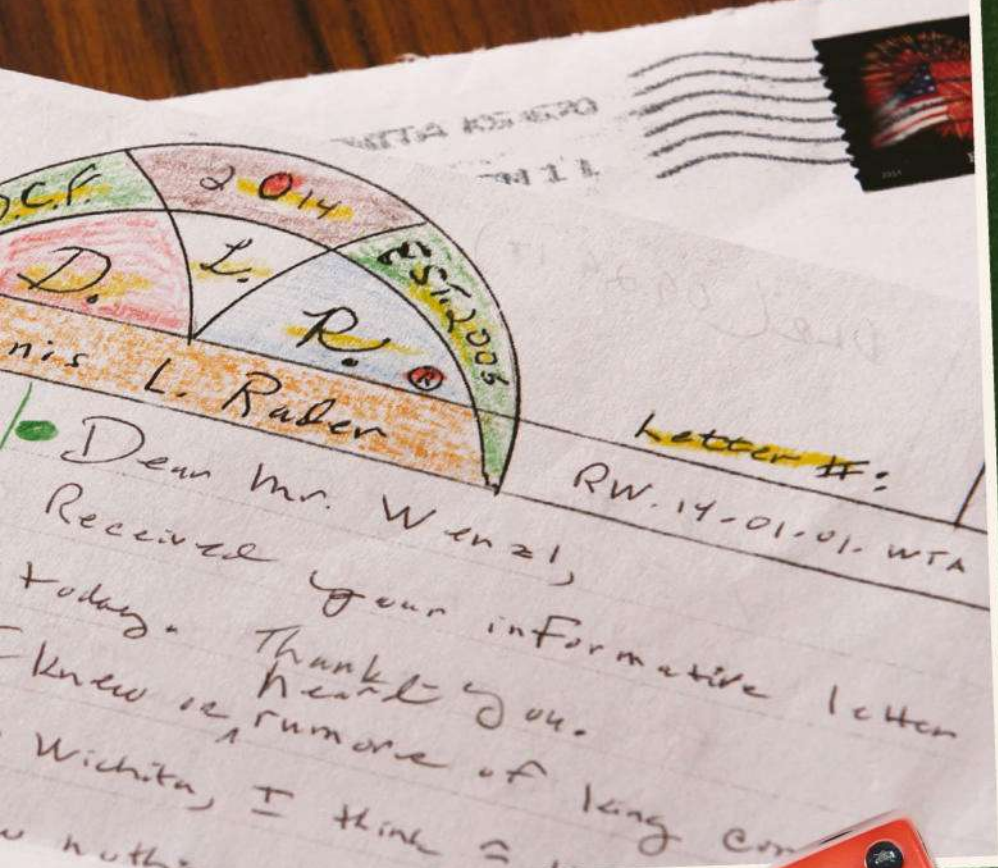
Police were searching the church in connection to the BTK serial murders and they believed a man called Dennis Rader was their primary suspect.



For his first court appearance, Rader appeared via video feed from the Sedgwick County Jail on 1 March 2005



A letter Rader wrote from his cell, where he references the news that Stephen King has penned a novel using the killings of BTK as an inspiration



One of Rader's sketches... he often drew detailed pictures of women tied up or torture devices

Thanks to Serial Killer Culture for the sketch & letter images used in this article www.serialkillerculture.com



Rader, a 60-year-old married father of two, was arrested the same day. He was a city officer, a former Boy Scout leader, ex-security alarm installer and heavily involved in his church. In the police interrogation room when confronted with the floppy disk evidence and DNA match, the floodgates opened and Rader spoke for a staggering 30 hours detailing his life and crimes to the detectives.

"You know why you're here?" asked one of the detectives.

Rader replied, "I assume it's about BTK."

Officer: "Would you be surprised to know that the father of your daughter is BTK? Tell us who you are."

Rader: "I'm BTK. You got me."

In another extraordinarily candid interview with Harvard-trained forensic psychologist Robert Mendoza (Mendoza was hired by Rader's defence team to determine whether he was legally sane to enter a plea), Rader explained exactly how he came to kill. Rader revealed he fancied himself a director. He was a watcher. He was a stickler for routine and rules. The watching was the most exciting part. The discovery, the planning, the "trolling". He had his self-described "Hit Kit" of plastic bags, rope, tape, knife and gun that he'd take to carry out his unspeakable crimes.

"The stalking stage is when you start learning more about your victims, your potential victims. Went to the library, looked up their names, address, cross referenced, called them a couple of times, drove by there whenever I could..." Rader told Mendoza. "I got this fantasy... I started working out this fantasy in my mind. Once that person becomes a fantasy I could just loop it over, I'd lay in bed at night and thinking about this person, the offence and how it's going to happen. It became a reel, almost like a picture show. I want to go ahead and produce it, direct it and go through with it no matter what the cost were, the consequences..." he continued.

"I think I am actually possessed with demons. I was dropped on the head when I was a kid... something drove me to do this. Normal people don't do this..."

On 27 June 2005, which was to be the first day of his trial, Rader pleaded guilty to the 10 murders. He is in prison in Kansas and eligible for release in 2180 but obviously, will die while he is locked away.

Rader's attorney, Steve Osburn, spoke of his client's "quirky traits". When two *Penthouse* magazines were shown to the court during preliminary court appearances as part of the items found in Rader's shed, he leapt out of his seat and demanded an objection. "He didn't have a problem with dead bodies and the other photos [of his victims and bondage and torture] but he objected to a little legal porn?," Osburn told the *Observer-Reporter* newspaper.

THE AFTERMATH

Rader continued to court the press and actually confessed he was planning to kill again and had started to stalk his next victim. "There was probably one more," he revealed in a phone interview with a Kansas television anchor. "I was really thinking about it, but I was beginning to slow down age-wise my 'thinking' process, so it probably would have never went. It was probably more of an ego thing".

Lieutenant Landwehr, who passed away in 2014 from cancer at age 59, recalled he was astonished during the lengthy confession that Rader was most upset police had lied to him about the floppy disk.

"I was trying to catch you," Landwehr told Rader.

"But we had such a good thing going. You and I had that rapport," Rader replied.

CHRONICLE OF A KILLER

THE HUNTING AND DUMPING GROUNDS OF BTK, WHOSE DESPERATE NEED FOR ATTENTION LED HIM TO CORRESPOND WITH POLICE AND MEDIA



VICKI WEGERLE

On 16 September 1986, Vicki Wegerle, 28 is strangled at her home. Suspicion initially fell on her husband for the murder.



KATHRYN BRIGHT

On 4 April 1974, Kathryn Bright, 21, is stabbed at her home on 3217 E. 13th St. Kathryn's young brother was shot but survived.

DENNIS RADER'S HOUSE

PARK CITY

WICHITA



SHIRLEY VIAN

On 17 March 1977, Shirley Vian is strangled at 1311 S. Hydraulic while her children were locked in the bathroom.



NANCY FOX

On 8 December 1977, Nancy Fox, 25, is strangled at her duplex apartment at 843 S. Pershing.



OTERO FAMILY

On 15 January 1974, four members of the Otero family – parents Joseph and Julie and two of their children age 9 and 11 are strangled at 803 N. Edgemoor.

USA

KANSAS

135

KECHI

**DOLORES DAVIS**

On 19 January 1991, Dolores Davis vanishes from her home at 6226 N. Hillside. Her body isn't found until almost a fortnight later, 10 miles away.

**MARINE HEDGE**

On 27 April 1985, Marine Hedge, 53, disappears from her home at 6254 Independence. Her body is found eight days later near 53rd North and Webb Road.

MAP KEY**1 - KAKE TV**

A note was delivered detailing the murder of Nancy Fox

2 - KSAS TV

A floppy disk sent to KSAS TV led to Rader's eventual capture

3 - WICHITA PUBLIC LIBRARY

Rader hid a note in an engineering book in the library, taking credit for the killings of the Otero family and revealing

details only the murderer would know

4 - SEDGWICK COUNTY COURT

Rader received 30 life sentences after admitting his crimes in court

5 - WICHITA EAGLE

After years of silence, the Wichita Eagle received a letter from 'Bill Thomas Killman' in 2004

“ BTK TOOK HIS TIME. HE CAREFULLY STALKED HIS VICTIMS AND WAS NOW CONFIDENT IN HIS METHODS OF PROLONGED TORTURE ”

A KILLER BEGINS – A FAMILY IS MURDERED

A transcript from the trial of Dennis Rader, detailing the murder of the Otero family

JUDGE: Alright, what did you do to Joseph Otero?

RADER: Joseph Otero?

JUDGE: Joseph Otero Senior, Mr. Otero, the father.

RADER: I put a plastic bag over his head and then some cords and tightened it.

JUDGE: This was in the bedroom?

RADER: Yes sir.

JUDGE: Did he in fact suffocate and die as a result of this?

RADER: Not right away. No sir, he didn't.

JUDGE: What happened?

RADER: Well, after that, I did Mrs. Otero. I had never strangled anyone before so I really didn't know how much pressure you had to put on a person or how long it would take. But...

JUDGE: Was she also tied up there?

RADER: Yes, uh-huh. Both their hands and their feet were tied up.

JUDGE: Where were the children?

RADER: Well, Josephine was on the bed and Junior was on the floor at this time.

JUDGE: So, we're talking about first of all about Joseph Otero. So you put the bag over his head and tied it. And he did not die right away. Can you tell me what happened in regards to Joseph Otero.

RADER: He moved over real quick like and, I think, tore a hole in the bag and I could tell he was having some problems there. But at that time the whole family just went, uh, they went panicked on me so I worked pretty quick.

JUDGE: You worked pretty quick. What did you do?

RADER: Well, I mean I strangled Mrs. Otero and she went out, or passed out. I thought she was dead. She passed out. Then I strangled Josephine. She passed out, or I thought she was dead. And then I went over and put a bag on Junior's head. And then, if I remember right, Mrs. Otero came back. She came back and...

JUDGE: Let me ask you about Joseph Otero Senior. You indicated he had torn a hole in the bag. What did you do with him then?

RADER: I put another bag over it. Either that or, I recollect, I put a cloth or a T-shirt over it, over his head, then another bag.

THE HUNT FOR STEVE WRIGHT

HOW ONE OF THE LARGEST POLICE INVESTIGATIONS IN RECENT TIMES CAUGHT THE SUFFOLK STRANGLER

The hunt was on. Two women had been found dead, murdered and disposed of in mysterious circumstances, and an additional three were missing. The streets of Ipswich were no longer a safe place to be, and it was up to the police to make sure that the perpetrator was found as quickly as possible.

Of help to those in charge of the investigation was the fact that the killings and disappearances had a link: all of the victims were women who worked as prostitutes. Already down on their luck and at a low ebb, their misfortune-strewn existences were put to an end in the most ignominious of circumstances, shorn of any dignity. The parallels with the most notorious unidentified serial killer in history were plain for everyone to see – only this time, whoever it was wasn't going to get away with it.

Codenamed 'Operation Sumac', the murders of 19-year-old Tania Nicol and 25-year-old Gemma Adams (both found in similar circumstances, naked and abandoned in woodland areas) were linked together. At a press conference on 10 December 2006, detectives from the Suffolk Constabulary, who were heading up the investigation, issued a warning to women working on the streets of Ipswich at night that it was unsafe to do so, especially considering that three women were still missing.

As it turned out, their sad fates had already been sealed. On the same day as the press conference, 29-year-old Annette Nicholls, who had been missing since 5 December, was discovered dead near Levington. On the same day, 24-year-old mother of three Paula Clennell went missing, only to be found dead two days later on 12 December, close to the location where Nicholls had been found. On that day, the body of Anneli Alderton, also aged 24, who had been missing since 3 December, was discovered, naked and posed in the cruciform position – in much the same way as Nicholls before her.

Steve Wright:
the Suffolk
Strangler who
murdered
five women

Former forklift truck driver, Steve Wright, 48, convicted for murdering five prostitutes whose bodies were found around Ipswich, shown in a still from a wedding video in 2002





The house where Wright was living when he committed the murders has since been boarded up

The police and forensic teams investigating Wright's house after he was arrested



With the full glare of the media focused on the police investigation, an almost unprecedented level of coverage was given to the case, which in turn reflected the number of police personnel involved in the investigation itself. Alongside Chief Constable Alastair McWhirter, veteran Metropolitan Police investigator Dave Johnston was drafted in from London, and the day-to-day work details assigned to Detective Chief Superintendent Stewart Gull. The message was clear: this was a case that had to be solved, and results were expected.

But the wider police involvement didn't stop there. Over the course of the investigation, over 850 officers from all over the country were involved at some point. By 18 December, over 10,000 phone calls had been made to police in connection with the case, and detectives had carefully pored through around 10,000 hours of CCTV footage while searching for clues.

Even the media played its part in the investigation. There was 24-hour news coverage of the event provided by the BBC and Sky since the first murder, with the subsequent developments capturing the public imagination. Links were made with the case of Peter Sutcliffe, the Yorkshire Ripper, and a number of names even coined for the unidentified culprit, with the general consensus ultimately settling on the 'Suffolk Strangler'.

Similarly, rewards were offered for information. The Ipswich-based Call Connection call centre offered £25,000 for leads that would result in the capture of the perpetrator,

and the *News Of The World* put up £250,000. With such large amounts of money being offered, there was an inevitable amount of unnecessary calls. In part, this led to Attorney General Lord Goldsmith issuing guidelines to the media to show restraint in their coverage, and therefore avoid possibly prejudicing the case.

Up until this point, despite the large amount of resources that were being thrown at the case, the identity of the killer – or even any clues that might shed light on who he was – remained frustratingly elusive. Whoever the killer was, he had covered his tracks well, although the net was beginning to close in.

CATCHING A KILLER

However, the first sign that progress had been made proved to be something of a false dawn. On 18 December, it was reported that a 37-year-old man had been arrested in connection with the murders near Felixstowe, Suffolk. With his captivity being extended by a further 24 hours, it would seem that the killer had finally been found.

Then, there was another breakthrough. The next morning on 19 December, a 48-year-old Ipswich resident was also arrested on suspicion of murder. Two days later, he was

“THIS WAS A CASE THAT HAD TO BE SOLVED AND RESULTS WERE EXPECTED”

identified as Steve Wright, a former ship steward, lorry driver and pub landlord, who was working as a forklift truck driver on night shifts. Having been a habitual frequenter of brothels for much of his life, circumstantial evidence had placed him in the areas around the time of the murders, putting him under suspicion.

However, this alone wasn't enough to commit him. While he had been careful to dispose of as much physical evidence linking him to the murders as he could, ultimately he wasn't thorough enough. Traces of his DNA were found on three of the women, while microscopic fragments from his clothing and car were present on all five of his victims.

And that wasn't all. Throughout the meticulous sifting through of the many hours of CCTV footage, Wright's Ford Mondeo was found to be present at key times during stages of all the women's disappearance. The implication was that Wright had picked up the women – ostensibly under the guise of paying for their 'services' – before strangling them to death, removing their clothing and disposing of their bodies in the woodland where they were found.

Yet Wright himself did his best to make himself an obstacle to detectives. Under the glare of their probing questions, he refused to be of any assistance. During the interrogation, he was asked: "We have got the last to go missing with your DNA and the one before with your

DNA, both on their naked bodies. How can that be?" His response? "No comment." Indeed, "No comment" was to be his line for much of the investigation. Whatever happened, they weren't going to get an admission of guilt from him.

THE TRIAL AND CONVICTION

As it turned out, however, they didn't need to. On 14 January 2008 – around two years since the murders themselves took place – Steve Wright went on trial at Ipswich Crown Court, accused of the murders of Nicol, Adams, Alderton, Nicholls and Clennell. Under the guidance of prosecuting QC Peter Wright, the jury was shown a series of videos of Wright driving his Mondeo through the red light district where the women had disappeared. Statements from women giving testament to having heard strange banging noises were made, and evidence of Wright's DNA found on their bodies were brought up.

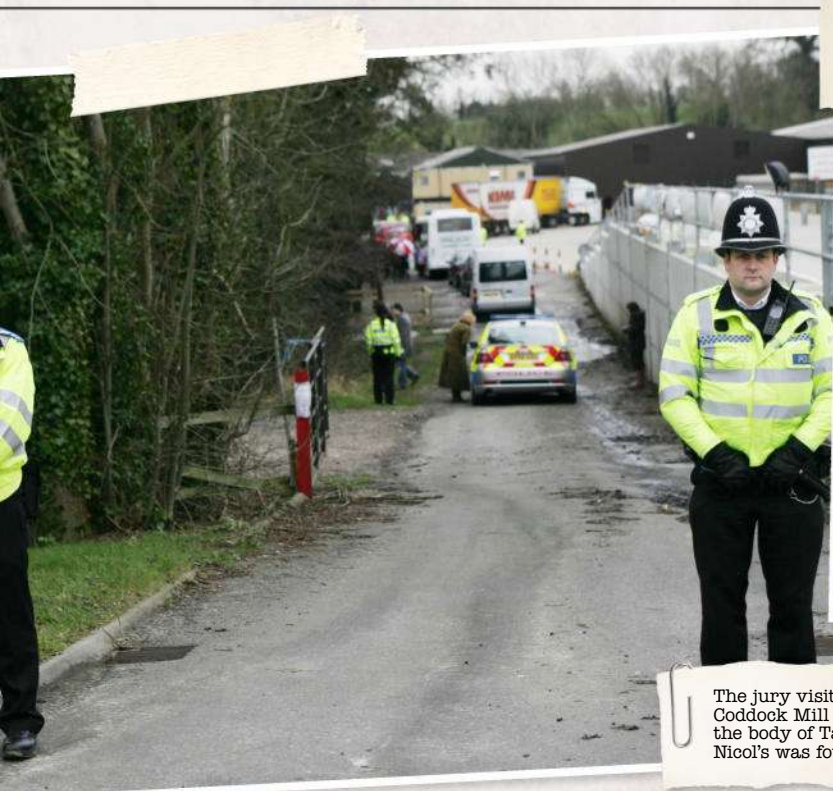
The single most incriminating facet of the evidence was the fact that carpet fibre from the footwell of his car had been found in Tania Nicol's hair – despite her body being dumped in water. The upshot was clear: there were too many coincidences for all these occurrences to be ignored. Yet in his defence statement, Wright incredibly claimed

“CARPET FIBRE FROM THE FOOTWELL OF HIS CAR HAD BEEN FOUND IN NICHOL'S HAIR – DESPITE HER BODY BEING DUMPED IN WATER”



INSET The moment when Justice Gross sentenced Steve Wright to life imprisonment, February 2008





Police guard the memorial to Paula Clennell ahead of the jury visit



The jury visit Coddock Mill where the body of Tania Nicol's was found

A courtroom drawing of Wright appearing in Ipswich Crown Court, January 2007



that they were just that: coincidences. Finally breaking his silence on the events, he admitted to having had sex with all the victims, apart from Nichols – as well as to being a habitual users of prostitutes throughout his life – but denied any involvement in their murders, effectively claiming he had just been in the wrong place in the wrong time. It was a desperate ploy from a man who had been caught, trying to protest his supposed innocence. It was an act that fooled nobody.

Moreover, there were numerous holes in his various statements. When he was initially stopped by police in the early hours, at the time he claimed he hadn't realised that he was in the red-light district, and that he had only been driving around that time because he couldn't sleep. Again, it didn't take long to have his web of lies and mistruths picked apart.

After eight hours of deliberation, on 21 February 2008, while various family members of his victims were in attendance, Wright was unanimously found guilty on all five counts of murder, and sentenced to life imprisonment – with life meaning life. Whatever happened, Wright would never leave prison.

The reaction to the verdict was mixed. While some of the victims' families declared themselves to be satisfied with the verdict, for others the wounds were too great to heal. For someone who had shown such disregard for others' safety, surely the only reasonable penalty was that he too should lose his own life? They may not have gotten what they wanted, but the case certainly had the effect of opening up the death penalty debate once more.

Above all else, there was one definitive outcome of the case: Steve Wright would spend the rest of his life in prison, away from the vulnerable members of society whose lives he took away. It may have come too late for his victims, but justice had finally been served.

BECOMING A KILLER

Steven Gerald James Wright is a serial killer responsible for the murders of five women: Tania Nicol, Gemma Adams, Anneli Alderton, Annette Nicholls and Paula Clennell.

Born on 24 April 1958 in the village of Erpingham in Norfolk, Wright had a fairly tumultuous upbringing, with his family moving to both Malta and Singapore while his father was on military service. His parents split and later both remarried, with Wright moving to live with his father.

After leaving school, he undertook a range of careers, first becoming a chef as a member of the Merchant Navy, before spending some times as a steward on the QE2. During this time he married Angela O'Donovan – with whom he had a son – before divorcing nine years later. His second marriage – which bore him a daughter – to Diana Cassell lasted just a year. By this point he had worked as a lorry driver and barman, and would later take on work as a forklift truck driver.

In 2004, he moved to Ipswich with his long-term partner Pamela, where he would commit the murders for which he became infamous. Between October and December 2006, he kidnapped, strangled, murdered and dumped the bodies of five local women who worked as prostitutes, sparking a massive investigation and various offers of rewards leading to his capture.

He was arrested on 19 December 2006, and ultimately found guilty of all five murders on 21 February 2008, his punishment being a life sentence with no prospect of release. Having originally intended to appeal against his conviction, he later decided against it, and is currently residing in prison. Throughout the case he would only repeat "Not guilty" in response to the charges, and to this day has never admitted his guilt.



A family man who hid a dark side that ended with five women dead

RISE OF THE RIPPER

PETER SUTCLIFFE MURDERED AT LEAST 13 WOMEN, EARNING PERMANENT NOTORIETY AS ONE OF BRITAIN'S WORST SERIAL KILLERS

“ HE APPALLED WORKMATES WITH REFERENCES TO NECROPHILIA, CLAIMING TO HAVE STOLEN FROM THE BODIES HE BURIED ”

Between 1975 and 1980, West Yorkshire endured a series of brutal murders and attacks on women perpetrated by Peter Sutcliffe. Born in the Yorkshire town of Bingley on 2 June, 1946 Sutcliffe murdered 13 women and attacked seven more. Journalists christened him the 'Yorkshire Ripper' for his extreme brutality.

There was little in his childhood to suggest his future crimes. He had a fairly ordinary upbringing although there was domestic tension. Sutcliffe's father suspected his mother was unfaithful, inspiring suggestions that this triggered Sutcliffe's deep-rooted misogyny. But Sutcliffe himself had a quiet manner – nothing particularly stood out about him.

DARK OBSESSIONS

As Sutcliffe grew up, he began exhibiting dark obsessions and disturbing behaviour. Before marrying his wife Sonia in

August, 1974 (his first girlfriend) Sutcliffe had a succession of jobs. Among those jobs he included working as a grave digger. While in employment, he appalled workmates with constant references to necrophilia, claiming to have stolen trophies from the bodies he buried. Not surprisingly his workmates found him unsettling to be around.

In 1969 he committed his first confirmed attack. Claiming to have been cheated out of money by a prostitute, Sutcliffe went looking for her with friend Trevor Birdsall. Not finding her, Sutcliffe instead attacked another woman using a stone hidden inside a sock before returning to Birdsall's van and demanding that Birdsall drive him away. Birdsall's registration number had been noted and, the next day, Sutcliffe was interviewed by police. He claimed to have hit her using only his hand. As the woman was a known prostitute with a boyfriend in prison for violence, she declined to press charges.



In June 1975, Sutcliffe qualified as a long-distance truck driver and also learned that wife Sonia was unable to have children. His truck window bore a narcissistic, sinister notice in one window:

'In this truck is a man whose latent genius, if unleashed, would rock the nation, whose dynamic energy would overpower those around him. Better let him sleep?'

Substitute 'extreme violence' for 'latent genius' and, as events later proved, he wasn't entirely wrong.

RISE OF THE RIPPER

Shortly after that he began his crime spree. In the early hours of 5 July 1975, Anna Rogulskyj was returning to her boyfriend's home in Keighley after an argument. Sutcliffe was waiting. He attacked her with a hammer, beat her almost to death and repeatedly slashed her with a knife. He

was disturbed by a neighbour and, having persuaded the neighbour that all was well, he fled. Rogulskyj was found and rushed to hospital where, after being given the last rites, she survived, albeit permanently traumatised.

Olive Smelt was his third victim. She was out on Friday, 15 August 1975, for her regular weekly drinks when she was attacked without warning with a hammer and knife. Having beaten her unconscious, Sutcliffe set about slashing her with a knife when a passing car disturbed him. He fled before finishing the attack.

Wilma McCann was a Leeds prostitute and Sutcliffe's first confirmed murder. He attacked her in October, 1975 with his favoured murder tools of a knife and hammer, stabbing her 15 times. Police didn't link her murder with Sutcliffe's previous attacks, despite an extensive inquiry involving over 100 officers and thousands of interviews. Sutcliffe was free to continue his attacks.

ABOVE Peter Sutcliffe instilled fear into the hearts of women from all backgrounds, with his murderous campaign and freedom to keep killing despite being questioned by police on nine occasions

RIGHT Police discover the body of Josephine Whitaker, who was attacked on Saville Park Moor, Halifax

And he did. Emily Jackson was murdered on 20 January, 1976. Sutcliffe hit her with a hammer, stabbed her 51 times with a screwdriver and stamped so hard on her leg that he left a footprint. Marcella Clayton survived being attacked on 9 May 1976, at Roundhay Park in Leeds after accepting a lift home. She would later give evidence at Sutcliffe's trial.

Irene Richardson wasn't as lucky. On 5 February 1977, she was attacked, also at Roundhay Park. She was beaten to death with a hammer, then mutilated with a knife. Not long afterward, on 23 April in Bradford, Patricia Atkinson became another of Sutcliffe's victims. She was killed with his customary brutality in her Bradford flat.

HIS FIRST 'INNOCENT' VICTIM

Jayne MacDonald fell prey to Sutcliffe on 26 June, her body found in an adventure playground after missing her bus and being unable to find herself a taxi. A shop assistant aged only 16, she wasn't a prostitute so, in the eyes of the press, police and public, she was an ordinary, respectable young girl whose murder rated greater sympathy. Newspapers openly described her as the first of Sutcliffe's 'innocent' victims. Now the public and press began demanding action and police were forced to accept a serial attacker was at work.

The press descended in force. Journalists greedily lapped up details while editorials put increasing pressure on the police to catch the criminal now dubbed the 'Yorkshire Ripper.' Whether media pressure helped or hindered the investigation is debatable. That the press had a field day with Sutcliffe's crimes sadly isn't. Banner headlines reported every grisly detail. The longer police went without an arrest, the greater the pressure from reporters and, by extension, politicians and the public.

As a result of Sutcliffe's crimes and the reporting of them, a climate of fear began developing in Northern England. While many might not lose any sleep over crimes against prostitutes, many of Sutcliffe's victims weren't actually prostitutes. They were ordinary, respectable people who had the misfortune of being targeted by a serial killer. That made the 'respectable' world take notice. The thought in many people's minds must have been 'If he can murder respectable, decent women then he might murder me...'

As former journalist Henry Matthews put it: "Prior to that point the fear, if you like, had been exclusively felt by working prostitutes. But from Jayne MacDonald on there was this feeling that no woman was safe."

A CLIMATE OF FEAR

Like a stone dropped in a pond, Sutcliffe created ripples spreading beyond geographical and social barriers. The public were afraid and they wanted the Ripper caught. They pressurised politicians and police via the press who, in turn, increased the pressure while avoiding the uncomfortable thought that criminals like Sutcliffe boosted audience ratings and circulation figures. The press might not like admitting the fact, but banner exclusives about serial killers sell papers, magazines and books while boosting TV and radio audiences. The old saying in American television 'If it bleeds, it leads' still applies. Odious though they undoubtedly are, serial killers are good for business. The worse their crimes and the higher their profiles, the more profitable they become.



“THE PUBLIC AND PRESS BEGAN DEMANDING ACTION AND POLICE WERE FORCED TO ACCEPT A SERIAL ATTACKER WAS AT WORK”

And Sutcliffe kept them in business. Maureen Long was attacked in July, 1977. She survived, but only because Sutcliffe was disturbed. It wasn't long before he was looking to kill again. It wasn't long before he did, either. On 1 October he murdered Jean Jordan. She lay undiscovered for 10 days, giving time for Sutcliffe to return four days later and search her body for a £5 note that he thought might have been able to be traced back to him. He didn't find the banknote, but he did mutilate her body before moving it to where it was found in what investigators call a 'drag and drop.' She was discovered by local dairy worker Bruce Jones, later to become an actor and play Les Battersby in long-running soap *Coronation Street*.

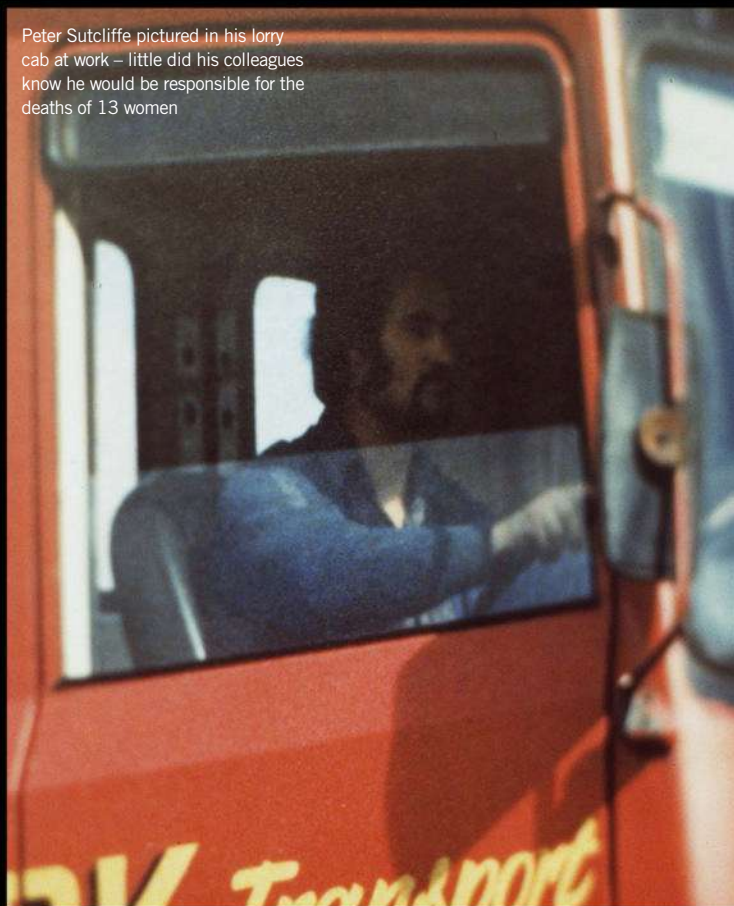
The banknote was found by police in Jordan's handbag and traced back to a local bank branch. Sutcliffe's fears over it leading to him were justified; he was identified as someone who could have received the note so, along with 5,000 other men, he was interviewed about it. However, he was released.

His brush with the law did nothing to quash his murderous spirit and on 14 December, Sutcliffe struck again. Marilyn Moore survived the brutal assault, giving police a description of her attacker. Police also found tyre tracks at the crime scene, matching those found at a previous attack.





Peter Sutcliffe pictured in his lorry cab at work – little did his colleagues know he would be responsible for the deaths of 13 women



The home of the Yorkshire Ripper, pictured in 1981

Prostitute Yvonne Pearson was murdered in Bradford in early January, 1978. Aged only 21, her body was hidden under an abandoned sofa and wasn't discovered until March. Police found another victim later that month, prostitute Helen Rytka in Huddersfield. Helen Rytka's body lay undiscovered for three days after Sutcliffe beat and slashed her to death.

'WEARISIDE JACK'

Along with Yvonne Pearson's body, March of 1978 added a new, disastrous twist to the investigation – notorious hoaxer 'Weariside Jack.' Real name John Humble, he was sentenced to eight years in 2006 for perverting the course of justice by sending a series of hoax letters to police and newspapers claiming to be the Ripper. He also personally taunted lead investigator Assistant Chief Constable George Oldfield with a two-minute audio tape including the words:

"I'm Jack. I see you are still having no luck catching me. I have the greatest respect for you George but, Lord, you are no nearer catching me now than you were four years ago when I started."

Humble's hoaxing had disastrous consequences. Funding, resources and manpower were significantly diverted towards finding 'Weariside Jack', with Oldfield viewing him as the prime suspect. Worse, it meant that Sutcliffe, whose voice didn't match the audiotape, was again discounted as a likely suspect. Humble's interference started out as a prank (so he later claimed). It meant that Sutcliffe had more time to continue killing while police were chasing a figment of John Humble's imagination.

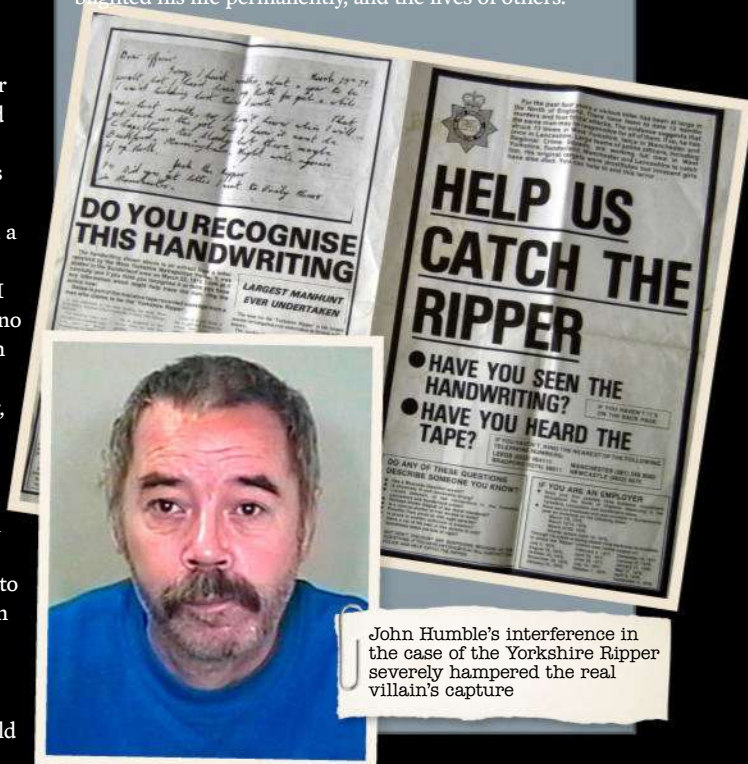
Sutcliffe waited until 16 May for his next victim. Discovered in the car park of the Manchester Royal Infirmary, Vera Millward was his last victim of 1978. It would

THE RIPPER HOAXER — WEARISIDE JACK

'Weariside Jack' (actually John Humble) greatly hindered the investigation into Sutcliffe's crimes. Humble admitted the tape he sent to Assistant Chief Constable George Oldfield claiming to be the Ripper and personally taunting Oldfield for not having caught him started as a prank. He even claims to have called police more than once to make them accept that 'Weariside Jack' was merely a figment of his imagination. But having started the ball rolling and successfully made police believe that he may well be the Yorkshire Ripper, Humble was unable to make them believe that he wasn't.

Unfortunately for Humble, the police and Sutcliffe's victims, his 'prank' had dreadful consequences. Facing immense public, media and political pressure to catch the Ripper, police interviewed 40,000 suspects and launched a £1 million publicity campaign. Meanwhile, Peter Sutcliffe was free to kill and kill again, relatively safe in the knowledge that they were chasing a suspect who didn't exist.

It turned out badly for Humble as well. Long after the case was closed and Sutcliffe began a whole-life sentence for the murders, Humble was arrested 27 years later during a cold case review. His DNA sample, taken in 1991 after his arrest for being drunk and disorderly, identified him as 'Weariside Jack.' He was sentenced in 2006 to eight years for perverting the course of justice. Having also sent numerous letters to newspapers in addition to the tape sent to Assistant Chief Constable Oldfield, his trial judge handed down a stiff sentence. Humble has since been released. His life after release has seen him develop an alcohol problem and make a number of suicide attempts. His family's home has been vandalised more than once as a result of Humble's notoriety. Effectively Humble blighted his life permanently, and the lives of others.



John Humble's interference in the case of the Yorkshire Ripper severely hampered the real villain's capture

be nearly a year before he attacked again, during which time his mother died.

On 4 April 1979, he returned to his killing. Nineteen-year-old building society clerk, Josephine Whitaker, was found dead on Saville Park Moor, Halifax. On 1 September, 20-year-old Barbara Leach, a Bradford University student, was found dead near her university lodgings. She would be his last victim for 1979.

There would follow another break of nearly a year before he murdered Marguerite Walls on 20 August 1980. Walls was unusually old for one of Sutcliffe's victims, many being young rather than middle-aged. This didn't stop him. His next attack came in October, 1980, with the last few months of 1980 seeing him attack repeatedly without managing to perform another murder.

THE RIPPER'S FINAL FLING

Dr Uphadya Bandara was attacked on 24 September, fortunately surviving. Sutcliffe struck again on 25 October, this time severely injuring (but not murdering) art student Maureen Lea. Jacqueline Hill was aged 20 and a Leeds University student. Her body was found near Lupin Residence near the campus. Sixteen-year-old Theresa Sykes was attacked in Huddersfield on 5 November, narrowly surviving a brutal assault.

Theresa Sykes was to be his final victim. Sutcliffe was arrested on 2 January 1981, sitting in his car in Sheffield. With him was prostitute Olivia Rievers, unaware that Sutcliffe possessed two knives, a hammer, a length of rope and murderous intent. He was arrested when a check revealed his car's false number plates, probably saving Olivia Rievers' life. Claiming he needed to relieve himself, Sutcliffe hid the hammer, rope and one of the knives, all recovered the next day by police. Sutcliffe was taken to Dewsbury Police Station for further questioning. Olivia Rievers had been extremely lucky.

Matching the Ripper's description, Sutcliffe was routinely questioned about the attacks. Having been questioned nine times by now without being charged, he might have been expecting to be released. He wasn't. To the surprise of his interrogators he confessed on 4 January, 1981. Police had revisited the scene of his arrest and recovered a knife, the rope and the hammer. His other knife was found hidden in a toilet cistern at the police station. On being strip-searched officers had discovered he was wearing a V-neck pullover under his clothes. His legs went through the pullover's arms, leaving his nether regions fully exposed. Sutcliffe knew he was beaten, giving a detailed confession to his crimes.

The nearest he came to remorse was over Jayne MacDonald. Accused of murdering Joan Harrison, Sutcliffe angrily denied the crime. It was later linked by DNA evidence to convicted sex offender Christopher Smith who died in 2011. Given his detailed confession made him one of the worst serial killers in British criminal history, it didn't matter. He would go to trial and, barring truly enormous legal errors, there was no doubt he'd be behind bars for the rest of his life.

Sutcliffe went before Dewsbury Magistrates on 5 January,

charged initially with murdering Jacqueline Hill and stealing the false plates found on his car. The hearing lasted little more than five minutes before he was remanded. On 20 February he was committed for trial on 13 counts of murder and seven counts of attempted murder.

At Leeds Crown Court on 14 April, both prosecution and defence agreed that he should be granted a change of venue. Public hostility in Yorkshire might have prejudiced his chance of a fair trial. He was transferred to London's Central Criminal Court, the legendary 'Old Bailey.' His trial was originally scheduled for 29 April.

ARREST AND TRIAL

Before his trial, Sutcliffe's sanity was assessed. Criminal insanity is defined differently to a medical diagnosis, relying on whether a defendant understands the nature of their acts and knows that they are committing a crime. A medical diagnosis of mental illness doesn't in itself make a defendant unfit to plead.

Sutcliffe initially pled not guilty to 13 murder charges, but guilty to manslaughter on grounds of diminished responsibility. He claimed he was obeying God's will, that voices ordered him to murder prostitutes and that those

10



JOSEPHINE WHITAKER

Nineteen-year-old Josephine Whitaker was murdered in Halifax on 4 April, 1979. Halifax wasn't Sutcliffe's usual hunting ground.

9



VERA MILLWARD

Vera Millward, murdered in Manchester on 16 May, 1978. Millward was Sutcliffe's first kill in several months after a couple of unsuccessful attacks.

6



JEAN JORDAN

Jean Jordan was murdered in Manchester in October, 1977. Her body was discovered by Coronation Street actor Bruce Jones.

8



HELEN RYTKA

The body of 18-year-old Helen Rytka was discovered in Huddersfield on 31 January, 1978. She was one of the Ripper's later murders.

“HE CLAIMED VOICES ORDERED HIM TO MURDER PROSTITUTES, THAT THOSE VOICES CAME FROM GOD VIA THE GRAVE OF A DECEASED POLISH LABOURER”

SUTCLIFFE'S MURDER VICTIMS

MEET THE WOMEN UNFORTUNATE ENOUGH TO CROSS THE YORKSHIRE RIPPER'S PATH

4


PATRICIA ATKINSON

Patricia Atkinson was murdered on 23 April, 1977 in Bradford. By now, the Ripper was well into his stride and honing his technique.

7


YVONNE PEARSON

Mother of two, Yvonne Pearson was murdered in Bradford on 21 January, 1978. Sutcliffe had been particularly brutal in this attack.

1


WILMA MCCANN

Murdered in October, 1975, in Chapeltown, Leeds. Wilma McCann was Sutcliffe's first confirmed murder. Unfortunately she would not be his last.

2


EMILY JACKSON

Emily Jackson was found dead in Leeds on 20 January, 1976. Sutcliffe was beginning to warm to his crimes.

3


IRENE RICHARDSON

Irene Richardson was murdered in Roundhay Park, Leeds on 5 February 1977, near Sutcliffe's vicious attack on Marcella Claxton.

5


JAYNE MACDONALD

It was the murder of 16-year-old Jayne MacDonald that really sparked public opinion.

12


MARGUERITA WALLS

Walls' body was found in Leeds in August, 1980. She was Sutcliffe's penultimate murder, though being far from his last attack.

13

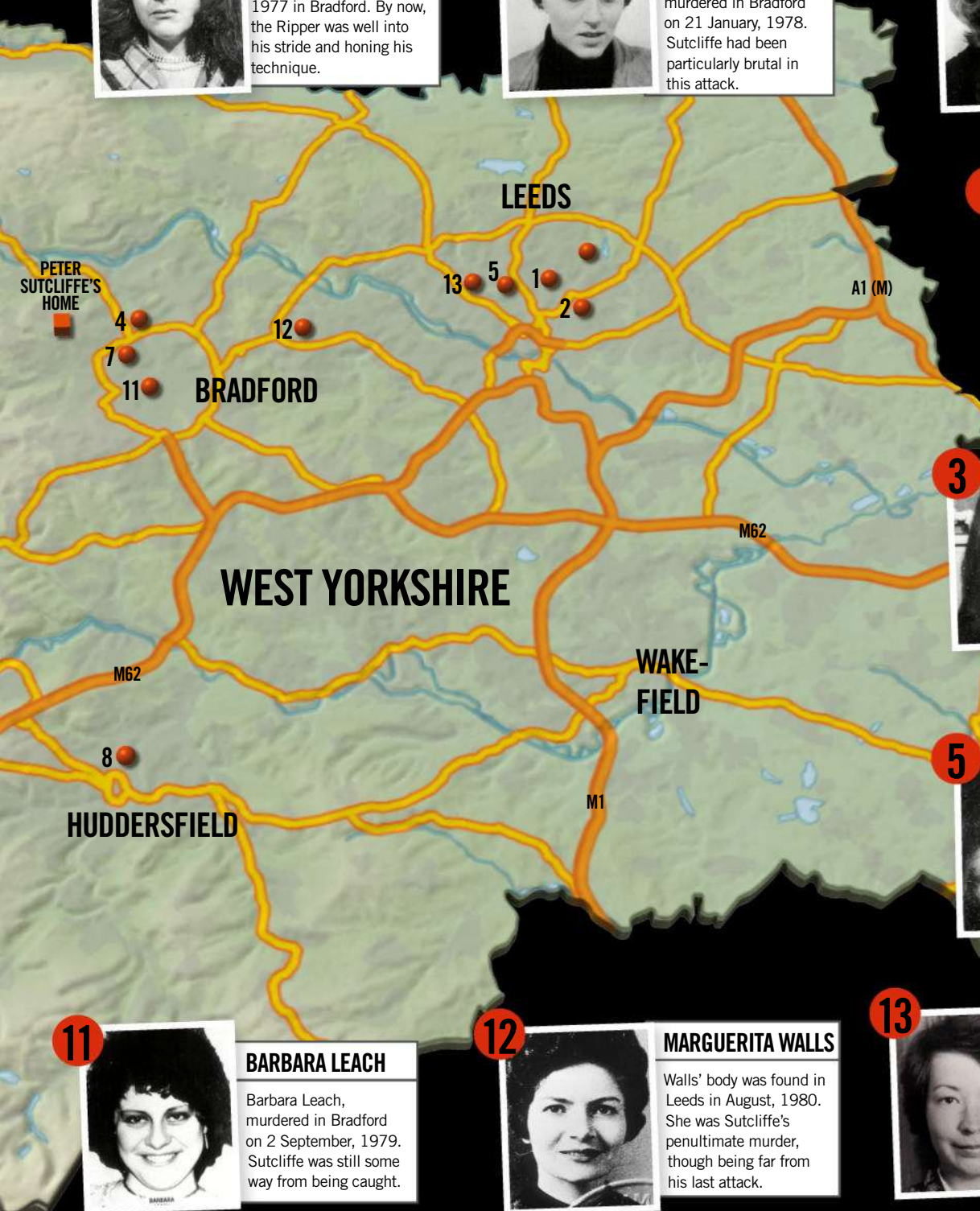

JACQUELINE HILL

Jacqueline Hill, murdered in Leeds on 17 November, 1980. Mercifully, she was the last person murdered by the Yorkshire Ripper. He would attack several women before his arrest in January 1981.

11


BARBARA LEACH

Barbara Leach, murdered in Bradford on 2 September, 1979. Sutcliffe was still some way from being caught.



SUTCLIFFE'S SUFFERING

Sutcliffe's time behind bars hasn't been trouble-free. After his conviction he was sent to Parkhurst. On 10 January 1983, James Costello gouged Sutcliffe's face with a broken coffee jar, causing several facial wounds.

Under the Mental Health Act Sutcliffe was transferred to Broadmoor for psychiatric treatment in 1984. He was attacked by fellow patient Paul Watson, who attempted to garrote Sutcliffe with a lead from a pair of headphones. Wilson was stopped by Kenneth Erskine (AKA the 'Stockwell Stranger') and Jamie Devitt.

On 10 March 1997, patient Ian Kay attacked Sutcliffe with a pen, causing serious injuries to both eyes. Sutcliffe lost the sight in one eye as a result. Kay later admitted his intent to murder Sutcliffe and was detained indefinitely under the Mental Health Act.

The 22 December 2007 saw Sutcliffe attacked again. Fellow patient Patrick Sureda stabbed him in the face with a table knife, attempting to blind Sutcliffe's remaining eye. Sureda was restrained and Sutcliffe survived with facial wounds.

It seems as though Sutcliffe will have to live in fear of more attacks. In March 2010, then-Home Secretary Jack Straw was asked by an MP representing one of Sutcliffe's victims if he would ever be released. Straw made it clear that, in his opinion: "All the evidence I have seen in this case, and it's a great deal, suggests to me that there are no circumstances in which this man will ever be released."



voices came from God via the grave of a deceased Polish labourer. He also pled guilty to seven counts of attempted murder. While prosecutors were initially willing to accept his plea, the trial judge proved more sceptical. A pre-trial legal argument ensued.

Mr Justice Boreham heard from several psychiatrists regarding Sutcliffe's alleged paranoid schizophrenia, spending another two hours hearing Attorney General Sir Michael Havers. After lunch another 40 minutes of discussion saw Justice Boreham reject Sutcliffe's plea, ruling that Sutcliffe would face a jury trial beginning on 5 May, 1981.

His trial was, as you might expect, a media circus. Serial killers are mercifully rare in Britain and such a notorious defendant only whetted media appetites. Sutcliffe's degree of violence was as appalling as his prolific brutality. When his trial began, it lasted a full fortnight. The famous 'Number One Court' at the Old Bailey was full on a daily basis.

Sutcliffe was defended by James Chadwin, QC, a Queen's Counsel with a solid record. The prosecution was led by Attorney General Sir Michael Havers. It's unusual for Attorney Generals to personally prosecute cases, showing that authorities regarded Sutcliffe's crimes as being extraordinary. Mercifully, they're not a regular occurrence.

Given the array of evidence, especially testimony from surviving victims and Sutcliffe's own confession, the trial itself was a virtual formality. The verdict was practically predetermined but, as every defendant must have a trial, the formalities were observed. After two weeks of evidence and testimony the jury deliberated less than six hours before delivering their verdict.

There could be little doubt that Sutcliffe committed the crimes. The jury probably discussed Sutcliffe's sanity as much as his actual guilt. They briefly consulted with Mr Justice

“THE WOMEN I KILLED WERE FILTH — PROSTITUTES LITTERING THE STREETS. I WAS JUST CLEANING THE PLACE UP A BIT”

Boreham, telling him that they couldn't reach a unanimous verdict. The judge ruled that a majority 10-2 verdict would be acceptable. After only another 47 minutes they delivered their verdict. Guilty as charged on all counts.

It only remained for Mr Justice Boreham to pass sentence. He passed the mandatory life sentence for 13 murders and seven attempted murders, attaching a minimum 30-year tariff before Sutcliffe would even be eligible for parole, although hoping Sutcliffe would never be released.

He described Sutcliffe as: "An unusually dangerous man. I express my hope that when I have said life imprisonment, it will mean exactly that."

While praising police for catching Sutcliffe, he also had a few words for 'Wearside Jack':

"The scent was falsified by a cynical, almost inhuman hoaxter – I refer to the letters and the tape. I express the hope that one day he will be exposed."

THE END OF THE ROAD

After sentencing, Sutcliffe was then transferred to Parkhurst, a Category 'A' prison on the Isle of Wight often reserved for especially dangerous offenders. Sutcliffe shared his new home with some of the worst criminals Britain has seen, including Moors Murderer Ian Brady and serial poisoner Graham Young, among others. He lasted only a couple of years, surviving an attack from inmate James Costello in 1983.



He was transferred to Broadmoor Hospital in 1984 when his schizophrenia worsened.

Broadmoor, one of Britain's most notorious psychiatric facilities, has held many high-level offenders. Former residents include gangsters 'Mad' Frankie Fraser and Ronnie Kray, 'Stockwell Strangler' Kenneth Erskine and many others. Sutcliffe has suffered several attacks by other inmates while suffering increasingly severe chronic health problems.

Sutcliffe has requested a minimum sentence be set, appealing against his whole life sentence. Appeals Court and High Court judges have continued to reject his requests and appeals based on psychiatric reports, the number of victims and the brutality of his crimes. According to Mr Justice Mitting in 2010:

"This was a campaign of murder which terrorised the population of a large part of Yorkshire for several years. The only explanation for it, on the jury's verdict, was anger, hatred and obsession. Apart from a terrorist outrage, it is difficult to conceive of circumstances in which one man could account for so many victims."

Sutcliffe seems to have never expressed remorse at his crimes. One remark expressed his attitude more clearly than any other: "The women I killed were filth – bastard prostitutes who were littering the streets. I was just cleaning the place up a bit."

Although there is no doubt that the Yorkshire Ripper case has meant intense heartache for many, one important advance has come about as a result. A crippling problem for police was, in an age before computers, everything had to be committed to paper. As a result of the problems faced during the Ripper case, itself one of the largest manhunts in British criminal history, the police were equipped with a dedicated computer database for major inquiries. The database enabled

them to quickly cross-check evidence far more quickly than when officers had to search through thousands of index cards and paper files just to compare one small piece of information against another. After the Ripper case, officers nationwide could rely on an electronic crime-fighter named the 'Home Office Large Major Enquiry System', or HOLMES, for short.

The case of the Yorkshire Ripper still holds interest. A book has been published claiming police ineptitude allowed Sutcliffe to commit more murders than he was originally convicted of. Investigative journalist Tim Tate and former police intelligence officer Chris Clark recently published *Yorkshire Ripper: The Secret Murders*, making detailed allegations that Sutcliffe committed many more crimes and of a high-level cover-up. They allege Sutcliffe killed in other areas besides West Yorkshire and that police, fearing further criticism, know far more than they'll admit.

Tate and Clark list various people they think have been convicted of crimes that Sutcliffe could have committed. Stephen Downing was wrongfully convicted, serving 27 years for a murder Sutcliffe might have committed. Anthony Steel served 25 years for murdering Carol Wilkinson in Bradford in 1977. Andrew Evans served 25 years for murdering Judith Roberts in Tamworth in 1972. Downing, Steel and Evans all had learning or mental difficulties making them more vulnerable to pressure from investigators. Between them they served 77 years before their convictions were quashed.

The jury's out on whether Sutcliffe's crimes are worse than previously thought and whether police have tried salvaging their reputations by hiding other alleged Ripper crimes. The horrendous nature of Sutcliffe's crimes, the lasting suffering of his surviving victims and the injustices suffered by Downing, Evans and Steel don't seem to be in any doubt.

LEFT This image shows Peter Sutcliffe's wife, Sonia, exiting the Old Bailey after her husband received his sentence

MIDDLE Dewsbury Magistrates Court held the dubious honour of holding Sutcliffe's first remand appearance of Sutcliffe in 1981. Police had to hold back the crowds

RIGHT Sutcliffe being led away from court, January 1981

SUMMER OF THE STRANGLER

THE SUMMER OF 1986 SAW LONDON'S ELDERLY LIVING IN FEAR AS A BURGLAR GRADUATED TO ASSAULT AND MURDER

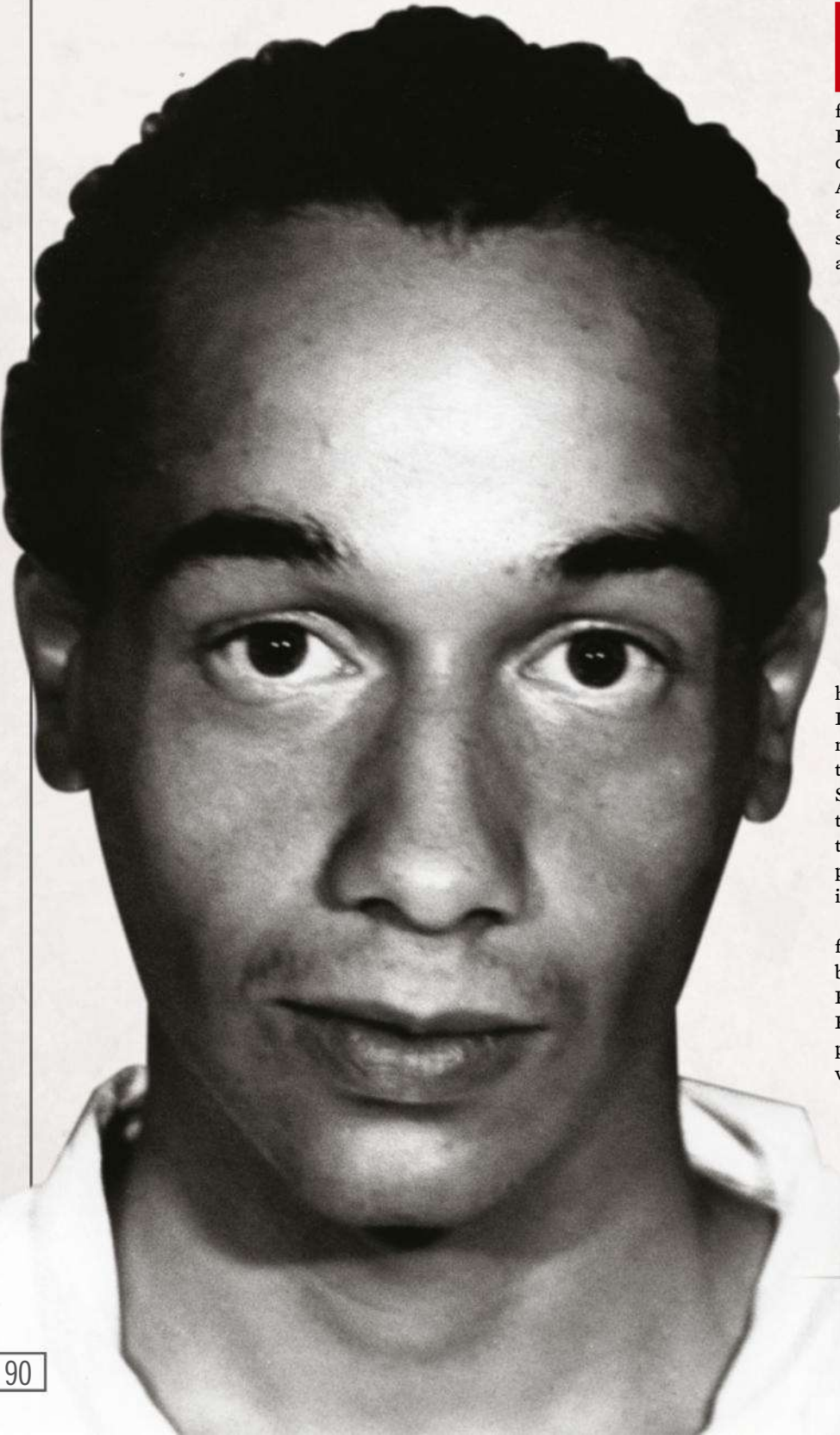
His left hand clamped over her mouth, stifling her cries for help, suffocating her. His knee was firmly planted on her chest, pinning her to the bed, his weight holding her frail body in place. His strength far outmatched hers, rendering her struggles ineffectual. His right hand clutched her throat, grip tightening, cutting off her airway, starving her body and brain of oxygen. As she finally slumped, unbreathing, her life passing from her abused body, he carefully laid her down and pulled the bed sheets around her, leaving her looking as if she had passed away peacefully in her sleep.

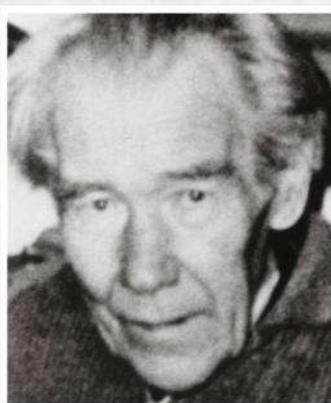
Unconsciousness and death may have come mercifully quickly, or he may have drawn out the suffering, prolonging the terror and enjoying the control he held over another's life. However it happened that April night in Wandsworth, London, Eileen Emms would go on to be considered the first in a string of elderly victims of Kenneth Erskine, a deeply disturbed, homeless addict who was driven to harm others by a voice inside his head. This was a man the press would go on to call 'the Stockwell Strangler'.

Eileen's death was initially written off as exactly what it appeared to be – an elderly lady, finally overcome by time's ravages, dying peacefully in her sleep. Somewhat tragically, even the signs of bruising located around her throat and on her chest where Erskine's knee had held her down went unnoticed by the doctor that attended after her home help found her on the morning of 9 April, 1986. It wasn't until it was noticed that a television had gone missing that the police were called and the first suspicions that something more sinister had occurred began to form. Scouring the scene for clues, the police found little evidence to help them identify the killer; only a short hair thought to have originated from the head of an Afro-Caribbean person. It wasn't much to go on, but the police began their investigation in earnest.

A retired teacher who lived alone in an untidy basement flat, Eileen's death marked Erskine's transition from mere burglar to full-blown murderer, though the 24-year-old from Putney was certainly no stranger to irrational, violent urges. Hindsight suggests that Erskine had begun to tread the dark path of a serial killer many years before claiming his first victim; as a child, his parents and teachers often had to deal

Erskine was a troubled youth, a time bomb waiting to explode into acts of violence that would shock Britain





with him threatening or attacking them, his siblings, or other children. As his behaviour worsened into his teenage years, his family cut him loose, no longer willing or able to cope with his violent tendencies. Rejected by his family and with no friends to turn to, Erskine became a drifter, addict and thief, though a string of minor convictions and time spent in jail suggested that he was in fact far from the most masterful of criminals.

At 18, the urge to harm surfaced again, and Erskine stabbed his boyfriend of the time without warning or provocation. The young man survived, though the incident was not reported to the police. Perhaps the voice that Erskine later claimed urged, threatened and cajoled him into killing had been there from the very beginning, a constant companion that remained with him throughout his life, an ever-present devil on his shoulder.

A BEAST UNLEASHED

It was two months before another, similar attack was reported – this time the victim was 67-year-old widow Janet Cockett. Like Eileen before her, Janet had been strangled in her bed, ribs bruised and broken where her attacker had pinned her to the mattress with his knees, but this time the killer had gone much further: Janet had been sexually assaulted, her night gown torn from her before being neatly folded and placed beside the bed. It seemed Janet's attacker had experienced some form of internal conflict whilst carrying out her murder – family photographs on a nearby mantelpiece had been turned away or placed face-down, as if Janet's abuser had on some level realised the shameful nature of his acts even as he performed them and couldn't bear the

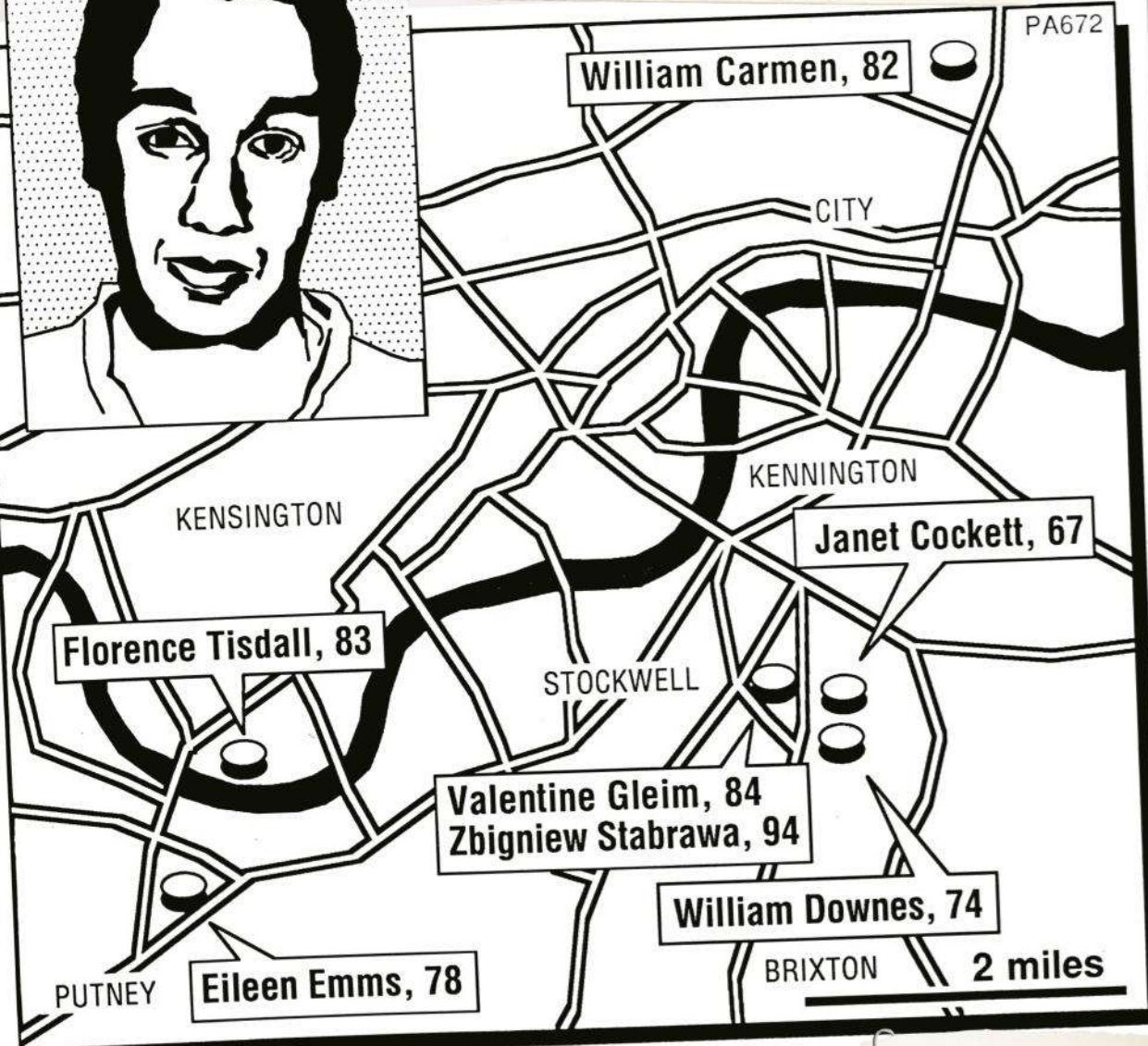
thought of being witnessed. This time partial palm prints were found by the police – one on the bathroom window, thought to have been left open on that warm, summer night, and a second on a plant pot.

Janet was the first victim to live in Stockwell, the area with which Erskine would later become forever associated. Details of Eileen's and Janet's murders were compared by the police immediately, but with two months and five miles separating the crimes and little common evidence, they couldn't be certain this was the work of the same man. Even with the palm prints, the detectives were no closer to identifying the killer – unlike with fingerprints, there was no digital database of palm prints available to compare against at the time.

On 27 June, just 18 days after Janet Cockett's murder, there was another attack, just west of Stockwell in Clapham. Seventy-three-year-old Fred Prentice awoke to find an intruder entering his room in the care home he lived in. Fred managed to turn on the bedside light as the man attacked, wrapping his hands around the pensioner's throat as he hissed the words "Kill...kill... kill" over and over. During the struggle Fred was able to activate a silent alarm, and the man fled, leaving Fred with the dubious honour of becoming the only victim to survive an encounter with the Stockwell Strangler. For the first time since the attacks began, the police had a witness that could describe Erskine's face, though they still had no name. The evidence was beginning to gather, but it was a race against time to capture him before he struck again. Erskine didn't give them much of a chance – presumably unfulfilled and frustrated by the interrupted attack at the residential home, he found a new target the very next night. Or rather, targets.

ABOVE Erskine's victims were all pensioners, too weak to defend themselves against his savage attacks

“ JANET HAD BEEN STRANGLED IN HER BED, RIBS BRUISED AND BROKEN WHERE HER ATTACKER HAD PINNED HER TO THE MATTRESS WITH HIS KNEES ”



Keyworth House in Southwark, where Erskine was finally arrested whilst waiting to claim unemployment benefit

The Strangler's victims all lived within a few square miles, with four of his seven murders taking place in Stockwell

Crossing back to Stockwell, Erskine broke into another care home, this time attacking two men, neighbours Zbigniew Stabrawa and Valentine Gleim. Both were strangled and sexually assaulted in their beds. The police were called when staff spotted him stalking the corridors, but by the time they arrived he had made his escape. The police stepped up their investigation, determined to catch this as-yet nameless killer as soon as possible, drafting in extra officers and posting overnight vigils on a number of residential homes for the elderly in South London.

Despite the increase in police activity, Erskine had been bitten by the killer bug and more victims followed – William Carmen, a widower living in Islington, was found strangled in his bed on 8 July, the sheets pulled up to his chin just like those of Eileen Emms three months earlier. His flat had clearly been ransacked and several hundred pounds in savings taken. Trevor Thomas' body was found in his bath in Clapham on the 12th, though it was clear he had been

dead for some time and any forensic evidence present was too deteriorated to prove useful. Nonetheless, it seemed likely, and is thought by many to be another of the Strangler's vicious attacks.

Finally, William Downes, resident of the same Stockwell estate that Janet Cockett had lived on, was found strangled and sexually assaulted in his home on 20 July. Once more, Erskine had left partial palm prints at the scene. For the first time, the detectives had solid physical evidence linking some of the murders.

STAKING OUT THE STRANGLER

Then finally the investigators got a result, and months of painstaking and intense work paid off. Years of arrest records of burglars and thieves caught in the local area had been manually searched through and compared, and a match was found for the palm prints lifted at Janet Cockett and William

“ DESPITE THE INCREASE IN POLICE ACTIVITY, ERSKINE HAD BEEN BITTEN BY THE KILLER BUG AND MORE VICTIMS FOLLOWED ”



Erskine was tried in 1988 and found guilty of seven counts of murder and one of attempted murder



DEALING WITH THE DISTURBED

Considered to have a mental age of 11, Erskine proved difficult to interview, often staring out of the window or giggling during questioning. He admitted to stealing from the homes of his victims – police found that he held multiple bank accounts into which he had deposited the proceeds of theft and burglary over the years, including money paid in on the day of William Carmen's murder – but initially claimed to remember nothing of the murders, insisting at one point that someone must have followed him, entering the properties after he left and killing the occupants. Later, he conceded that perhaps he had committed the murders, though without realising or remembering, telling detectives about a woman's voice that haunted him, urging him to kill. His limited reasoning ability and unwillingness to admit responsibility for the murders suggested that obtaining a full confession was unlikely.

Erskine's palm prints found at the scene had tied him to two of the murders, and Fred Prentice picked him out of an identity parade as the man that had tried to strangle him, but police still needed more to secure convictions for the other deaths that summer. They turned to the press, releasing a photo of Erskine and asking for information from the public. Diane Keena came forward, identifying Erskine as a man she had seen acting strangely on Putney Bridge just an hour after the murder of Florence Tisdall. With the rest of the evidence gathered against him, it proved enough to convict him, and after an 18-day trial in January, 1988, Erskine was found guilty of seven murders and the attempted murder of Fred Prentice, and sentenced to a minimum of 40 years in jail. Erskine, judged after his trial to be suffering from serious mental disorder, is now being held at Broadmoor Hospital, his murder convictions reduced to manslaughter on the grounds of diminished responsibility, where his mental state continues to deteriorate.



Erskine was moved to Broadmoor Hospital after psychological assessment concluded that he was mentally disturbed

Downes' homes. The police finally knew the name of the man they sought, but with Erskine having no fixed address, actually finding and apprehending him was going to be far from straightforward.

As the police made desperate enquiries at hostels and squats across South London, Erskine claimed a final victim – 80-year-old Florence Tisdall, found on 23 July abused and murdered in the Strangler's now all-too-familiar style in her flat near Putney Bridge.

It was the discovery that Erskine had been claiming benefits from the Department of Social Security that ultimately provided the break the detectives needed, and the opportunity to finally end Erskine's murderous spree. Knowing their man was due to collect his next unemployment benefit payment from the Department of Social Security's Keyworth House office in Southwark on 28 July, detectives staked out the building, waiting for Erskine to deliver himself into their hands. Sure enough, a young man of Afro-Caribbean descent, the man first described to them by Fred Prentice, joined the queue of claimants. Cuffed quickly and without so much as a struggle, Erskine was calmly led away to face judgement for his evil acts.

After months of instilling fear into the heart of the capital's senior citizens, the Stockwell Strangler was finally caught and the elderly residents of South London could once more sleep safely in their beds.

MURDER HOTEL

SELDOM HAS ANY SERIAL KILLER IN HISTORY GONE TO THE EXTREMES THAT HH HOLMES WENT TO. HIS 'CASTLE' WAS A MONUMENT TO MASS MURDER ON AN INDUSTRIAL SCALE, AS WELL AS A LUCRATIVE BUSINESS TO BOOT

In the 1950s legendary film, director Orson Welles called Scotland Yard's 'Black Museum' a "mausoleum of murder." If any building truly fitted that description, it was Chicago's World's Fair Hotel. Run by possibly the USA's most elaborate serial killer (and qualified physician) Doctor Herman Holmes, it catered for every facet of his darkest desires.

Born Herman Webster Mudgett in Gilmanton, New Hampshire, in 1860, Henry Howard Holmes (one of many aliases) was a bigamist, conman, serial killer and a doctor, who attended medical school at the University of Michigan. His father was a violent alcoholic and Herman was bullied at school. Once, his bullies took him to a doctor's office and tormented him with a skeleton, running its bony hands over his face. Holmes later admitted that he was at first terrified, but began thoroughly enjoying the experience. Perhaps it opened a door in his mind that should have remained firmly shut. Abused, powerless people often become power-seeking abusers in later life. While money buys power, harming others provides an extra thrill. For many serial killers, the motive is one or the other. Holmes wanted both.

At medical school he operated insurance scams, stealing cadavers from the mortuary and rendering them unrecognisable to make fraudulent claims. Under various aliases he operated confidence schemes in several states, but it was in Chicago that he built his 'Murder Castle', a monument to the lowest forms of deviancy.

Named the World's Fair Hotel, 'The Castle' (as locals called it) opened in time for the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition, an exhibition showcasing inventions appealing to Americans at the time. It was one of the most successful exhibitions of the age. Thousands flocked to Chicago needing hotels. Many of Holmes's guests never left alive.



THE 'MURDER CASTLE'

HOLMES'S HOTEL WAS A PURPOSE-BUILT DEATH FACTORY LURING VICTIMS TO THEIR SADISTIC DEATH AND BUSINESS-LIKE DISPOSAL

It would be accurate to say that no other American serial killer has developed so sophisticated and dedicated a style as Holmes. His hotel was unlike anything Americans had ever seen before, appalling and traumatising even hardened detectives. The idea of a house of horrors controlled by a sadistic psychopath who tortures and kills their house guests has filtered into popular culture, providing inspiration for horror movies, books and video games. Unfortunately for untold victims, the World's Fair Hotel wasn't a movie set and Holmes wasn't a figment of a screenwriter's imagination. HH Holmes was all too real.

DARK ROOM

An airtight metal vault next to Holmes's office used for storage and as a gas chamber. A hidden gas line was controlled from the office, although Holmes sometimes simply let victims run out of air.

SECRET HIDING PLACE

Next to the chute, this was a safe and convenient place for Holmes to temporarily conceal corpses before moving them down to the basement through the chute.

TRAP DOORS

The trap doors led down from guest rooms. Holmes used them for moving either corpses or drugged victims to be murdered or disposed of in the basement.

ASPHYXIATION CHAMBER

An airtight room used by Holmes to slowly suffocate victims. With a victim either lured in or carried there heavily drugged, Holmes often stood outside the room and listened to them suffer.

FALSE DOORS

Sadistic Holmes would toy with his 'guests' before they were killed. A number of the hotel's doors opened to walls, to confuse and dismay.

OFFICE

Holmes's office included his silent alarm system. Holmes knew when people moved around the hotel and could locate precisely where they were by silent alarms linked to every door.

RECEPTION ROOM

Hell's antechamber, fresh victims were lured through here and persuaded to rent a room in this particular devil's playground. It was their last contact with the outside world, they just didn't know it yet.

THE MAZE

Not the nicest place to stumble around, groggy and terrified, while recovering from an unexpected dose of chloroform. Holmes thoroughly enjoyed psychological cruelty. Murder was a business to him, but it was also his passion.

“ I WAS BORN WITH THE DEVIL IN ME. I COULD NOT HELP THE FACT THAT I WAS A MURDERER, NO MORE THAN THE POET CAN HELP THE INSPIRATION TO SING... ”

A MONUMENT TO MURDER

The hotel was built on a vacant lot, formerly the site of a drugstore owned by Elizabeth Holton, who employed Holmes as a general assistant. Holton, wanting to retire, sold it to Holmes in 1889 not knowing he raised the money by secretly mortgaging the stock, fixtures and fittings. To Holmes, that didn't matter. Holton disappeared shortly afterward never to be seen again. Whenever anybody asked, Holmes claimed she had moved to California.

The drugstore was demolished and the Castle began to take shape.

Holmes cleverly organised its construction. He repeatedly hired and fired builders, claiming they'd done shoddy work.

In doing so he ensured each contractor knew little of the building's layout and avoided arousing suspicion. By its opening in 1893, a very strange layout it was too. The drugstore

was relocated to the ground floor along with some other small shops. The

second floor and basement of the three-storey building were where the hotel's real business was done. That was, the casual, sadistic slaughter of guests, employees, Holmes's lovers and anybody that he either considered problematic or simply felt like murdering.

His victims were mainly women, though not always. Holmes made it a condition for employees to arrange life insurance. He paid the premiums and was the sole beneficiary, which was convenient when they began dying with unusual regularity. Holmes's hotel wasn't just a mausoleum of murder, he turned serial killing into a lucrative business.

His office was on the second floor, which the hotel janitor was instructed never to clean - along with the basement. Here, there were staircases seemingly leading nowhere and ending with blank walls, blind corridors without exits and doors that could be opened only from the outside. Every door was connected to a silent alarm allowing Holmes to know whether anybody attempted to escape, instantly locating his victim by which door alarm they tripped.

Holmes's office storeroom was also airtight - a steel vault disguised as an ordinary room. It was one of his favourite pranks to ask an employee to fetch something from it. Once

they'd entered, Holmes slammed the door and turned on the gas. Natural gas takes time to fill a room, affording Holmes maximum enjoyment as he listened to them die.

Many of the bedrooms were also airtight with gas pipes connected - pipes providing neither light nor heat. One of Holmes's favourite methods was to wait until a victim was asleep and then switch on the gas, listening closely from outside as they struggled, panicked and slowly suffocated. For light sleepers, his master key and a strong dose of chloroform rendered them helpless, entirely at his nonexistent mercy.

A secret hanging chamber contained a small gallows. Legal hangings were meant to kill instantly and painlessly, but Holmes preferred to slowly strangle his victims. The power of life and death wasn't enough, nor was the money he made. Holmes wanted and possibly needed to inflict the maximum possible suffering. That was amply proved by another secret room made of solid brick, only accessible through a trapdoor in the ceiling. Holmes liked to chloroform some victims and then leave them there to die of starvation and dehydration.

Having turned the upper floors into a purpose-built death factory, Holmes also included a variety of ways to dispose of his victims. A false lift linked the upper floors to a real-life chamber of horrors. The basement contained two large furnaces for cremations. There were large drums filled with concentrated acid. Lime pits and a dissection table were also prepared, and Holmes used them regularly.

PARTNERS IN CRIME

Holmes didn't act entirely alone. His henchman, the stooge he was later hanged for murdering, was Benjamin Pitezal. Holmes recruited Pitezal in 1889 after bailing him out of jail to help in insurance scams. Pitezal was later described by a district attorney as: "Holmes's tool... His creature."

Pitezal was Holmes's closest accomplice, helping with scams, luring new victims and delivering skeletons to medical schools. Pitezal didn't know that Holmes always intended to murder him. As Holmes wrote: "Even before I knew he had a family who would afford me additional victims for the gratification of my desires, I intended to kill him."

So the time came for Holmes to kill his trusty accomplice, as usual at a profit. He had fled Chicago in 1893, leaving somewhere between 27 and 250 victims. After Holmes abandoned the Castle, police arrived and his secret was out. Having gone to Texas, then Indiana, Toronto and Philadelphia, Holmes persuaded Pitezal to adopt the alias 'BF Perry' for an insurance scam. Holmes told Pitezal he would provide an unrecognisable corpse supposedly killed in a lab explosion, claim the insurance and split it with him. Unfortunately for Pitezal, who knew too much, the corpse would be his own. Holmes chloroformed him, burning his corpse with benzene before claiming the insurance.

Another accomplice, former train-robber and gunslinger Marion Hedgepeth, was Holmes's downfall. While in Fort Worth, Texas, in July 1894, Holmes was briefly incarcerated

BATHROOM

Victims disappeared down the hidden chute into the basement, being shifted like sacks of laundry or rubbish. Holmes preferred to make a more leisurely and comfortable entrance.

SEALED ROOM

This was entirely bricked off and accessible only through a trapdoor in the guest room above. Holmes used this room to leave victims dying from hunger and thirst.

A LUCRATIVE TRADE

HOLMES HAD A CONSTANT SUPPLY OF CORPSES TO DISPOSE OF; HE OFTEN DID SO AT A PROFIT

Holmes's basement included a stretching rack, dissecting table and a full set of surgical instruments. Once a victim's body had been stripped of its flesh and organs, which could safely disappear into one of his furnaces, the bones remained. Modern crematoriums usually grind bones to powder once a cadaver has been cremated, but the money-motivated Holmes opted for something chillingly practical.

Holmes sometimes employed 'articulator' Charles Chappell to reconstruct full skeletons that were then sold to medical schools. In doing so, Holmes safely disposed of victims while developing a lucrative sideline. Murder was his business as well as his passion. It's a disturbing thought that, even today, junior medical students may be learning basic anatomy courtesy of one of the USA's most dedicated, and deadly, mass murderers.

after a failed scam. Hedgepeth had been his accomplice and they shared a cell. While in jail, Holmes had admitted his real name having previously promised Hedgepeth \$500 for recruiting a lawyer to take part in the fraud.

On his release, Holmes fled, leaving Hedgepeth with nothing. Hedgepeth wanted revenge and to cut a deal. He gave authorities Holmes's latest alias and location, identifying him as the man now wanted in Chicago. After Holmes fled Chicago, his creditors and then detectives had visited the World's Fair Hotel and been traumatised by what they found.

END OF THE LINE

Pinkerton detectives tracked him to Boston, where he was arrested, ostensibly regarding the Texas scam. In reality, they feared he was about to flee the country and they wanted extra time to continue investigating the Castle.

What they had uncovered appalled even the toughest detectives. They found the gas chambers masquerading as hotel rooms. The false lift led them to the basement where they discovered the stretching rack, acid drums, furnaces, lime pits, bloodstained dissection table and surgical instruments, a pile of bloodstained clothing, human hair and dozens of random bones from now-unidentifiable victims. It was suspected that anywhere from 27 (he admitted to that many) to 250 victims checked into the hotel and checked out via the basement. A secret oil tank in the basement wall was discovered by accident when a workman lit a match, detonating fumes that, according to experts, were toxic enough to be lethal within minutes. Holmes never defined the tank's purpose, but it may have been another gas chamber. Further investigations uncovered the insurance scam and murder of Benjamin Pitezal.

Holmes was tried for murdering Pitezal in October 1895, by which time his killing spree was public knowledge. Whatever the verdict in Pennsylvania, he still faced trial and certain execution in Illinois for running the Murder Castle. Pitezal's



ABOVE The 1893 Chicago Columbian Exposition ferris wheel: Holmes capitalised on this renowned exposition and the many visitors who would be looking for rooms

wife and three of his children had disappeared while in Holmes's care and been found murdered, giving prosecutors another chance if they needed it. In the end, they didn't. Holmes was convicted and condemned to hang.

Facing certain execution in Pennsylvania and probable execution elsewhere, Holmes did what many serial killers do in similar circumstances: he confessed. As usual he profited, selling his confession to a newspaper for \$7,500. He admitted running the Murder Castle, to murders in Toronto (Mrs Pitezal and the children) and to other murders in Indiana and Illinois. The end came on 7 May 1895 at Moyamensing Prison, Philadelphia. Holmes was calm and composed, enjoying his notoriety and devoid of remorse. His somewhat ironic last request was to have his coffin encased in concrete to stop grave-robbers selling his remains. His last words were typically indifferent. As Deputy Superintendent Richardson positioned the noose, Holmes said: "Take your time, old man." Richardson did just that. Either the drop was too short or the noose was incorrectly placed, and Holmes strangled for 20 minutes before finally dying.

In August 1895, the Castle was gutted by fire. Witnesses reported two men leaving the building shortly before several large explosions tore through it. Locals suspected the arsonists were either other accomplices hoping to destroy evidence or (more likely) outraged locals wanting to avoid the building becoming a morbid tourist attraction. The structure survived until 1938, when it was replaced by the Englewood branch of the US Postal Service standing there today.

Another, rather more chilling postscript comes from another American serial killer, also a doctor. When Michael Swango (nicknamed 'Double O' for his apparent licence to kill) was arrested for murdering dozens of patients, police found a notebook referencing serial killers. One was Holmes, who Swango described almost with awe: "He could look at himself in a mirror and tell himself that he was one of the most powerful and dangerous men in the world, he could feel that he was a god in disguise."

**“ HE IS A
PRODIGY OF
WICKEDNESS,
A HUMAN
DEMON ”**

CHICAGO TIMES-HERALD

HOLMES'S ARCHITECTURAL NIGHTMARE

WELCOME TO THE MURDER CASTLE: YOU CAN CHECK OUT ANY TIME YOU LIKE, BUT YOU CAN NEVER LEAVE

Proprietor's name:

HERMAN WEBSTER MUDGETT AKA HERMAN HOWARD HOLMES

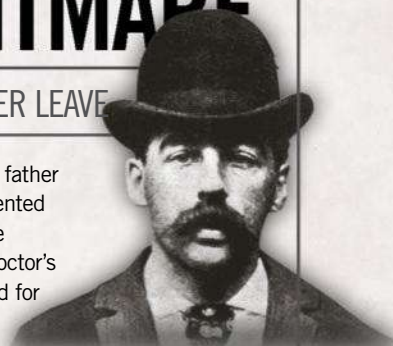
Born:

16 MAY 1861, GILMANTON, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Died:

7 MAY 1896, MOYAMENSING PRISON, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Holmes's childhood was abusive and cruel. His father was a violent alcoholic and school bullies tormented him relentlessly. It's suggested that his perverse nature surfaced when they cornered him at a doctor's office and traumatised him with a skeleton used for anatomy demonstrations.



51 DOORWAYS

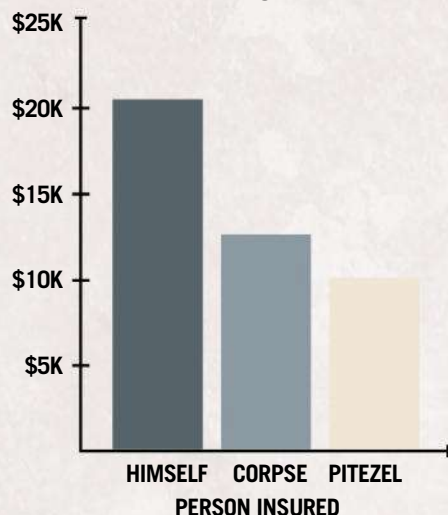
The Murder Castle had many false doorways leading only onto blank walls to confuse and frighten any victim who was attempting to make their escape

100 WINDOWLESS ROOMS

The guest rooms lacked windows. Once locked inside, victims had no way to alert anybody to their plight. Nor could they be seen

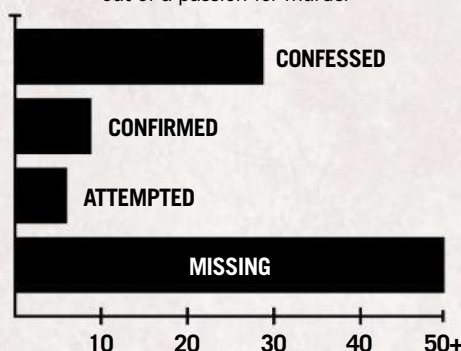
\$12,000

He once faked his death with a \$20,000 life insurance policy, and Holmes made thousands more dollars using corpses in fraudulent claims, making himself the sole beneficiary. Holmes convinced Benjamin Pietzel to insure himself for \$12,000 (over \$350,000 today), before killing him



250

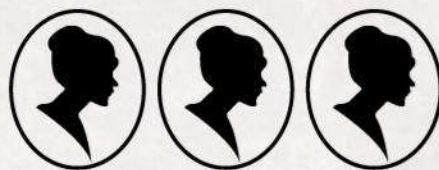
Holmes committed as many as 200-250 murders, mainly for money. Others were of accomplices and lovers he thought might know too much and some, undoubtedly, were purely out of a passion for murder



JUNE 1882

Holmes enrolled at the University of Michigan, studying medicine on this date. He began his evil insurance racket soon after

3 WIVES



Having married Clara Lovering and abandoned her for Myrta Bellknap, Holmes bigamously married Georgiana Yoke in Denver, Colorado. He then had three wives at the same time

4 STAIRCASES

Some of the Murder Castle's stairs led into blind alleys without exits, to confuse residents and victims

12+ SECRET PRISONS

At least 12 guest rooms, probably more, could only be opened from outside. Once you went in, you didn't come out. Not alive, anyway

12+ ILLEGAL ABORTIONS

Holmes performed many of these, disposing of any who died during the procedure. Dozens, and possibly hundreds of women used his services

1 OF A KIND

The Murder Castle is unique in American crime. Holmes is the only American serial killer to have been so elaborate

3 PRIOR MURDERS

He was suspected of murders long before arriving in Chicago. At least three were suspected, though never proven

4 STATES, 2 COUNTRIES

Holmes travelled. His crimes encompassed Texas, Illinois, New York and New Hampshire. He also killed three victims in Toronto, Canada

FRED WEST'S CORPSE GARDEN

WHEN POLICE BEGAN UNEARTHING THE PAST OF A SUSPECTED CHILD KILLER, WHAT THEY FOUND SHOCKED THE WORLD

Twas a dull, chilly day in central Gloucester, and aside from a small throng of journalists and police huddled at its front door, 25 Cromwell Street appeared to be an entirely normal residence. Nearly out of sight from the street, in the terraced house's cramped back garden, was a much more unusual scene. Here several police detectives, all dressed in yellow overalls, were carefully working to unearth a host of horrors everyone feared were true, but no one wanted to believe had actually happened.

As rain began to drench the site, turning the excavation slowly into a mud bath, something quite different from the clay and sludge emerged – resembling a human bone. The stench of decomposed flesh filled the air, mingling with the sticky, black sludge, seeping from a broken sewer pipe below. It seemed that a nauseating, horrifying secret was finally being released into the open air – and unfortunately this was just the beginning.

The idea that local builder Fred West had buried his daughter, Heather, under his patio, had at first sounded like a sick joke. But that joke seemed to be turning into a grim reality. Worse still, it was only the surface of a nightmare that ran much deeper. From the moment the first paving stone was lifted up on the 24 February, 1994, until the infamous Gloucester townhouse was finally demolished down to its rotten, loathsome roots, the tale of the utmost perversion, cruelty and inhumanity that it housed would finally be told.

Soon after the police arrival, a panicked Rosemary West called up

The smiles of a normal, happy couple – except that this couple tortured, killed and buried people in their family home



her husband, who was supposedly working on a building site some 20 minutes away. "You'd better get back home," she told Fred hurriedly. "They're going to dig up the garden, looking for Heather." He wouldn't return for another four hours, well into the evening, by which time the police excavation of his back garden was well underway.

West would later claim he had passed out at the side of the road, due to the noxious fumes from paint pots in his vehicle. This dubious story would leave many wondering whether he was in fact destroying incriminating evidence kept in his van, or even worse, disposing of another victim's remains.

On his way back to Cromwell Street, Fred stopped at the police station to tell them he and Rose had no clue where Heather had gone. "Lots of girls disappear... take a different name and go into prostitution." He claimed that his daughter was a lesbian and a drug addict. Later, on his return home, he repeated how the search in the garden was a waste of time. "You won't find anything!" he jeered at the detectives, promising that he would soon be suing Gloucester police for damage to his beloved property.

Rosemary had been busy telling the police the same story as Fred: that they had no clue where their daughter was, and that she was a troublesome drug addict. The couple would spend that entire night sat talking together – later it would transpire that they had likely formed a pact, whereby Fred would take all the blame for Heather's murder.

THE TRUTH IS UNEARTHED

The next day Fred was taken to the police station, where astonishingly he confessed to killing his daughter – Heather was indeed buried under the patio of 25 Cromwell Street.



Police sift for evidence in a pain-staking process, so that nothing is missed

However, as West made his chilling confession – of how he throttled his daughter before cutting her body into three pieces to bury them easier – detectives still searching the garden made a staggering discovery.

Esteemed forensic pathologist Professor Bernard Knight had been called to the scene to assist police with identifying any of the gory remains they expected may be lying in wait. The first human bone recovered among the putrefying sludge was passed to him for analysis. Luckily the professor had little sense of smell left, so was less phased by the overwhelming stench that caused many of his colleagues to wear protective masks. He quickly identified the find as part of the femur bone of a young girl. However, when more bones were dug up and passed for analysis, he realised the bones belonged to more than one girl. "Either this girl had

“ HE REPEATED HOW THE SEARCH OF THE GARDEN WAS A WASTE ”

25 Cromwell Street photographed just prior to its demolition



three legs, or there's more than one body here," he grimly remarked at the time.

Dragging hard on a cigarette, Fred stared into the middle distance, as if running over the words again and again in his head: '...the remains of three bodies.' Throughout his interview sessions with the police he'd changed his story again and again: he'd killed up to 30 women in total; he'd killed nobody and this was all a mistake; this was all an accident and he'd be out soon; he killed Heather but Rose knew nothing. It was as if he wasn't sure which version of reality he preferred, or even which was true. One thing was certain: he was keeping to the pact – Rose had absolutely nothing to do with the killings.

Fred agreed to visit the garden himself and point out where the other two bodies were buried in the garden – the remains of Shirley Robinson and Alison Chambers. Both teenagers. Both victims of the Wests' perverted sexual attentions. Both tortured and killed at 25 Cromwell Street. As time went on, and the garden at the Wests' house of horrors revealed more of its ghastly secrets, it became hard to believe that Rose wasn't involved in the killings, less still that she was unaware of them. One of the bodies discovered had been beheaded. Another had the remains of a leather belt wrapped around the skull, the shocking remnants of some sick sexual game.

Rose was a known prostitute, and had just the previous year been let off with a fine for the sexual assault of a local teenager. She and Fred had abducted her, before raping and threatening to kill her if she talked. The case had only been dropped due to two key witnesses failing to testify. These had been only the most recent worrying signs that the Wests at number 25 were hiding something.

CONFRONTING THE ROOTS OF EVIL

In the immediate build-up and aftermath of the excavation of the Wests' garden, two women were instrumental in finally bringing the couple to justice. The first, Detective Constable Hazel Savage, doggedly pursued the case against the Wests almost from the beginning. Two years previous she had interviewed the West children, who told her of the terrible physical and mental abuse they had suffered – in particular Anna Marie, who had been repeatedly raped by her father for years, with the assistance of her mother. But it was the missing daughter Heather that Det. Con. Savage was most concerned with. So after months of compiling the case against Fred, she finally convinced her superiors of the need for an excavation of the garden in February 1994.

After confessing to the murder of the three girls found in the garden, Fred West refused to reveal whether any more were waiting to be discovered on the property – despite previously admitting to the murder of up to 30 people. Refusing to co-operate with police, it came down to volunteer Janet Leach, who usually assisted with delinquent juveniles taken into custody, to coax information out of West.

Eventually, Fred talked. He mapped out a grisly plan of the cellar at 25 Cromwell Street, including the locations of six more bodies – the result of more than 20 years of torture, rape and murder, right in the foundations of the house. Fred also told Leach that his wife not only knew all about the

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The cellar of 25 Cromwell Street, where Fred and Rose disposed of a number of bodies

Two forensic team members stand amid the excavated garden of 25 Cromwell Street





murders, but that she had been an active participant, and that she was even solely responsible for beating his child Charmaine to death, while he was serving time in 1971. This confession would haunt Janet Leach right up until the trial of Rose West, whereupon giving her evidence she collapsed and was taken to hospital.

From the moment the first muddy paving stone was lifted up on 24 February, 1994, every brick and board at the West residence was upturned to unveil the true horrors of what lay beneath. In the end the garden proved to be just an introduction to Fred and Rose's sadistic lifestyle. More evidence of torturous bondage was revealed, with one victim's skull found to be entirely bound in tape, save for one small breathing hole for the nostrils. Each body told its own tragic story, while finally giving closure to families all over the nation.


After the country and the world had watched on with an uncomfortable mixture of amazement and disgust as 25 Cromwell Street gave up its secrets, the building was finally demolished in 1996, leaving a poignant gap in the street, as though it had never existed.

A MATCH MADE IN HELL

Fred and Rose West married in June 1972, by which time they had already murdered three people; Ann McFall, Rena Costello and Charmaine West. Throughout the Seventies the pair would abduct, rape, torture and kill several women, many of whom they befriended first and lured to their home at Cromwell Street. The couple also regularly raped and abused their daughter Anna Marie West while she was aged just eight. In 1979 Fred West murdered his daughter Heather, who was just 16, throttling her to death. He then dismembered the corpse in the bath tub and buried her remains in the back garden. Both he and his wife told everyone that Heather had run away, and her body would not be discovered until 1994, along with eight other victims. The three earlier victims had been buried at several other locations in the Gloucester area, and Fred West boasted that many more were waiting, still undiscovered. He took any remaining secrets with him to the grave on New Year's Day, 1995, when he hanged himself in his cell while in custody. Rose West maintained her innocence throughout her trial and she was found guilty of 10 counts of murder, for which she received 10 life sentences. As of 2015 she remained incarcerated and was no longer appealing for parole.



Police remove evidence of the murders from the house on Cromwell Street



SEDUCED, STRANGLER AND LEFT TO ROT

A FAMILY MAN WITH A CHILD, GREEN RIVER KILLER GARY RIDGWAY MURDERED AN UNCOUNTABLE NUMBER OF VICTIMS OVER A 20-YEAR PERIOD. HOW DID HE LEAD THIS DOUBLE LIFE FOR SO LONG?

Gary Leon Ridgway is a very troubled man. He was also a very troubled boy. Bathed by his mother, he would fantasise as she scrubbed his scrotum; as he aged, he would know that this was considered wrong but he just couldn't help himself as the touch gave him pleasure. What was a natural human feeling developed into shame and he hated her for it. He wanted to kill her for it.

While many will experience issues in childhood, not all develop the mental problems Ridgway harboured. He was corrupted by the way he responded to the social conditioning around him. As far as he was concerned, men were sexual, women were bad and he should be able to get sex on his own terms, whenever he wanted it. As serial killer expert Jack Levin has commented, the problem with serial killers is not their childhood, but how they transition into adulthood when the real world doesn't reflect their expectations.

GARY'S BEGINNINGS

Ridgway was born in 1949 in Salt Lake City, Utah, as the second of three sons. According to some accounts, he was a popular boy and would become a popular man, described as "a wonderful person" by neighbours like Brenda Robinson wherever he went. He had an easygoing manner and could often be found hanging out at the local disco. One former school friend giggles girlishly in documentaries to this day about how she used to have a crush on him because of the way his dimples popped and his eyes sparkled when he laughed. She remembers the cute boy rather than the serial killer, to the extent that an early incident of him urinating on her brother's leg in a fit of pique is recounted with a 'boys will be boys' shoulder shrug rather with discomfort at the socially unacceptable behaviour of a future murderer. Being a little bit cheeky and a little bit naughty was seen as being part of Gary's mystery, intrigue and charm. It wasn't then known that he had also, far less charmingly, committed arson, stabbed a boy and strangled a cat.

The problem was that Gary's norms and expectations of women did not align with what was expected from him. Still smarting from his inappropriate feelings towards his mother, he was given a double whammy by his father, a bus driver whose route took him up the infamous area known as The Strip, which would later become Gary's own killing ground. Each day, his dad drove the area and navigated around the sex workers who made their living there by servicing the men who wanted sex and having their own reputations tarnished in the process. Dad would fill Gary's ears with his beliefs and opinions until, to Gary, for a woman to be sexual in her own right was wrong – all the more so if it put men out in any way as a result of their own desires.

Cheeky Gary did not want for a woman himself, however, and after leaving school he was quickly married to Claudia Kraig at a cute little 'apple pie' church with a white steeple. Before long he had upped and left to join the Navy. Long and tiresome nights away from home led Gary to engage the services of sex workers he met on tour, from whom he contracted the sexually transmitted disease gonorrhea in the process. He blamed these women for the worn penis of his wandering appetites and then divorced his wife when he



Ridgway sheds a tear as he reads a statement to the court in 2003, apologising for his crimes

LEFT Gary Ridgway was given 48 life sentences, without the possibility for parole. In 2015, he was transferred to a prison in Colorado after being deemed a risk to staff, but after an outcry from officials and the families of the victims, he was returned to Washington State Penitentiary.

“GARY SPAT OUT HIS DUMMY AND PLAY-ACTED HIS REVENGE IN MURDER... TO GET BACK AT HIS EX”

returned from duty to find that she, too, had sought physical contact outside of the marriage. He began to see all women as nothing but whores, echoing the perspectives of his bus-driving old man. As far as Gary was concerned, women were there to be enjoyed and common sense didn't come into it – his innate sense of his own masculinity was so utterly corrupted that he seemed to feel that he could only be a man if the person he was with was willing to be nothing other than the self he projected onto them.

This became very clear when the not-so-heartbroken Ridgway met and married his second wife, Marcia, shortly after his divorce. To put it bluntly, he married the women who would become ‘a maid in the kitchen and a whore in the bedroom’, training her to do so by doing just exactly what he wanted, when he wanted it. As Senior Deputy Prosecuting Attorney Patricia Eakes commented, “[Marcia] met his needs. She was initially very subservient. She cooked for him. She provided sexual activity whenever he wanted it”. These sexual shenanigans included outdoor excursions surrounded by the life of nature's wild scenery. The rosy sun would peek at their play over the blushed mountains and whispering rivers in a game of hide and seek that would fulfil needs he would later satisfy through sadism.

BABY BLUES/SEXUAL SADISM

The problem for Gary was that people aren't ‘nothings’ to be played with. Placing his hands over his eyes and pretending otherwise wouldn't make his own feelings of inadequacy go away. He was then outclassed by his own baby.

In 1975, Marcia produced an infant who needed the succour of her body rather more than his brutish father did. Gary's sex time with his formerly ‘whenever, wherever’ woman was reduced. He responded in a typically childish fashion, with ‘foreplay’ being replaced by him passive-aggressively creeping up behind her and choking her. Such sexual submissiveness might be acceptable if both playmates are in on the gag, but Marcia recognised this behaviour as masochistic abuse and split, divorcing him. Gary duly spat out his dummy and sought his revenge through murder, maintaining ever after that his subsequent actions were merely the realisation of his need to get back at his ex over and over and over again.

He started to cruise The Strip to look for sex workers. He would encourage them into his car, take them to secluded areas and then kill them, often by strangulation from behind. He would then dump their bodies, before attacking again.

Gary had chosen to see himself as so utterly weak that the only way he could improve his own self worth was to periodically return to have sex with the corpses. Only by putting his penis in the increasingly maggot-infested, popping, oozing, rancid, rotting shells did he feel like he could really be a man. As Senior Deputy Prosecuting Attorney Patricia Eakes has commented that he saw this as somehow romantic: “It was a date, a sexual act that he did not have to pay for”, a rendezvous with what he simply saw as “garbage” – his word for his victims.



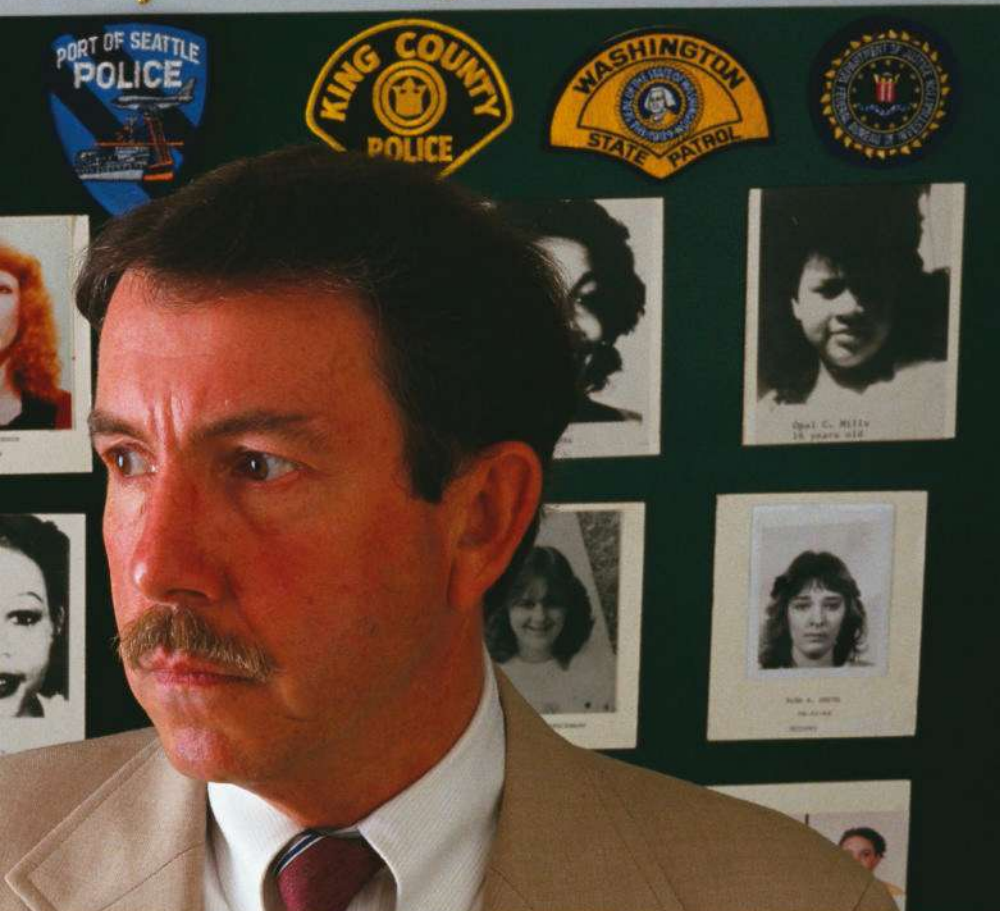
‘BIG BROTHER’ BUNDY’S HELPING HAND

When Gary Ridgway's case left the police baffled, Theodore ‘Ted’ Bundy stepped in. Bundy was a boyishly handsome ex-law student and political advisor turned convicted kidnapper, rapist, murder and necrophile. Like many serial killers, he was not above seeking aggrandisement for his crimes and so wrote to the Green River Task Force to offer his ‘expertise’ in finding the murderer whom he called ‘The Riverman’. This romanticised, mysterious moniker suggests that the press attention generated by his involvement would be key in the decision-making. Bundy duly met with serial killer profiler Dr Robert D Keppel; his insights fed into the findings of the Green River Task Force and would be published in the book, *Ted Bundy And The Hunt For The Green River Killer*. It details how psychological profiling became based on building a relationship with suspects to understand their minds. It also details Keppel's shock when Bundy started to confess to his own crimes for the first time in the hope of comparison with the soon-to-be infamous Ridgway.



How much Bundy helped in the investigation was as dubious as his motives

GREEN RIVER VICTIMS



LEFT It's 1987 and King County police department has a wall covered with photos of victims, of what police lieutenant Dan Nolan and his team have established as a single serial killer. Remains from Ridgway's most prolific, 1982-1984 killing period were still being found well into 1990.

VICTIMS OF SOCIETY

Gary was right about one thing: they were victims. The women he picked up were the sex workers of The Strip. Rather than working in the sex industry as escorts or entertainers for enjoyment or fame, the women were working for money. They were often runaways or had fallen on hard times due to misfortune or addiction. They were trying to provide for themselves and, sometimes, for families. Many felt there were no other options left for them.

Gary, like many other serial killers, knew they would be the simplest targets to catch because there would be fewer friends and family members to fuel a media storm. Public servants, such as the police, have historically avoided dealing with the policing of problems as losing control can create public relations nightmares between themselves and the electing public. It was therefore harder for law enforcement to trace the women because, as the sex workers were law breakers themselves, they had avoided notice until it was too late. The women would actively hide from the police who were trying to catch the killer simply to ensure that they could earn the money necessary to live. To them, abject poverty seemed on balance a more likely outcome than meeting their end with one elusive guy out of the thousands of men who passed through the city streets each night.

With the increasing death toll, the police swung into action. They established the Green River Task Force, a 50-strong unit of officers complete with a tip-off hotline to field calls from members of the public. According to task force member Dave Reichert, they had between 12-15,000 suspects and at one point actually interviewed Ridgway after a sex worker was seen getting into his truck before vanishing. As George Johnston of the Washington State Patrol Crime Lab reported, investigators were also combing the crime scenes looking for "hair transfers, paint chips, glass, clothing damage", anything that might lead them to the perpetrator. But all they had to go on were semen swabs from some of the bodies and the knowledge that the culprit was abnormal; who would leave rocks inside their victims' sexual organs, like storing marbles in a bag after play?

The problem was that the person who was committing the crimes was – is – Mr Nondescript. Ridgway is utterly unremarkable to look at and exploited this through the methods he used to evade capture. He would use different vans to swamp the city streets and would happily chatter about his little son to the women to convince them that they were safe. Gary even passed a polygraph test on the basis that the machine picks up on physical indicators of emotional discomfort and, quite simply, he displayed none. He relished his hollow victories.

MEDIA MANHUNT

Unlike Ridgway, the police were real men and women, they



LEFT King County investigators search for the remains of one of the Green River Killer's victims. The majority of Ridgway's murders were concentrated in the early 80s - a turbulent time in his marriage, when his insatiable carnal urges were not being satisfied.

HIS INSATIABLE APPETITE

SEX, MURDER, NECROPHILIA: WHAT HE LACKED IN HIS MARRIAGE, GARY GOT FROM GREEN RIVER INNOCENTS



WENDY COFFIELD
Age: 16
Date found: 15 Jul 1982



GISELE LOVVORN
Age: 17
Date found: 25 Sep 1982



DEBRA BONNER
Age: 23
Date found: 12 Aug 1982



MARCIA CHAPMAN
Age: 31
Date found: 15 Aug 1982



CYNTHIA HINDS
Age: 17
Date found: 15 Aug 1982



OPAL MILLS
Age: 16
Date found: 15 Aug 1982



TERRY MILLIGAN
Age: 16
Date found: 1 Apr 1984



MARY MEEHAN
Age: 18
Date found: 13 Nov 1983



DEBRA ESTES
Age: 15
Date found: 30 May 1988



LINDA RULE
Age: 16
Date found: 31 Jan 1983



DENISE BUSH
Age: 22
Date found: 12 Jun 1985



SHAWNDA SUMMERS
Age: 17
Date found: 11 Aug 1983



SHIRLEY SHERRILL
Age: 18
Date found: 14 Jun 1985



COLLEEN BROCKMAN
Age: 15
Date found: 26 May 1984



ALMA SMITH
Age: 18
Date found: 2 Apr 1984



DELORES WILLIAMS
Age: 17
Date found: 31 Mar 1984



GAIL MATTHEWS
Age: 24
Date found: 18 Sept 1983



ANDREA CHILDERS
Age: 19
Date found: 11 Oct 1989



SANDRA GABBERT
Age: 17
Date found: 1 Apr 1984



KIMI-KAI PITSOR
Age: 16
Date found: 15 Dec 1983



MARIE MALVAR
Age: 18
Date found: 29 Sept 2003



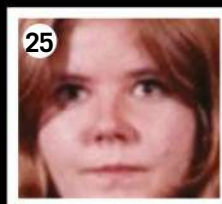
CAROL CHRISTENSEN
Age: 21
Date found: 8 May 1983



MARTINA AUTHORLEE
Age: 18
Date found: 14 Nov 1984



CHERYL WIMS
Age: 18
Date found: 22 Mar 1984



YVONNE ANTOSH
Age: 19
Date found: 15 Oct 1983



CARRIE ROIS
Age: 15
Date found: 10 Mar 1985



CONSTANCE NAON
Age: 21
Date found: 27 Oct 1983



KELLY WARE
Age: 22
Date found: 29 Oct 1983



TINA THOMPSON
Age: 22
Date found: 20 Apr 1984



APRIL BUTTRAM
Age: 17
Date found: 30 Aug 2003



DEBBIE ABERNATHY
Age: 26
Date found: 31 Mar 1984



TRACY WINSTON
Age: 19
Date found: 27 Mar 1986



MAUREEN FEENEY
Age: 19
Date found: 2 May 1986



MARY BELLO
Age: 25
Date found: 12 Oct 1984



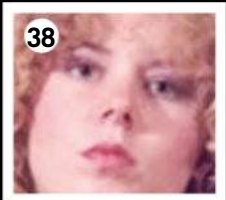
PAMMY AVENT
Age: 16
Date found: 16 Aug 2003



DELISE PLAGER
Age: 22
Date found: 14 Feb 1984



KIMBERLY NELSON
Age: 26
Date found: 14 Jun 1986



LISA YATES
Age: 26
Date found: 13 Mar 1984



MARY WEST
Age: 16
Date found: 8 Sep 1985



CINDY SMITH
Age: 17
Date found: 27 Jun 1987



PATRICIA BARCZAK
Age: 19
Date found: 1993



ROBERTA HAYES
Age: 21
Date found: 12 Sep 1991



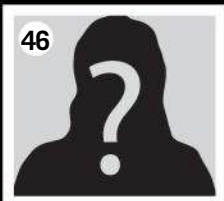
MARTA REEVES
Age: 37
Date found: Sep 1990



PATRICIA YELLOWROBE
Age: 38
Date found: 6 Aug 1998



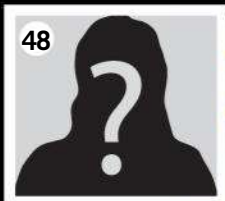
UNIDENTIFIED WHITE FEMALE
Age: 12-17
Date found: Mar 1984



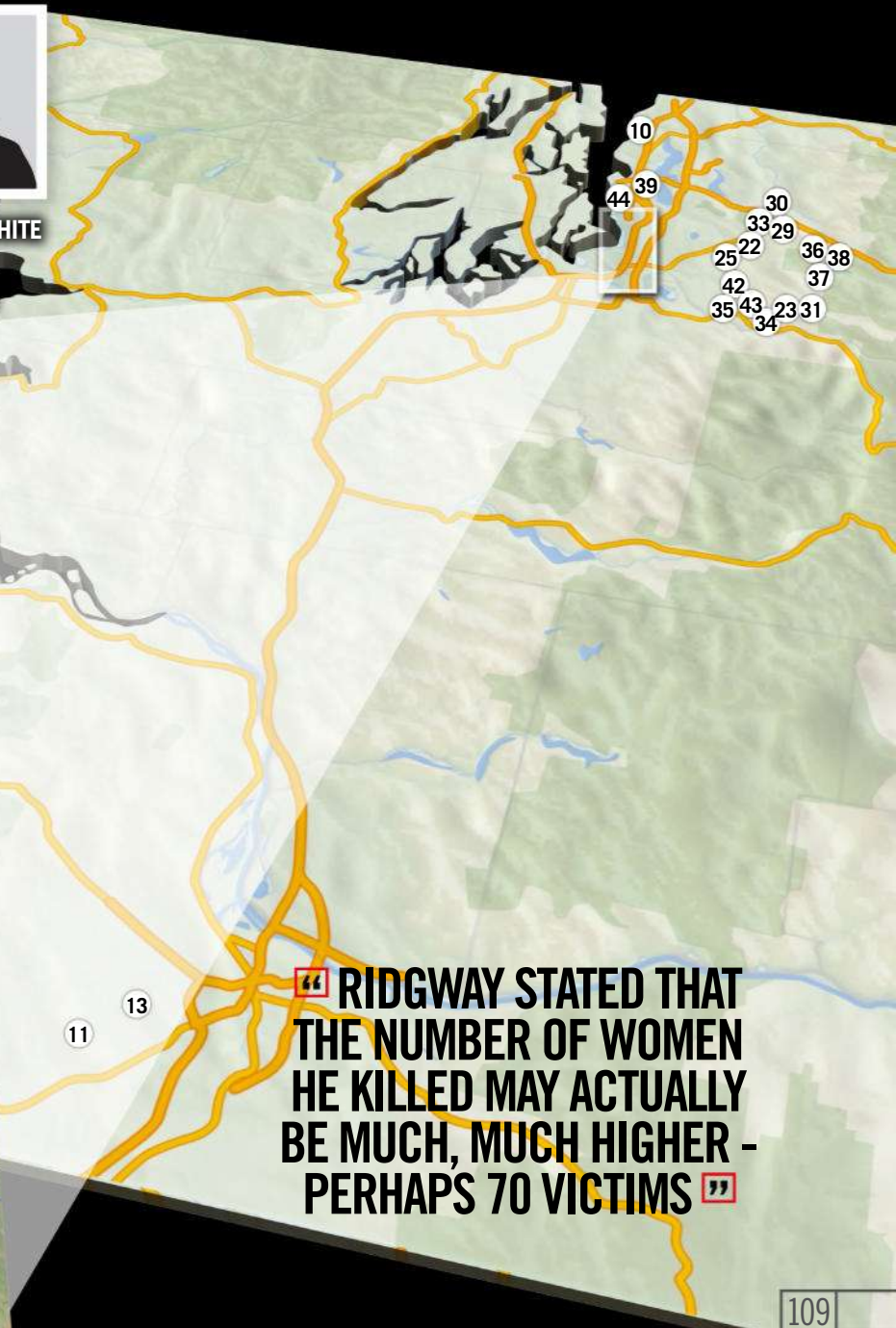
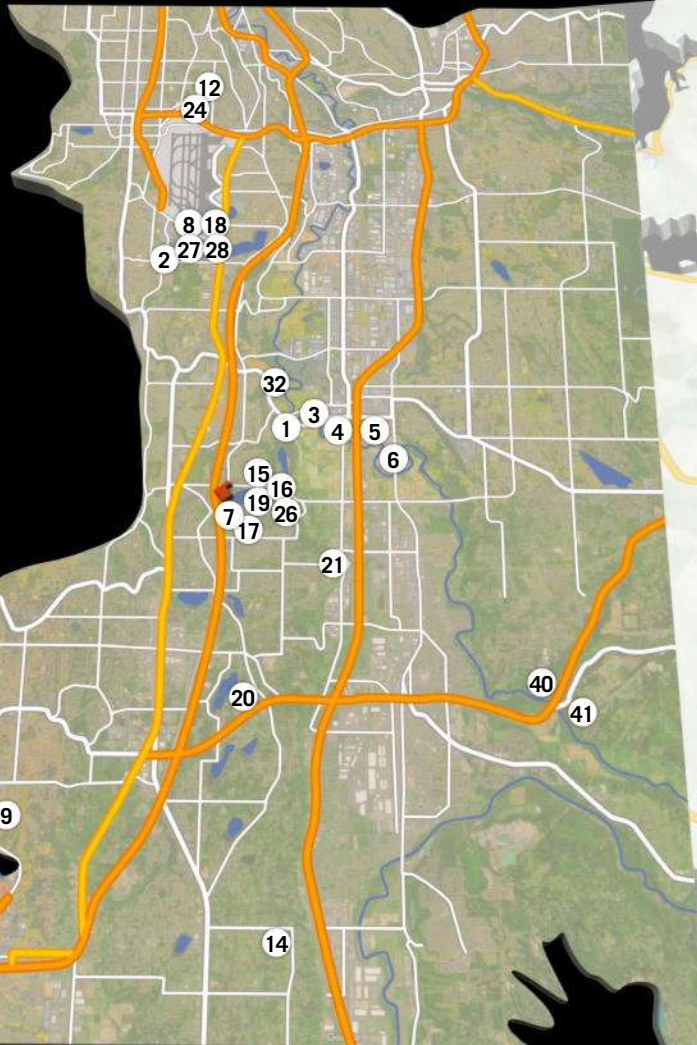
UNIDENTIFIED BLACK FEMALE
Age: 18-27
Date found: Undiscovered



UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE
Age: 20-30
Date found: Aug 2003



UNIDENTIFIED WHITE FEMALE
Age: 14-18
Date found: Jan 1986



“ RIDGWAY STATED THAT THE NUMBER OF WOMEN HE KILLED MAY ACTUALLY BE MUCH, MUCH HIGHER - PERHAPS 70 VICTIMS ”



TOP Ridgway flinches under interrogations from King County Sheriff David Reichert. After 400 hours of recorded interview, he confessed to 48 counts of murder

ABOVE As a part of his plea bargain for life imprisonment rather than an inevitable death sentence, Ridgway leads detectives to the locations of some of his victims

ABOVE CENTRE Ridgway sits alone, flanked by armed guards during his trial. At one point he is shouted down by members of a victim's family as he tries to speak

ABOVE RIGHT The Green River Killer enters King County Washington Superior Court to sign confessional papers. With this act, he officially becomes the most prolific serial killer in US history

struggled to comprehend Gary's excuse but knew to take an investigative opportunity that would help them to catch the killer. They acted when the arrogant, vain and unrepentant serial killer, Ted Bundy, came calling, slinking back into the limelight, clutching on Ridgway's coat tails.

Part of the problem the police faced was that it didn't take a genius to outwit an American media and public who were panicked and hungry for news of the killings in their home town. Every new corpse's location was reported by the press and, as Gary was known as a regular John on The Strip, he was repeatedly pulled in for questioning. He knew he was being watched. The police knew from his truck's fuel tickets that he was travelling far further than it was logical for him to go but they could prove nothing. He got picked out of photograph line ups but it only proved his presence in the area. His property was searched but all it provided was evidence of the average existence of a working parent. All of their information on him was circumstantial and failed to tie him directly to any crimes besides paying for sex. All it did was force him to change his modus operandi. He started taking his pickups home, where he would kill them in the secluded environment of his bedroom, before stripping and washing the bed sheets and dumping the laundry to dispose of the evidence. He would then take the corpses further and further afield so that he could return to them for longer. He even moved a number of them simply to make sure this remained possible.

Despite being able to retain a largely normal life and indeed getting married for a third time to Judith Lynch in 1988,



people were suspicious. He had, by this time, been discharged from the Navy and had worked as a painter and display officer at the Kenworth truck plant for years. Co-workers such as Art Murphy remembered that Ridgway had been questioned for the crimes in the 1980s. What's more, Ridgway had not done enough to allay those fears and became known as "Green River Gary". Some people continued to regard him as the popular character of his youth, while others, such as Art Murphy, stated that he was simply "a different type of a person" and someone who was to be avoided.

The latter were right – even those he had no intention of harming were touched by his sickness as he would take his victims' jewellery into work for people to find. He would also stage massive yard sales hawking the women's things to the folks on his street when curiosity took them beyond the confines of their picket fences. This was despite the unusual quantity of girlish accessories this middle-aged family man had in his possession. Over time, Gary Ridgway's killings became less frequent and, with the lack of new leads, the Green River Task Force was disbanded. By the end, only Tom Jensen was left.

CAPTURE AT THE HANDS OF DNA

The Green River Killer was eventually caught by miniscule, multi-coloured strands of biology using tools developed by some of the most dedicated minds in the world. Scientists had been working quietly in the service of justice for years. In 2001, 19 years after the first murder, Maricia Chapman's



THE NEVER-ENDING NIGHTMARE?

Gary Ridgway was initially convicted of 48 counts of aggravated, first degree murder but has stated that the number of women he killed may actually be much, much higher – perhaps in the region of 70 victims. He was suspected by police of having killed an additional 14 women but has not been charged with these murders due to a lack of evidence to corroborate the claims.

His original sentence was passed as life imprisonment to enable him to assist law enforcement in ongoing enquiries. Like other killers such as Myra Hindley, Ridgway's help has often been less than useful in either closing cold cases or returning victims' bodies to their families. Ridgway did join officers on excursions to locate additional bodies but failed to recover any evidence. This could be due to simple forgetfulness on his part, particularly considering the number of victims he is known to have killed. More insidious, however, is the suggestion (as reported by *The Seattle Post*) that Ridgway may have led officers on a wild goose chase, either not remembering where he left the bodies in the first place or simply inventing his involvement with the cases.

To do this might have been a power play to leverage attention and gain further fame for his crimes. It may also be his attempt to consolidate his status as a prisoner who requires protection and special consideration from the authorities. Law enforcement can only allow it in the hope that one day Ridgway may choose to give up any further secrets he retains.

remains provided fluids that were examined and matched to Ridgway's own. Carol Christensen's remaining evidence was then tested. They had got him. Gary Ridgway's biodata chained him to his past. The game was up and Gary was arrested on the 30 November 2001.

At first he denied everything, and while neighbours were shocked, his family stood by him. They assumed it was a mistake and that their yard-sale throwing, hard-working dad would be proved innocent. The real Ridgway, however, remained a coward to the end and cut a deal with the custodial services. He pleaded guilty to 48 counts of murder and agreed to lead law officers to where he had disposed of the bodies so that they could be buried. This was on the condition that his own life would be spared. He then stood in court, staring straight ahead and answering unwaveringly his plea of guilt to each of the charges as they were read aloud. He was sentenced on 18 December 2003.

That date, just before Christmas, is important. It is the festive time of which he had deprived both the victims and their families of togetherness. It is also a time of forgiveness. It was at that time that an old man with a long, white beard and brightly coloured braces stood up in court to address the overgrown boy who had killed his daughter, Linda. His name was Robert Rule and this is what he said: "Mr Ridgway: there are people here that hate you. I – I'm not one of them. You've made it difficult to live up to what I believe – that is – what God says to do. That's to forgive. You are forgiven, Sir."

While Mr Rule spoke of his faith in God, he spoke from the heart and, in doing so, if only for a short while, he slipped the

“THE MORE SHE PLED, BEGGED AND SCREAMED, THE BETTER HE FELT ABOUT HIMSELF”
SERIAL KILLER EXPERT, JACK LEVINE

shard from the heart of Gary Ridgway: "I'm sorry for killing these ladies. They had their whole lives ahead of them. I'm sorry for causing so much pain to so many families."

By acknowledging the women as "ladies" and recognising the importance of their lives to their families, for those few delicate moments of his life he became a man. He took some responsibility for the despicable crimes he had committed and provided a glimmer of hope that redemption is possible even for the hardest heart.

Gary Ridgway has now been convicted of murdering 49 women. They are not mentioned in detail here as no one victim is more deserving of attention than another. Ridgway continues to participate in investigations to close other cases. His actions were not the result of outrageously bad luck in childhood or his much reported low-level of intelligence, but because of the choices he made. He chose to accept the conditioning that men such as himself had rights but that women did not, not because of politics but because he couldn't bring himself to grow up and accept that that's simply not the case. Gary's version of being sleepless in Seattle was a corruption of the promise of love in the movies, as are the stories of other killers in other cities across the world. It is a repetition that must be stopped.

THE COLLEGE GIRL KILLER

HOW ONE LONG NIGHT OF TERROR SPELLED THE END FOR ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST NOTORIOUS SERIAL KILLERS

It was 30 December 1977. People across the world looked forward to celebrating the dawn of a new year; a chance to start afresh, to set new life goals and experience new things. In many ways Theodore 'Ted' Bundy was no different to any other party reveller that night – excited and nervous at the prospect of what the future held, making plans to travel and meet new people. What set him apart was the fact that, rather than raising a toast in Times Square or attending parties with friends, Bundy's plans for the year ahead would begin with breaking out of Garfield County Jail in Glenwood Springs, Colorado.

Sentenced for the attempted kidnapping and assault Carol DaRonch in Utah, 1974, and awaiting trial for the murder of Caryn Campbell in 1975, the prison had been Bundy's home for six months, and his time had not been spent idly. Quick to start planning his escape, he had learned everything he possibly could about the prison and the guard's routines from his fellow inmates, being careful to establish a reputation for working through the night on the case for his defence and sleeping late into the morning and, most importantly, identifying a weak point in his cell that would allow him to explore the prison unseen to ultimately escape. Using a smuggled hacksaw, Bundy patiently cut through the weld lines around a 12-inch square vent in his cell's ceiling, gaining access to the crawl space above and from there, the rest of the building. After months of preparation and with his impending trial set for 9 January, the time had come to put his plan into action.

Placing some strategically placed books under his blanket to fool the guards into thinking he had slept in when they did their morning rounds, and with \$500 of smuggled cash in his pocket, Bundy squeezed through the vent and made his way to the warden's apartment. Luck was with him that night – the warden and his wife had gone out for the evening, allowing him to enter their apartment, steal clothes from the warden's closet and walk out of the front door. The night before New Year's Eve 1977 saw Bundy free of his captors, and he was determined to stay that way.

“ THE TIME HAD COME TO PUT HIS PLAN INTO ACTION ”

Bundy was confident, attractive and charismatic – attributes that served him well in luring his victims to their death

ROAD TRIP

By the time the alarm was finally raised at the prison, Bundy had already driven, hitched and flown from Colorado to Chicago. From there he caught a train to Ann Arbor and finally, driving a stolen car, made his way south to Tallahassee, Florida, the city that would play host to the most infamous, bloody and daring of murders – murders which would ensure Bundy's name went down in history as one of America's most terrifying serial killers.

As the manhunt intensified in Colorado, Bundy found lodgings near the Florida State University campus, renting a room under a false name and resolving that if he were to remain free, he would need to avoid anything that might draw attention to himself. He would be a model, law-abiding citizen. Living with no job and very little money to fall back on quickly proved challenging though, and before long he was back to relying on stolen credit cards and petty theft to sustain his lifestyle. Bundy eventually settled into a quiet, anonymous life, spending his days hanging around the university campus, sitting in on lectures and eating in the university cafeteria, and his evenings in his room watching a stolen television set. But as much as the monster that lay within his heart seemed to have been temporarily quietened, it could not lay dormant forever.

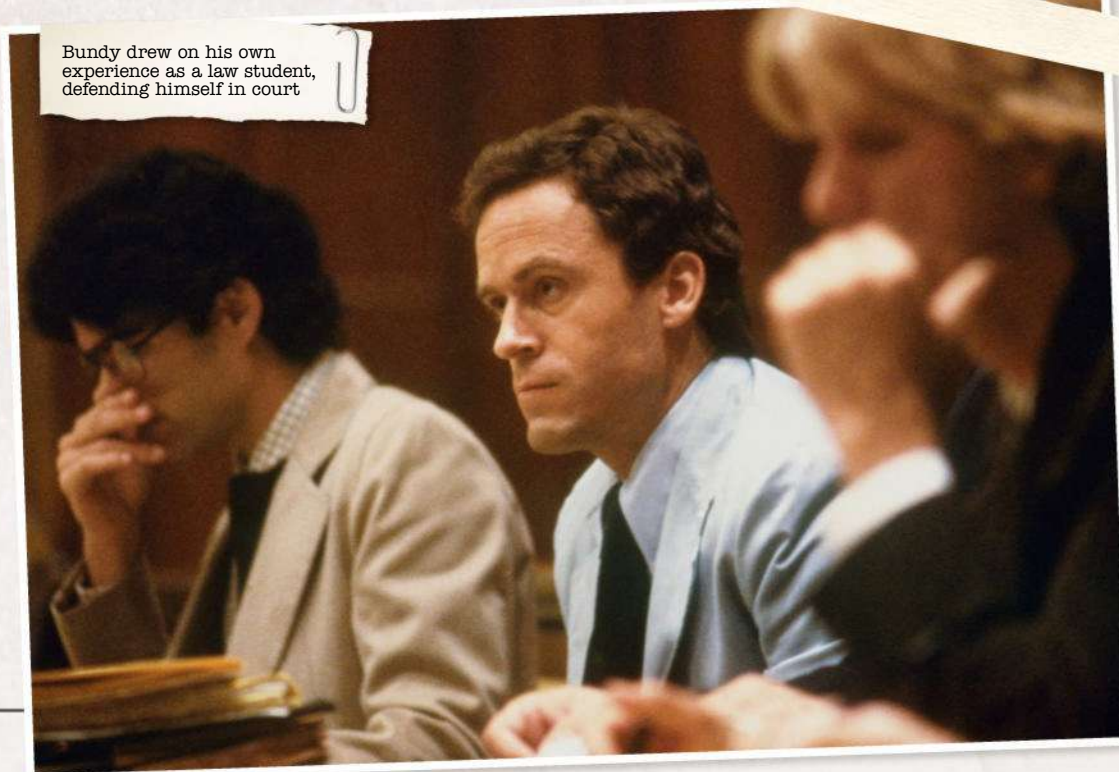
SLAUGHTER AT THE SORORITY

The Chi Omega Sorority house stood on West Jefferson Street, just a few blocks from Bundy's rented apartment, and was home to students from the nearby university and their live-in housekeeper, 'Mom' Crenshaw. In the chill early hours of Sunday 15 January 1978, one of the girls, Nita Neary, arrived home from an evening with her boyfriend. Finding some of the downstairs lights on, Nita walked from room to room, turning them off, before hearing the sound of running footsteps from the floor above. As Nita returned to the hallway, she saw a man in a dark knitted cap, clutching some sort of wooden club, leave the house through the front door.

Fearing that this wasn't just a late night guest of one of the other girls, but uncertain of what to do, Nita woke her roommate, Nancy Dowdy, and the girls checked the downstairs doors were locked before deciding to wake Mom and report the intrusion. As they made their way to the housekeeper's room, they saw one of their housemates, Karen Chandler, leave her room, holding her head and staggering down the hallway. Checking to see if she was okay, the girls were shocked to find that her head was covered in blood. As Nancy helped Karen, Nita woke Mom, before checking Karen's room. Karen's roommate, Kathy Kleiner, was sitting up in bed, delirious and holding her own head, it too streaming with blood. The girls had been attacked as



The murder tools taken from Bundy's Volkswagen Beetle, 16 August 1975



Bundy drew on his own experience as a law student, defending himself in court



Dental evidence was used in court to connect Bundy to the savage bite marks found during Lisa Levy's postmortem

INSET Ted Bundy was sentenced to death by electrocution, which took place in 1989 with cheering crowds outside

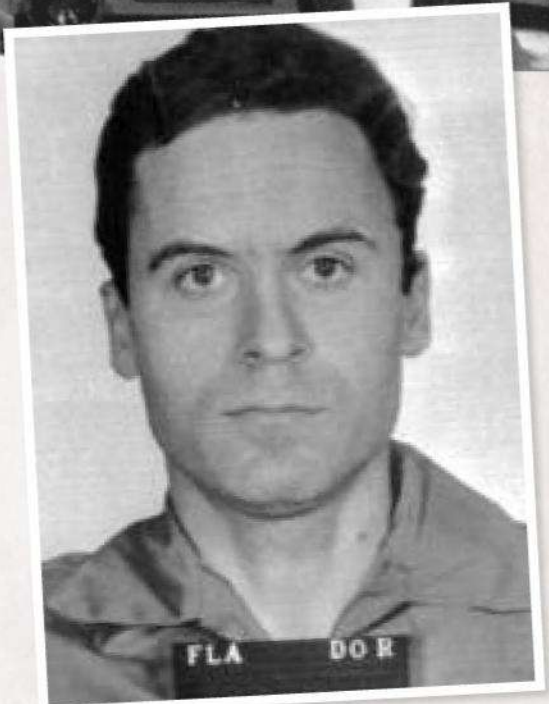


they slept – the police had to be called. The fact that a man had entered the house and assaulted two girls while their housemates slept undisturbed in the rooms nearby seemed incredible, but the true, terrible, scope of the intruder's activities was still to be revealed.

It wasn't until the police had arrived, though, interviewing the residents and checking each room in turn, that it became clear that Karen and Kathy were not the only victims that night. First, Lisa Levy was found, apparently sleeping, the covers pulled up round her shoulders. Closer inspection revealed the horrific truth – Lisa didn't respond to being called or shaken, and there was a bloodstain on her sheets. The paramedics were instantly called – she had no pulse, there was swelling around her jaw consistent with strangulation, a bruise on her shoulder and a savage bite mark on her right breast where her nipple had almost been bitten off. The paramedics worked fast, knowing that time was against them if they had any hope of reviving the girl, administering drugs to try to restart her heart and inserting

an airway into her throat. Lisa was rushed away in an ambulance, though in truth, they were already too late, and she was pronounced dead on arrival at hospital.

Finally, as the girls gathered in shock, a second absence was noted – like Lisa, Margaret Bowman had not appeared from her room. The police checked her bedroom, only to have their worst fears confirmed – Margaret lay face down in her bed, blood in her hair and on her pillow. Her skull had been smashed, fragments of bark in her hair from the rough club that had been used to bludgeon her. As if this wasn't enough she had also been strangled, a nylon stocking wrapped tightly around her



“HER SKULL HAD BEEN SMASHED, FRAGMENTS OF BARK IN HER HAIR FROM THE ROUGH CLUB THAT HAD BEEN USED TO BLUDGEON HER. AS IF THIS WASN'T ENOUGH, SHE HAD ALSO BEEN STRANGLED, A NYLON STOCKING WRAPPED TIGHTLY AROUND HER THROAT”

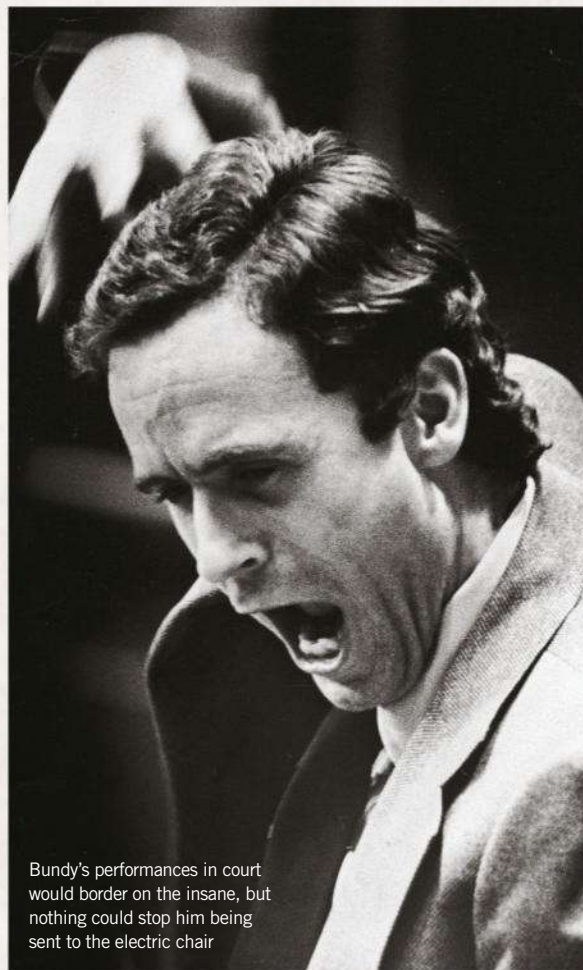
throat. Almost as shocking as the violence that had occurred within the house that night was the realisation of the time frame in which it had occurred – one of the other girls had spoken to Margaret at 2:35am. Nita had arrived home, just in time to see the mysterious man leave, at 3:00am. It seemed that two girls had been killed, and two others seriously injured, in the space of just half an hour.

For Bundy, however, the night's activities were far from over, his bloodlust not yet sated. As the circus of flashing lights at the sorority house grew and the picture of what had unfolded there began to be assembled, Bundy made his way to a house a few blocks away, entering through a kitchen window and viciously assaulting dance student Cheryl Thomas as she lay in her bed. The noise of the attack roused her neighbours, who called Cheryl's telephone, disturbing Bundy and prompting him to flee into the night. Thanks to her neighbours Cheryl, the fifth victim of that blood-soaked night, would go on to become one of the lucky few to survive Bundy's attentions.

CATCHING THE COAST-TO-COAST KILLER

Though there would still be one more victim – 12-year-old Kimberly Leach, abducted from Lake City High School on 9 February 1978, raped, murdered and dumped in Suwannee River State Park where her body would be found almost two months later – Bundy's reign of terror was drawing to a close. Connections between his earlier crimes in Utah and Colorado and the Florida murders had not been made by the police, and it was in fact a patrolman, David Lee, running a routine check on an erratically driven orange Volkswagen in the early hours of 15 February, a month after the Chi Omega murders, that finally brought Bundy's activities to a close. Ordered to step out of his stolen car, Bundy initially complied, before attacking Lee and attempting to escape, though Lee managed to cuff him in the ensuing struggle. En route to the police station, Bundy said “I wish you'd killed me.” Lee had managed to capture one of America's most wanted men.

Bundy's bloody game was over – all that remained was to count the lives he had so brutally taken.



Bundy's performances in court would border on the insane, but nothing could stop him being sent to the electric chair

END OF THE ROAD

While the Chi Omega murders became perhaps the most well-known of Bundy's crimes, in truth, they only represented a fraction of those he committed. Between 1974 and 1978, Bundy was suspected to have been involved in the disappearances, abductions, assaults, rapes and murders of over 30 young women from across the United States. The true extent of his crimes may never be known – Bundy confessed to 36 murders but hinted that there may have been many more. Despite featuring on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted list, the sheer geographical scale of his crimes, from Washington in the north to Florida in the south, coupled with the lack of communication between local law enforcement agencies contributed greatly to his ability to remain at large, his pursuers rarely looking beyond the local incidents to catch a glimpse of the greater pattern Bundy was weaving. In many cases, the stories of his escape and previous crimes were completely unknown in the states that he travelled through.

It was the bite marks found on Lisa Levy's body that would prove key to securing Bundy's conviction – dental impressions were taken and matched against the marks left during her murder, leaving no doubt in the juror's minds that this was the man responsible for the devastation that had taken place on that cold January night in 1978. Bundy continued to protest his innocence, even as he was handed death sentences for the murders of Levy and Bowman. A third death sentence followed in February 1980, this time for the murder of Kimberly Leach, and Bundy was finally executed by electric chair on 24 January, 1989, as a 2,000-strong crowd celebrated outside the prison walls.



In school, Bundy was quiet and shy, his infamous natural charm not developing until he was in his late teens



BEAST OF THE BASTILLE

GUY GEORGES TERRORISED PARIS FOR YEARS BUT WAS REPEATEDLY FREED TO KILL. HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?



It's a brisk evening on 24 January 1991 and Guy Georges, a disturbed 28-year-old man with a history of extreme violence against women, is sitting in a Montparnasse cafe carefully nursing a beer. The area is a good choice for him: this side of the Seine is a trendy night spot with lots of students, so there will be many young and beautiful women passing by the bay window tonight. A petite blonde with a sense of purpose in her stride catches Guy's eye and something stirs inside him that he struggles to define. It's not sexual, even though he thinks her attractive. He leaves a two franc piece on the bar and steps outside to tail her, gingerly reaching behind him to feel the reassuring weight of the contents of his backpack.

His pace quickens as they approach Rue Delambre and what Guy assumes to be the street where the woman's apartment is. As she reaches for her keys and opens the door, he takes this opportunity to move alongside her and grasp her arm above the elbow, showing her the wicked blade of a beechwood-handled folding knife. It's a simple matter then, for the athletically built man to force his way into her home and brutally rape her.

Afterwards, as he watches Pascale Escarfail bleeding to death, Guy considers his actions, somewhat overwhelmed. At the time, when he was rifling through her cupboards in search of valuables, he thought that a petulant kick from this woman he'd just bound and raped was the reason why he'd then gagged and pinned her to the bed, before slashing her throat. But in retrospect, even though this was the first time he'd killed, he realises that his intent was to take her life all along. Guy tips back the rest of the cold beer he's just taken from Pascale's fridge then takes a bite out of the apple he's taken from her fruit bowl. She couldn't stop him then and certainly can't now but for the time being, his appetites are sated.

MAKING OF THE BEAST

As an illegitimate, mixed-race child born into a hyper-conservative French family, given up for adoption by his biological mother and eventually released back into social services by his foster parents, the system had failed Guy. Now, it was failing his victims. In the early Eighties, raping and stabbing young women became



Police mugshot of Guy Georges, whose killing spree could have been stopped long before he was finally arrested



Two officers tackled Georges to ground outside Place Blanche Metro station. He gave little resistance

INSET Magali Sirotti was one of the last women to be killed and tragically, her murder could have been prevented

Guy's criminal modus operandi. Incredibly, it took until his third unsuccessful attempt to kill a young woman, in February 1984, for him to be put away for any significant length of time. Towards the end of a ten-year stretch he was allowed to leave the prison during the day on account of his good behaviour, as long as he returned during the evening. Even basic psychological profiling would have highlighted the fact that this was a dyed-in-the-wool psychopath who would persist in his predatory attacks. One evening he absconded, of course, and Pascale Escarfail died as a result. A week later, Guy returned to prison, received a rap on the knuckles and no one seemed to put two-and-two together. Shamefully, there were another six rapes and murders alongside numerous other violent crimes over the course of four years before his final arrest.

After serving the rest of his sentence in Caen prison, Guy was freed to attack again. The next two victims were both killed in the same fashion, in their own cars in underground parking lots. Finally, Paris police saw a pattern but were yet to link them to the murder of Pascale Escarfail. With his next rape and murder, he left traces of semen from which vital DNA evidence could be gathered. Guy normally carried condoms in his backpack along with the duct tape he used to bind his victims but inexplicably, he didn't use one this time. Was he getting careless, or maybe he wanted to get caught?

AN 'ANGLO-SAXON' THING

Ironically, French law at the time worked against the investigation. The courts made provision for the use of DNA evidence in convictions but it was considered a human rights violation for police to use DNA to link a criminal to other suspected crimes. There was no national DNA database, like there was in the United States and Britain, so no way of effectively comparing evidence from one crime scene to the next. There also were two teams of detectives independently investigating what they thought was two separate killers; one who killed in flats and one in car parks. And furthermore, according to Anne Gautier, the mother of one of Guy George's victims, Paris' regional police force not only failed to interview her daughter's neighbours until nearly two years after she was killed, but she was told that serial killers were an 'Anglo-Saxon' thing. So, despite police having arrested Guy Georges on at least three separate occasions for violent crimes against women, blind arrogance meant they never linked him to the murders. This investigation would need someone with the power to

“THERE WAS NO WAY OF COMPARING EVIDENCE FROM ONE SCENE TO THE NEXT”

The Beast followed most of his victims and forced his way into their homes



cut through the red tape – and that was high-ranking Judge Gilbert Thiel.

Thiel was brought in to prepare a dossier on the flat murders, to help the case in the event of an arrest, but a catalogue of oversights and mistakes meant the killer was still able to evade detection. Guy Georges was doing 30 months for robbery at the time Thiel's investigators turned their attention to prisoners with a history of violence against women, but somehow Georges still slipped through the net. In the meantime, the parking lot murder investigators did discover Georges' violent record, questioned him in prison and then took a DNA sample to compare to a bloodstain in one of the cars, but it didn't match and they were unable to compare it to DNA taken from the flat murders – which would have immediately linked the crimes.

TRAGIC OVERSIGHT

In late 1997 and in the wake of Princess Diana's death, two more young women were raped and stabbed to death in their homes. Paris was in fear for the lives of its daughters and so Judge Thiel made the unprecedented step of ordering all regional labs to share genetic data – and one lab came up with an exact match. The fact that they now knew exactly who their killer was must only have been of some small

consolation: they had Guy Georges' DNA profile on record for over three years, yet the sluggish cogs of bureaucracy meant that two more women had died unnecessarily.

The Beast of Bastille's trial must have been tortuous for the victims' families. In the face of the overwhelming evidence against him, Guy George initially admitted only to two of the murders, before withdrawing his confession completely on the first day of the trial, claiming to be innocent. He viewed evidence from the crime scenes without betraying so much as a flicker of emotion, which enraged Ghislaine Benady, mother of one of the victims. She insisted on talking directly to Guy Georges in the court, and asked if he "loved his mother?", to which Georges replied, "Yeah... it must be really hard." But there was no apology, and not so much as a hint of regret.

When the second week of the trial saw the prosecution stack a damning case against Georges, he finally broke down in court and confessed to all seven murders on the stand. Before sentencing, he asked for forgiveness from the families and even suggested that he would commit suicide, that he would "inflict a sentence" upon himself. But this was just a twisted ploy for leniency – there was no sincerity from this criminal that psychologists had described as a 'narcissistic psychopath'. The judge duly handed the Beast of Bastille the maximum jail term possible under French law – life imprisonment without possibility of parole for 22 years.

“ DESPITE POLICE HAVING ARRESTED GEORGES FOR VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN, ARROGANCE MEANT THEY NEVER LINKED HIM TO THE MURDERS ”



Guy Georges is shown here in a Parisian squat. He was known to associate with other squatters



Would-be victim Elisabeth Ortega escaped with her life, but her photofit description looked nothing like Guy Georges

AN ESCALATION TO MURDER

As a troubled young man with the Beast awakening inside him, Guy Georges began his journey of depravity with lower-level violence against women after discovering his true taste for hunting. He attempted to strangle both of his foster sisters at 14 and 16, before attacking another two women, stabbing one in the face. It escalated from there. On his next attack, at 19 years old in 1981, he raped and stabbed his neighbour in his Parisian squat, but she survived the ordeal.

This pattern of raping and stabbing would later become identified as his calling card, but astonishingly he got just five months jail time for his next vicious assault that, once again, nearly left a woman dead. Finally, when his next rape and attempted murder went awry, he received a more substantial sentence and was put away for ten years. However, this did not halt the attacks.

Paroled for good behaviour, he successfully killed his first victim without a whiff of suspicion. Six more murders followed Pascale Escarfail in 1991: Catherine Rocher (1994), Elsa Benady (1994), Agnes Nijkamp (1994), Helene Frinking (1995), Magali Sirotti (1997) and Estelle Magd (1997). By this point, police were finally able to link the flat and parking lot murders to the same perpetrator and a massive manhunt ensued, resulting in Guy Georges' arrest on 26 March 1998. He was sentenced to life imprisonment – 22 years – without parole, but both the judge and chief of police believe that this inveterate killer, the Beast of the Bastille, is too dangerous to ever be released.



Guy did not appear the 'Beast' everyone expected him to be: in court, he seemed humble and charismatic

THE WEREWOLF OF WISTERIA

ALBERT FISH WAS NOT THE MEEK MAN HE APPEARED, BUT A VILE CHILD MOLESTER
AND SADISTIC CANNIBAL MURDERER WHO KNEW NO BOUNDS



Serial killer, cannibal and rapist Albert Fish boasted that he "had children in every state"

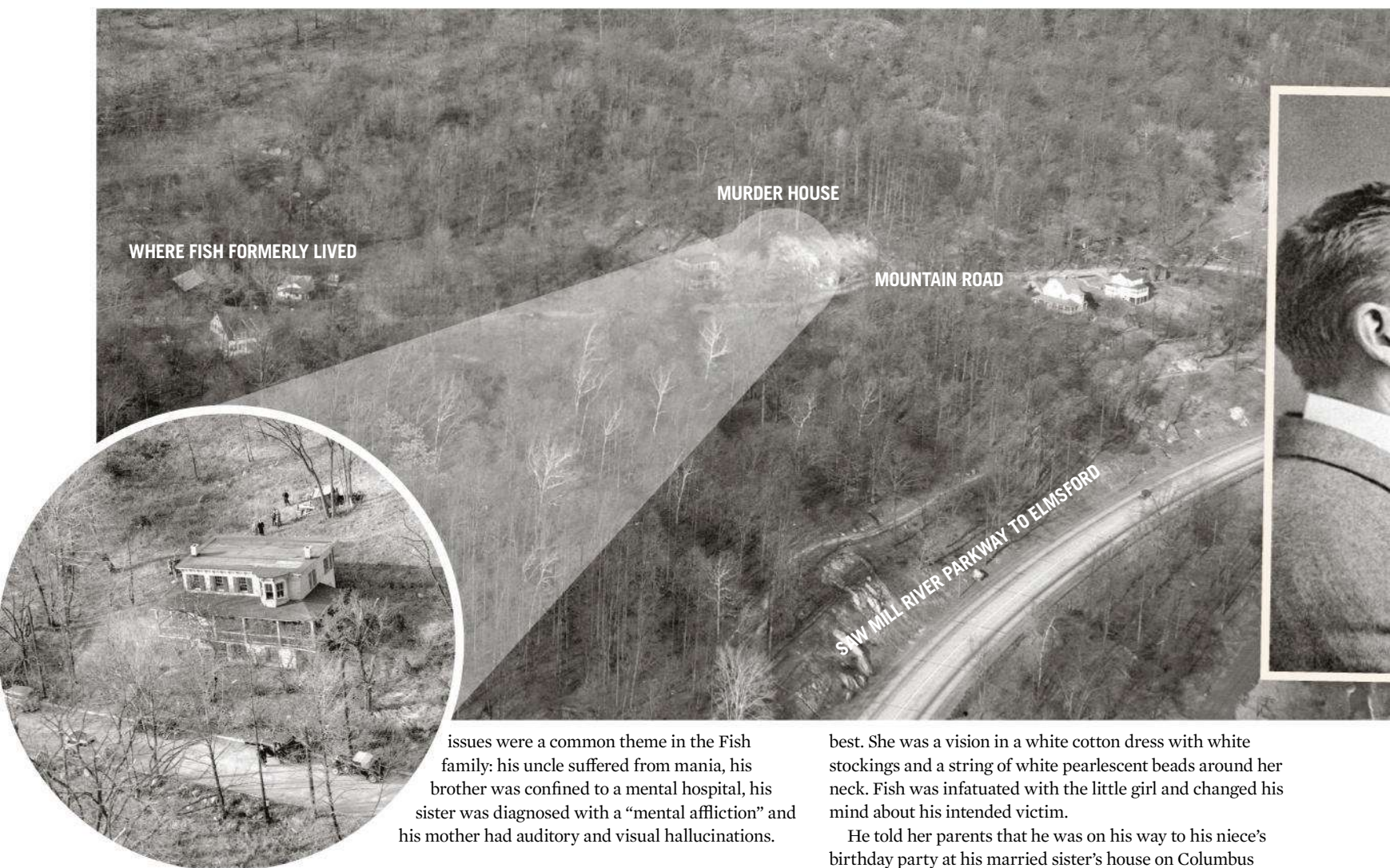
Even 80 years after his death, the name Albert Fish sends a violent wave of fear and horror through the hearts of children and adults. The Werewolf of Wisteria, The Gray Man, The Brooklyn Vampire, The Boogeyman – Fish acquired all these names as he swept children off the street, out of their homes and then subjected them to the most extreme and violent acts of sadomasochism. He tortured their tiny bodies and killed them before roasting their "sweet little" buttocks in the oven, devouring them for days on end. Fish bragged that he had "children in every state" across the USA. He claimed to have, in one-way or another, attacked at least 100 children. But his most sensational murder was that of sweet, angelic ten-year-old Grace Budd, who he took right from under her parents' nose.

The notorious killer was born Hamilton Howard Fish in 1870 in Washington, DC. His father, Randall, 43 years his mother's senior, died when he was five years old, forcing his mother to place him in St John's Orphanage while she searched for a job that allowed her to care for Fish entirely. Fish admitted: "That's where I got started wrong." He

learned to enjoy the pain inflicted upon himself and other boys from the beatings they received. Nicknamed Ham-and-Eggs by the other boys, he changed his name to Albert to avoid being teased. His mother found herself a job working for the government when Fish was nine, so she returned and brought him home.

At the age of 12, Fish started his first homosexual relationship with a telegraph boy, which opened his eyes to a number of sexually deviant practices including the consumption of faeces (coprophagia) and urine (undinism) and voyeurism. Before he married at the age of 28 and went on to father his six children, he had indulged in male prostitution, molesting young boys and visiting bathhouses and brothels. His marriage to a woman nine years his junior was arranged by his mother and lasted 14 years. In 1917, his wife left him for the man who had boarded in their house. She took everything and left Fish with six children to care for – the youngest was three years old.

Around this time, Fish claimed he started hearing voices from God telling him to torture children. Mental health



ABOVE More than 50 fingers, legs and other bones were found by detectives near the house where Albert Fish murdered Grace Budd

EASY PREY

After his marriage fell apart, Fish continued with his perversions. He made his living as a painter and decorator, and therefore moved around a lot. Many a time he moved on because it was discovered that he was unusually friendly towards the children in the house or neighbourhood. Fish particularly preyed on African-American children or the mentally handicapped, as he felt these would be the victims people would be least concerned about.

On 25 May 1928, he responded to a classified advertisement he had seen in the newspaper. It read: "Young man, 18, wishes position in country. Edward Budd, 406 West 15th Street." Three days later, Fish stood on the doorstep of the Budd family home in West Chelsea and introduced himself as 'Frank Howard', a farmer from Farmingdale, New York. He told Delia Budd that he wanted to hire her son and his friend Willie, and would send for them in a few days. Fish actually planned to tie Edward up, mutilate him and watch him bleed to death. He failed to show up a few days later to collect the boys, but sent a telegram to apologise and suggest an alternative date for his arrival. He arrived bearing gifts of pot cheese and strawberries 'from his farm'. The family invited him to sit down for some lunch with them, where Fish behaved like doting grandparent to the Budd family.

As they sat and talked of the farm 'Frank Howard' had reared on his own after his wife left him and his six children, in came the Budds' daughter Grace, dressed in her Sunday

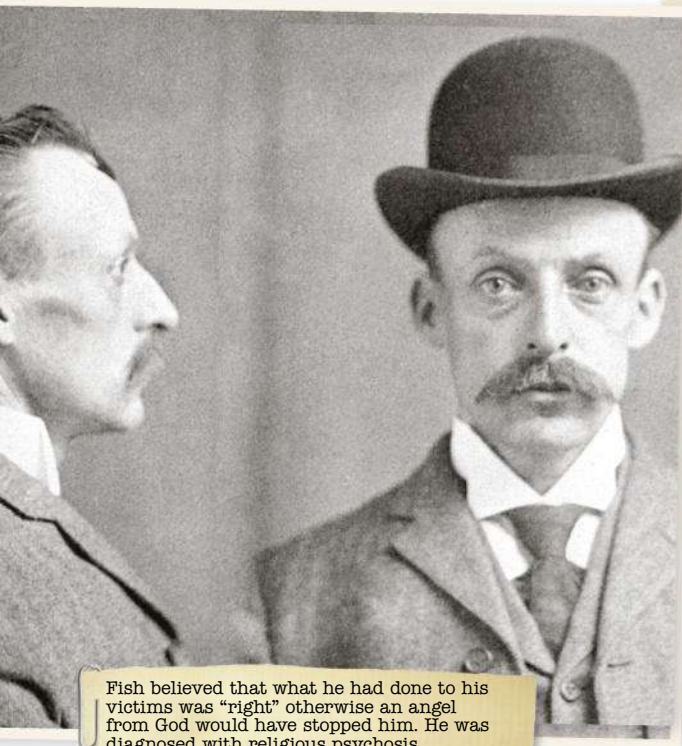
best. She was a vision in a white cotton dress with white stockings and a string of white pearlescent beads around her neck. Fish was infatuated with the little girl and changed his mind about his intended victim.

He told her parents that he was on his way to his niece's birthday party at his married sister's house on Columbus and 137th Street. His niece was their daughter's age, he told them, and he asked would Grace like to attend it with him? Mr and Mrs Budd hardly left their own neighbourhood and were unfamiliar with the location, so Delia was not so sure, but her husband interjected. "She doesn't see much good times anyway. Let her go. She's always cooped up in this dark cellar," he told his wife. So they agreed to hand her over to the seemingly benevolent old man. Fish's grandfatherly figure left the Budd household with Grace in his grasp very much alive, but not for much longer.

Fish had told Grace's parents that he would bring her home by 9pm. When the pair failed to return by 11pm, the parents told themselves that maybe the party had over run and that they had decided to stay overnight. But by the next morning, there was still no sign of their daughter. Her father attempted to track down the address, only to discover that Columbus Street only went as far as 109th Street. Unsure of what to do next, he sent his son Edward to the nearest police station, where he was referred to the Missing Persons Bureau. Detectives dispatched a team to search for Grace.

Investigators attempted to track 'Howard' down via the Motor Vehicle Bureau, while another team set about tracing the telegram from the Western Union 'Howard' had sent to Edward about his visit. However, the sly killer had pocketed it from the Budds' mantelpiece, claiming he wanted to complain to the Western Union that it had been misaddressed. Grace's parents were shown mug shots of various child molesters and criminals but none of them resembled the old man who

RIGHT Six years after Grace's disappearance, Mrs Budd was sent a graphic and disturbing letter by Fish describing her daughter's fate. It read:



Fish believed that what he had done to his victims was "right" otherwise an angel from God would have stopped him. He was diagnosed with religious psychosis

came to tea. Everything Fish had told them was a lie. He was untraceable. The Budds would remain clueless as to their daughter's whereabouts for years.

DEAD ENDS

The postal clerks at the Western Union searched through the tens of thousands of duplicated telegrams to find the one sent by 'Howard'. It took them 15 hours to find, but the only clue they could derive was that it had been sent from an office in East Harlem. Investigators considered searching every home in the area but realised its impossibility. They had another brainwave. The pot cheese and strawberries that 'Howard' had brought them could not have come from his fabricated farm. They tracked down the street peddler who had sold the old man the strawberries. He gave a description of the man but could not remember anything significant about him.

More than 1,000 flyers were printed and distributed by the Missing Persons Bureau, featuring the pretty girl, hoping that someone would see her face and offer a clue as to where she had gone. In June, the Budds received a letter signed by "JFH", who alleged that they had taken Grace and that she was safe and well, and not at all home sick. She had been given a pet cat and a pet canary called Bill. The author of the note claimed they would make arrangements in the near future so that Grace could visit. Some officers believed the letter to be authentic, while others were sceptical. The case went cold and before long the daily coverage in the newspapers of Grace's kidnapping died away.

A prison warden in Florida received one of the flyers. The description of 'Howard' reminded him of a man named Albert Corthell who had served four years in prison in 1922 for embezzlement. The more thought he gave it, the more he became convinced this was the man described in the flyer.

My dear Mrs Budd

In 1894 a friend of mine shipped as a deck hand on the steamer Tacoma. Capt John Davis. They sailed from San Francisco to Hong Kong China. On arriving there he and two others went ashore and got drunk. When they returned the boat was gone. At that time there was a famine in China. Meat of any kind was from \$1 to 3 Dollars a pound. So great was the suffering among the very poor that all children under 12 were sold to the Butchers to be cut up and sold for food in order to keep others from starving. A boy or girl under 14 was not safe in the street. You could go in any shop and ask for steak - chops - or steer meat. Part of the naked body of a boy or girl would be brought out and just what you wanted cut from it. A boy or girls behind which is the sweetest part of the body and sold as veal cutlet brought the highest price. John staid there so long he acquired a taste for human flesh. On his return to N.Y. he stole two boys one 7 one 11. Took them to his home stripped them naked tied them in a closet then burned everything they had on. Several times every day and night he spanked them - tortured them - to make their meat good and tender. First he killed the 11 yr old boy. because he had the fattest ass and of course the most meat on it. Every part of his body was cooked and eaten except Head - bones and guts. He was Roasted in the oven. (all of his ass) boiled, broiled, fried, stewed. The little boy was next. went the same way. At that time I was living at 409 E 100 St. rear - right side. He told me so often how good Human flesh was I made up my mind to taste it. On Sunday June the 3 - 1928 I called on you at 406 W 15 St. Brought you pot cheese - strawberries. We had lunch. Grace sat in my lap and kissed me. I made up my mind to eat her. on the pretense of taking her to a party. You said yes she could go. I took her to an empty house in Westchester I had already picked out. When we got there. I told her to remain outside. She picked wild flowers. I went upstairs and stripped all my clothes off. I knew if I did not I would get her blood on them. When all was ready I went to the window and called her. Then I hid in a closet until she was in the room. When she saw me all naked she began to cry and tried to run down stairs. I grabbed her and she said she would tell her mama. First I stripped her naked. How she did kick - bite and scratch. I choked her to death then cut her in small pieces so I could take my meat to my rooms. cook and eat it. How sweet and tender her little ass was roasted in the oven. It took me 9 days to eat her entire body. I did not fuck her tho I could of had I wished. She died a virgin.



Grace Budd was the last known victim of Albert Fish although police suspected that there might have been a number of other victims that he targeted

PIQUERISM

AFTER HIS ARREST, FISH WAS EXAMINED. X-RAYS REVEALED ALMOST 30 NEEDLES EMBEDDED IN HIS GROIN

"I always had a desire to inflict pain on others and to have others inflict pain on me. I always seemed to enjoy everything that hurt." Fish's desire for pain began at a young age, something that is not uncommon according to Neel Burton MD of *Psychology Today*: "It seems that men with sadistic urges tend to develop them at an earlier age." As Fish grew older, his sadomasochistic tendencies developed. He enjoyed inserting pins into his groin and pulling them out. His children even recalled finding needles in his books, unaware of what their purpose was. Sometimes, when Fish would insert a needle into his groin, he would find it impossible to retract. When

he was X-rayed following his arrest, it was clear that some of the needles were close to vital organs and had begun to erode having been there for so long. Burton also pays attention to the renowned Sigmund Freud and his theories. "Freud remarked that the tendency to inflict and receive pain during intercourse is 'the most common and important of all perversions,' and ascribed it – as so much else – to the incomplete or aberrant psychological development in early childhood. Fish himself always admitted that his time in St John's Orphanage is what started him on his destructive path of sadomasochism, which led to the development of his perversions."



He took his picture out of the prison files and examined it. Corthell was a conman, but was he capable of kidnapping a child? The prison warden sent his photograph to the New York Police Commissioner Joseph Warren. The department had received hundreds of 'leads' in the last few months, some of them legitimate, but not all. However, they explored every avenue in determination to find the missing child.

William Vetter, an assistant superintendent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in Brooklyn, told investigators that just days before Grace was taken, a man who matched the description of 'Howard' had approached him, interested in adopting a six-year-old girl. Suspicious of the old man, he set up a second interview with him but he failed to return. Police invited Vetter to the station to look over the photographs they had of possible suspects. Vetter picked out the conman's photograph sent over by the warden.

When police showed the picture to Grace's parents, her father couldn't be quite sure, nor could her brother Edward. But her mother recognised him straight away. Months later, police received a reliable tip off that the man they were

hunting was in Ohio. Investigators were dispatched to the Midwest but failed to retrieve the alleged kidnapper. Two years passed and still Grace was no closer to being returned to the loving arms of her worried family.

Detectives still sought out Corthell, but on 3 September 1930, a woman named Jessie Pope walked into West 20th Street Station and announced to the station sergeant that her estranged husband, Charles Pope, was involved in the kidnapping of Grace. Mrs Pope alleged that a couple of years ago, while she and her husband were estranged, she received a message from him telling her to meet him on the corner of High and Smith Streets. When she arrived, he had in his company a little girl with short brown hair and dressed in her Sunday clothes. She was asked to look after her while Pope went away on business, but he declined to elaborate further what sort of business or who the little girl belonged to.

Her rejection of his request caused the pair to argue, and Mr Pope had turned on his heel and headed towards the ferry with the little girl. Asked why she had not reported this sooner, Mrs Pope said she had fallen seriously ill. When she recovered, the saga had died down and she had forgotten about the incident. It was only when she saw the newspapers report on Grace's kidnapper being identified as a Mr Corthell that she was wracked with guilt and decided to speak out.

Charles Pope was arrested the next day at the apartment he shared with his widowed sister. Witnesses including Grace's mother positively identified Pope. The 66-year-old man was kept in custody for more than three months, awaiting trial. His bail was set at \$25,000. For as much as Pope protested his innocence, his wife told the media that he was a dangerous man who had been held in a mental institution for several months. There was a substantial amount of circumstantial evidence surrounding Pope, but after a while the investigators on the case began to question whether he was really the man they were after. At his trial he was found not guilty, and it was discovered that the tale had been a vindictive ploy from his ex-wife. On top of this, it was proven that Corthell was also innocent. The police had lost both prime suspects and again the case went cold.

While the Missing Persons Bureau investigated and tied up the loose ends with Corthell and Pope, another grey-haired man was arrested for sending obscene material, namely letters, through the mail to women he had selected from various advertisements in newspapers. It was Fish, who was claiming to be a Hollywood movie producer in his sordid letters to candid ladies. *Deranged*, a book about Fish's life by Harold Schechter, makes reference to one of the obscene letters Fish sent to a housekeeper in New York he had found in the 'situations wanted' ads. "Tell me when you want to do number 2. I will take you over my knees, pull up your clothes, take down your drawers and hold my mouth to your sweet honey fat ass and eat your sweet peanut butter as it comes out fresh and hot. That is how they do it in Hollywood," he wrote. It was ordered by the judge that Fish be observed for ten days in Bellevue hospital. He was there for almost 30 days in total before he was released to the care of his daughter.

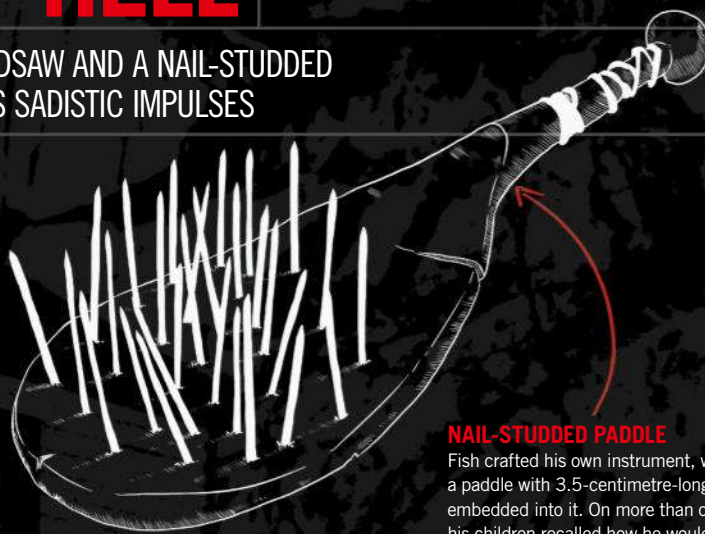
TAKING THE BAIT

A seemingly polite old man who was co-operative with hospital staff, Fish was harbouring a dark, demonic secret fuelled by his sexual desire for children. In 1924, Fish lured Francis McDonnell away from playing football with his friends in Long Island. His body was discovered under branches in a nearby woodland, stripped, beaten and

IMPLEMENTS OF HELL

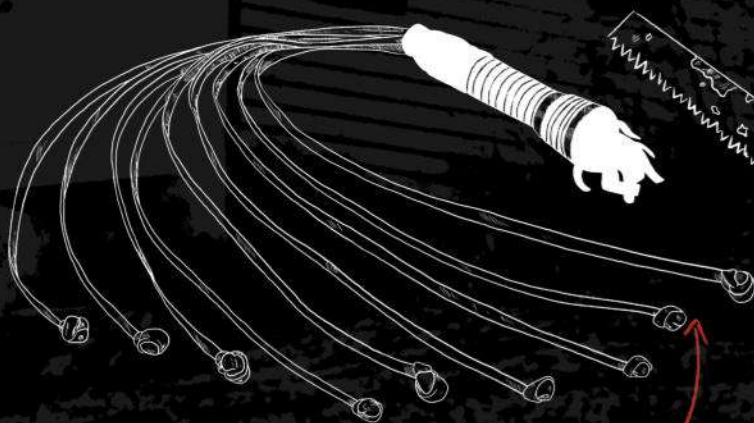
THE CAT-O'-NINE-TAILS, MEAT CLEAVER, KNIFE, HANDSAW AND A NAIL-STUDDED PADDLE WERE FISH'S TOOLS FOR CARRYING OUT HIS SADISTIC IMPULSES

Fish tortured, mutilated and murdered the young children he selected as his victims with his 'implements of hell'. In one instance, Fish attempted to test his tools on a child he had been molesting named Cyril Quinn. When Quinn and his friends were playing football on a sidewalk, Fish invited them into his apartment for sandwiches. While the two boys were wrestling on Fish's bed, they dislodged his mattress. Underneath it they found Fish's 'implements' and fled the apartment. When he abducted Grace Budd, he boarded a train and headed for Wisteria Cottage. As he stepped off the train and opened his arms for Grace to jump into, she stopped and returned to fetch the parcel of tools Fish had left in his seat. She handed the old man the tools that, like many before her, would aid and abet her grisly death and mutilation. Fish later admitted had she not handed over the tools, he would have spared her life.



NAIL-STUDDED PADDLE

Fish crafted his own instrument, which was a paddle with 3.5-centimetre-long nails embedded into it. On more than one occasion, his children recalled how he would spank himself with the nailed paddle until he bled. He also encouraged his own children and their friends in the neighbourhood to spank him with the paddle until he bled.

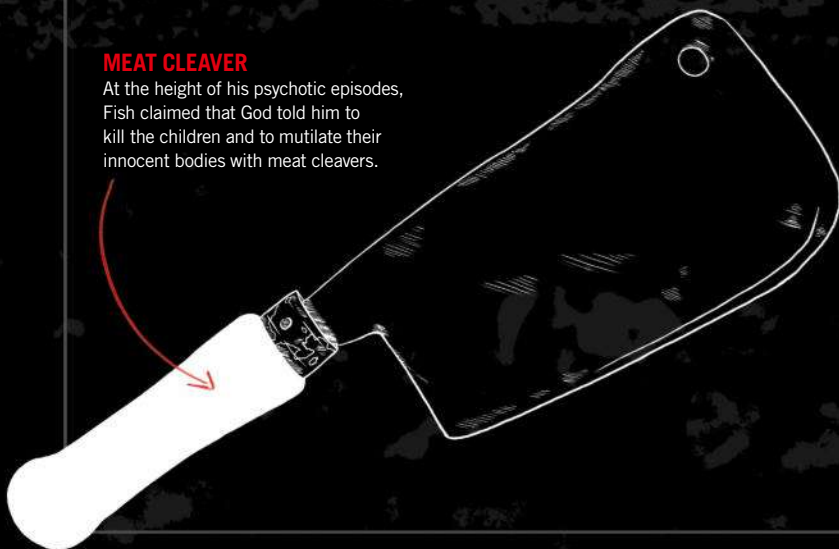


CAT-O'-NINE TAILS

Fish used a homemade device known as a cat-o'-nine-tails. Fish particularly liked to be spanked and whipped, and also liked to inflict this on others. The device was made from one of his belts that was cut in half and then slit into six strips approximately eight inches long. It was this device that he used on four-year-old Billy Gaffney in 1927.

MEAT CLEAVER

At the height of his psychotic episodes, Fish claimed that God told him to kill the children and to mutilate their innocent bodies with meat cleavers.



HANDSAW

Once Fish had killed his victims, he would dissect their bodies. He didn't take the whole of their bodies home with him, instead he would select his cuts, most commonly the buttocks of the child and parts of the face, and take them home. The remaining severed body parts would be disposed of as efficiently as possible.

KNIFE

In 1910, Fish kept 19-year-old Thomas Kedden in a derelict house for five weeks, for the purpose of sadistic torture and sex. At one stage he attempted to castrate Kedden with a knife. Cutting only half his penis off, he poured water on the wound along with peroxide before slathering Vaseline in a clean handkerchief and applying it. He placed a \$10 bill in the boy's pocket before he left.



RIGHT Detectives searched Wisteria Cottage with a metal detector hoping to find the kitchen knife that Fish had used in the murder of Grace Budd. However, the instrument was never found

strangled with his suspenders. There was also evidence he had been sexually assaulted. His mother described seeing a strange man earlier in the day hanging around the area. "Everything about him seemed faded and grey," she said. Police were unsure whether a geriatric could have mustered the strength to kill a young boy. Regardless, they investigated the murder extensively, but never found the 'Grey Man'.

Over in Brooklyn three years later, four-year-old Billy Gaffney was playing outside with his neighbour Billy Beaton and 12-year-old Johnny McNiff. Without warning, the two Billys simply vanished. Beaton's father eventually found his son on the roof of a nearby building. When he asked him where his friend had gone, a frightened Billy replied: "The Boogeyman took him." The police fruitlessly searched neighbour's buildings and factories. They suspected he may have fallen into the canal five blocks from their home, and dredged it to search for a body. When the search for the young boy proved unsuccessful, Billy was asked to describe 'the Boogeyman'. He told them he was a slender old man with grey hair and a grey moustache.

Fish later told his attorney of Gaffney's fate. He claimed he had taken the boy to a lone house in Riker Avenue near to the dumps. Using tools such as a heavy homemade cat-o'-nine-tails, he whipped the naked toddler's behind until blood cascaded down his legs. He cut off the boy's ears and nose, and slit his mouth from ear to ear. By the time Fish had finished gouging Gaffney's eyes out, the young boy had succumbed to the pain and was dead. Fish butchered the child, tossing the undesired pounds of flesh into the waste,

savouring a select few parts. At home he claimed to have made a stew from the ears, nose and pieces of belly along with onions, carrots and turnips. "It was good," he said. In his oven, he claimed to have roasted Gaffney's buttocks, which had been split open and stuffed with bacon, basting the behind at frequent intervals with a wooden spoon. The boy's genitals had also been cut away to be devoured. Fish said that he could not chew the child's testicles, but his penis was "sweet as a nut," and that he had consumed Gaffney over a four-day period.

A GRUESOME CONFESSION

Since Grace Budd's murder, Fish had been in police custody half a dozen times on various charges, from petty theft to sending obscene letters. Each time he left the station undetected while detectives continued their hunt for Grace's abductor. Six years went by with little news as to what happened to the young girl. In 1934, her mother received a letter. Functionally illiterate, she handed it to Edward who read it aloud, unaware of what he was about to say.

The letter was a vile and grotesque confession as to what had happened to their daughter. She had been taken, murdered and her body roasted for consumption by a cannibalistic monster. The letter was taken to the investigative team. While nobody wanted to believe it was true, and that it was just a perverted lunatic playing games, the author had included striking detail in regards to Howard's visit. The handwriting was also identical to that of the

telegram the old man had sent via the Western Union. The envelope contained another clue – a hexagonal emblem with the letters NYPCBA, which stood for the New York Private Chauffeur's Benevolent Association.

An emergency meeting of members of the association was scheduled under police instructions. Handwriting on membership forms was compared in order to find one identical to 'Howard'. Members were then asked to report anybody who may have taken the association's stationery. A janitor came forward and admitted to taking sheets of paper and envelopes. He had left them in his old rooming house at 200 East 52nd Street in room number seven. The landlady of the building was questioned about the occupier of that room. She thought the description of Grace's abductor sounded exactly like the man who had been living there for two months, Albert H Fish. However, the detectives were too late, as he had checked out days ago, but had said he would be back to collect a letter he was expecting from his son.

Detectives received a call on 13 December 1934 from the landlady. Fish was back and looking for the letter. Police burst into the rooming house to find the elusive child murderer. They encountered a frail and slight man with a teacup in his hand who looked no more harmful than any other doting grandparent. When asked if he was Albert Fish, the old man rose to his feet and nodded. In a flash he produced a razor blade and held it out in front of him. An officer wrestled the weapon away and twisted the old man's hand tightly in his grasp triumphantly.

DEATH OF A MONSTER

Fish confessed to everything, telling the police that in 1928 he had been overcome by a 'blood thirst' and an uncontrollable desire to kill. After he left the Budd's house, he had taken a train to the village of Worthington in Westchester and made his way to Wisteria Cottage with Grace in tow. He told the little girl to play outside while he completed some chores. Inside he stripped off his clothes and then called the little girl in, hiding in a closet. When she arrived with a bouquet of flowers in her hand for the old man, he emerged from the closet naked, which had made her cry.

She tried to run away, but Fish was too quick. He grabbed her by the throat, carried her into the room and laid her on the floor. He placed his knee on her chest and strangled the little girl. It took less than five minutes, and in the process he had two involuntary ejaculations. He propped her body over a paint can and decapitated her with a meat cleaver, bringing the weapon down as hard as he could. He told the police that as soon as he had done it, he was overcome with sorrow. "I would have given my life within a half-hour after I done it to restore it to her," he told them. Nevertheless, he cut up her body up so it was easier to manage, taking the parts he desired most to eat and chucking the rest over the cottage wall a few days later.

Irrespective of the arguments brought forward by the defence that Fish be considered insane, a jury decided otherwise and he was sentenced to death by electric chair for his crimes. For his last meals he ate a T-bone steak (with the bone removed out of concerns over self-harm) and chicken, although he only managed a few mouthfuls. He calmly walked towards the death chamber and aided the staff in strapping him into the chair. He was indifferent to death. He was pronounced dead after three minutes of being in the electric chair, and was the oldest person to be executed in the infamous Sing Sing prison at the age of 64.



ABOVE The trial of Albert Fish began on 11 March 1935 in White Plains, New York. Fish stood accused of the premeditated murder of Grace Budd in 1928

GRACE BUDD'S KILLER DESCRIBES MURDER



Albert Fish (left) confessing crime to Detective William King, who tracked down killer. BUDD MYSTERY SOLVED.—With arrest of elderly Albert H. Fish, painter, police yesterday solved disappearance of Grace Budd six years ago. He confessed slaying child. —Story p. 2; other pic. p. 22

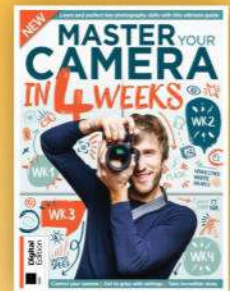
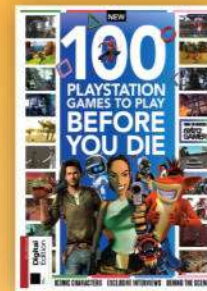
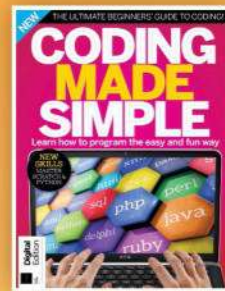


Their six-year hell of uncertainty ended with the sorrowful revelation that their daughter was definitely dead, parents of Grace Budd were tragic figures last night. Above, Mrs. Della Budd, with daughter, Beatrice, identifies Fish from The News picture.



STATE MUST TELL HIM.—State of New Jersey must tell Bruno Hauptmann exactly how it was convicted yesterday by Supreme Court Justice Trenchard. Above, Hauptmann on his way to courtroom for hearing at Flemington, N. J.—Story p. 4.

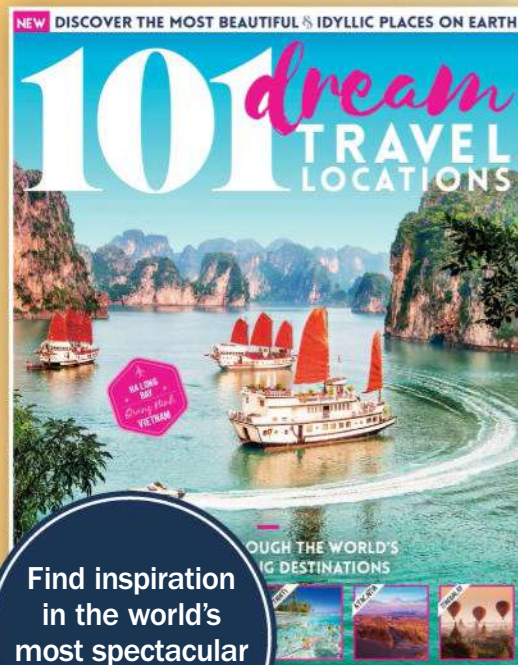
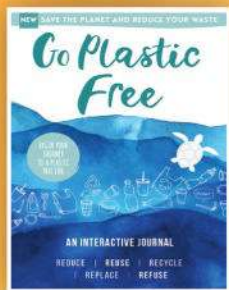
Alongside the horrific letter Fish sent to Mrs Budd, he also confessed in six separate confessions, each of which he signed to fortify their legitimacy



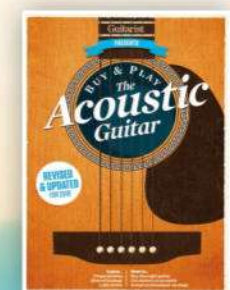
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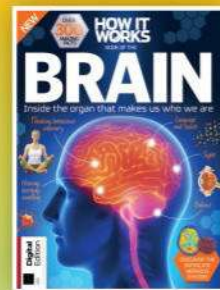
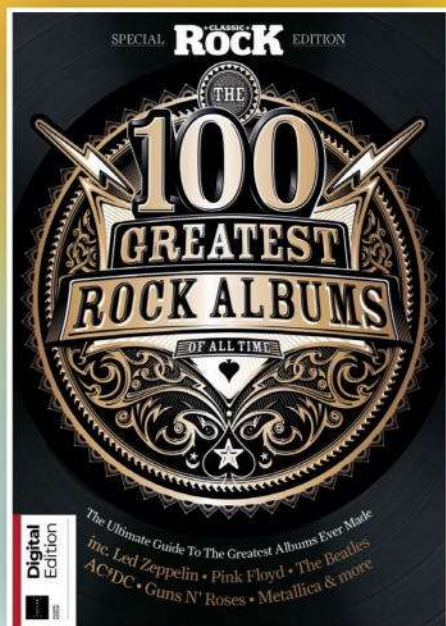
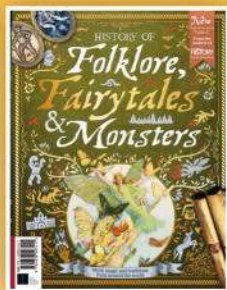
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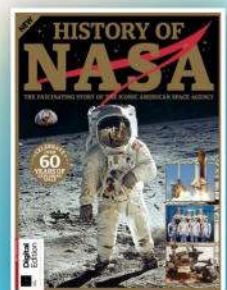
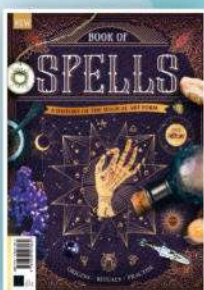
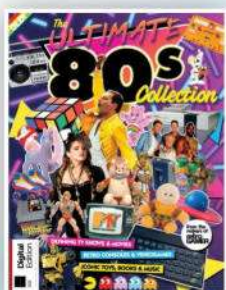


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REAL CRIME

SERIAL KILLERS

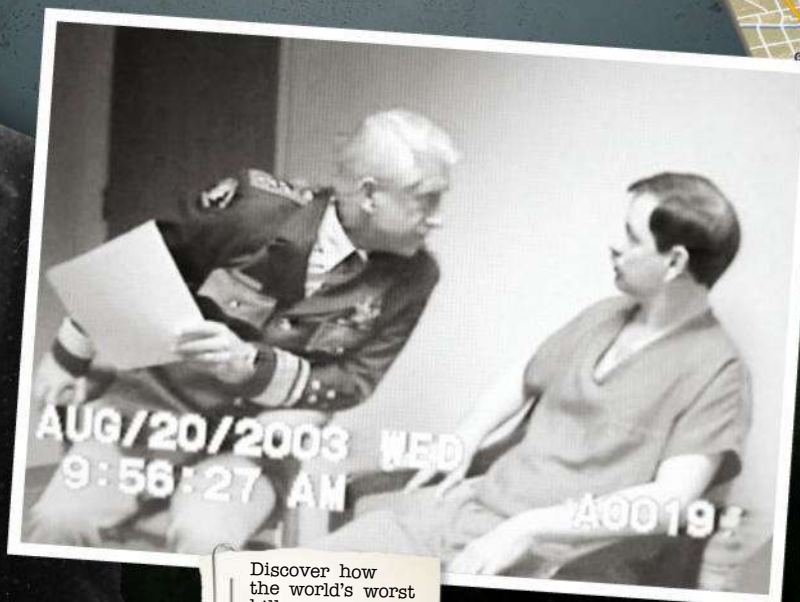
INSIDE THE MINDS OF HISTORY'S DEADLIEST
AND MOST DEPRAVED KILLERS

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- TED BUNDY
- GUY GEORGES
- ALBERT FISH

I SAY GOODBYE AND
GOODNIGHT.
POLICE- LET ME
HAUNT YOU WITH THESE
WORDS;
I'LL BE BACK!
I'LL BE BACK!
TO BE INTERPRETED
AS- BANG, BANG, BANG,
BANG, BANG - UGH!!

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